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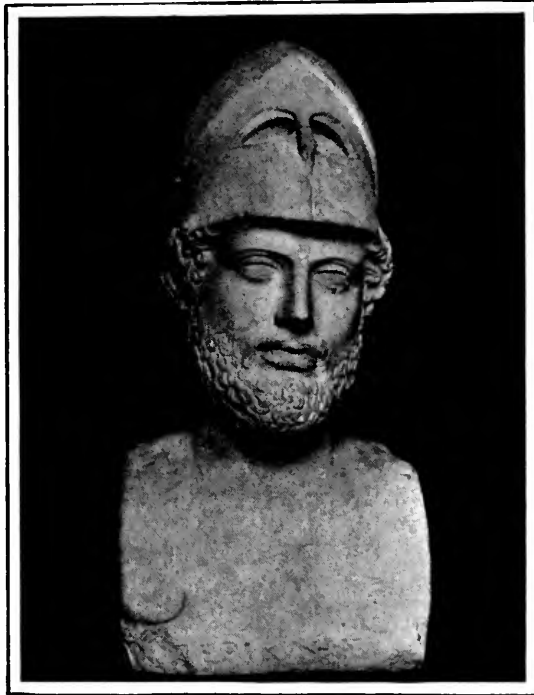
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EVERY DAY

FEBRUARY 15 1916

SERIAL NO. 101

THE MENTOR



Pericles

THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREECE

By GEORGE WILLIS BOTSFORD
Professor of Ancient History, Columbia University

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 1

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Greek Life and Character



THE Ancient Greeks were happy in their temper, and ever ready to enjoy themselves, while their own natural good taste and beauty made them keen judges of beauty in other things, and very impatient of ugliness. In fact, they set so much store upon beauty, that they were even known to worship it, and were usually disposed to think it the same thing as goodness, if not superior. If they wished to say of a man that he was a perfect gentleman, they said he was "fair and good," meaning by *fair*, not only fair in his conduct, but in his looks, and meaning by *good*, not only good in character, but in birth.



GREAT *reasonableness* was another strong point in the nation. They insisted upon discussing and understanding things, upon hearing both sides, and were generally satisfied to be led by the majority. It was this quality which made them, in politics, love councils and cities, and hate tyrants and solitude; in art it made them love symmetry and proportion, and hate vagueness and display. It made them also in literature love clearness and moderation, and hate both bombast and sentimentality.



WHEN we speak of the Greeks as one people, we must not forget that they were separated into many distinct tribes, and that these again occupied separate cities, countries, and islands, with separate laws, and often different manners and customs. . . . But there was ever a striking unity in the Greeks, which made them feel quite distinct from all other people and quite superior to them; and this feeling, like a sort of great freemasonry, was a bond which united the most distant Greeks, whenever and wherever they met.



WE see this unity of type most of all in Greek art. Their paintings and music are lost to us, but in the remains of their buildings and their sculpture, as well as in the forms of their poetry, there breathes a subtle spirit of excellence, a combination of grace and dignity, a union of the natural and the ideal, which makes them quite unapproachable.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

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THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREECE

By GEORGE WILLIS BOTSFORD

Professor of History, Columbia University



MENTOR GRAVURES

GREEK GIRLS
PLAYING BALL

By Sir Frederick Leighton

A GREEK FAMILY
GROUP

SOPHOCLES



An Ancient Goldsmith



MENTOR GRAVURES

SAPPHO
By L. Alma-Tadema

A READING FROM
HOMER
By L. Alma-Tadema

AN ATHENIAN
WOMAN



THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY FEBRUARY 15, 1916

ON January 26, 1914, we journeyed with The Mentor to Athens, to wander for an hour or two among its venerable ruins. Today we seek a nearer view of the social life of Greece in her Golden Age. In imagination, therefore, we pass backward through time to ancient Athens, as she stood twenty-five centuries ago, near the close of the Age of Pericles. We carry with us a letter of introduction which secures the courteous attention of an intelligent young Athenian, Calippus.

Though he belongs to the nobility, as do all prominent men of his Age, his ideas and sympathies are broad and liberal. He readily consents to guide us through the city and to interpret for us the spirit of his Age. He is of medium height, thin, and wiry; from childhood he has exercised himself continually in running, wrestling, and other athletic sports, and has won many a footrace in the local festivals. As he belongs to the knightly class, obliged to serve in the cavalry, he began in youth to practise riding bareback up and down the mountainsides when hunting hares, or in pursuit of wolves that, in spite of every effort to exterminate them, still pester the flocks in lonely places. Like every other Athenian, he has had his experience at sea. He can take an oar in need and is thoroughly

competent to command one of the four hundred war galleys that assure to his country the supremacy over all the waters from Phenicia and the Crimea to Syracuse and Carthage. Greece is a nation of seamen, and the greatest pride of the plain citizen is in his skill at the oar.

In appearance our Calippus is much like his fellow knights; but the serious-minded young man instinctively refrains from the extreme fopperies of his class, such as wearing long hair and dressing in brilliant reds and purples. Fluffy dark-brown curls cover his head and neck and border his high forehead. His eyes are blue, his nose is straight, his beard pointed. Few Athenians of this period shave their faces; and though the majority are dark-complexioned, the type of Calippus is the ideal of manly beauty. He wears a short white tunic nearly reaching the knee; over his shoulders he drapes a mantle, all white save for the purple border. The seriousness of his bearing is relieved by a vivacity of expression and action. Thought, word, and deed speed after one another like nimble arrows from a swift-delivering bow.

"The fundamental principle of our life," he explained, "is equality before the law and a place in the state according to a man's personal deserts, irrespective of rank and wealth. My own class maintains its leadership in no other way than by cultivating high ideals of justice and kindness in our dealings with our fellow-citizens and of devotion to the State. To do our duty is our only holiday.

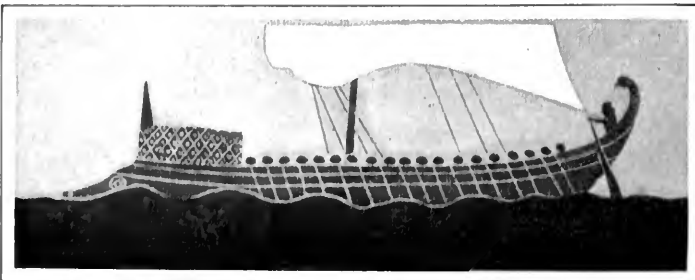
TYPES OF ATHENIANS

"See these two men whom we are about to pass here in the street, both dressed alike in short woolen tunics. The older man is Pheidon, a coppersmith. I often drop into his shop to talk politics with him. Though but a mechanic, he is deeply interested in public affairs. He has held several administrative offices; he attends punctually every meeting of the assembly on the Pnyx; and no one is keener at analyzing and estimating the speeches of Cleon and Pericles than he. My class of nobles is on its last political legs, and in another generation men like Pheidon will sway the assembly and lead our fleets and armies.

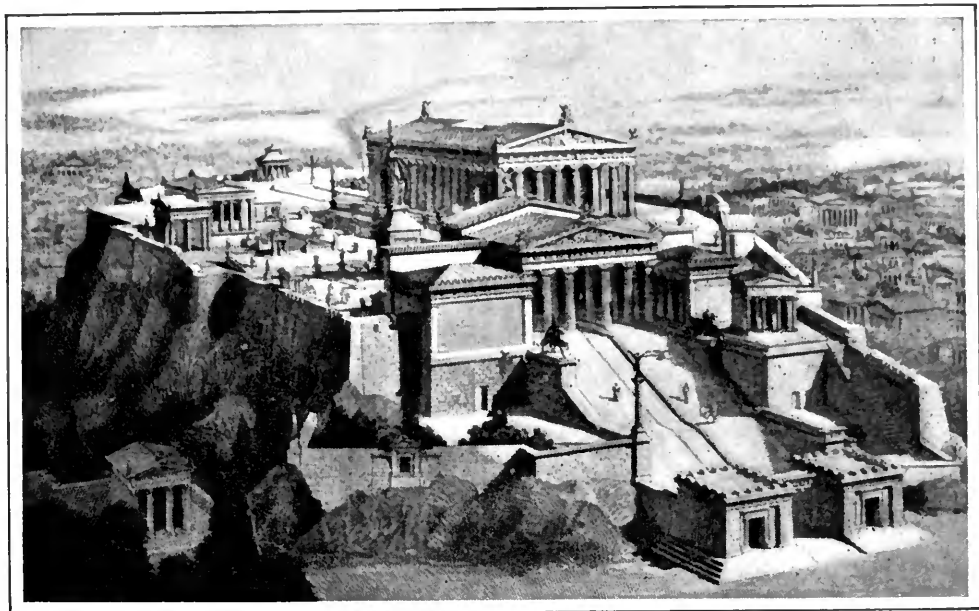
"During the year we hold forty stated assemblies, in which all the citizens who desire may meet to deliberate and to vote on matters of public interest. The decision is binding unless



A TROOPER ABOUT TO MOUNT
HIS HORSE



A SHIP WITH ONE BANK OF OARS



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS, RESTORED

declared unconstitutional by the court, which is also a body of plain citizens. In other words, the people govern themselves.

“The man by Pheidon’s side is Phormion, a slave. His family has been in this country for a hundred years, and you could not distinguish him from an Athenian. He pays his master so much a month, and has his time free. He is a skilled goldsmith and has just set up a shop for himself. When convenient, he will buy his freedom. There are others of his class far less fortunate; but we all treat our slaves well. One who is abused may take refuge at the shrine of Theseus. In our walk we shall soon come in sight of this little sanctuary, just north of the Acropolis. When Theseus was living among us, four hundred years ago, he always worked and fought for the protection of the poor and the lowly; and now his mighty spirit watches over the submerged class. The law permits the torture of slaves for extracting evidence at court; but no master would give up his servant for the purpose, since, if we mistreat them, God will cease to regard us with kindly eye.”

As he was thus talking, we passed the two men and paused before a dwelling somewhat better than its neighbors. “This,” he explained, “is the city home of Cephalus, who came to us from Syracuse a year or two ago on the invitation of Pericles. He has another dwelling-house and a factory at Peiræus, our port town, four and a half miles distant. He belonged to the most intelligent and cultured class in Syracuse; but Pericles offered him great inducements to come here and establish his armor plant. He is one of the most famous manufacturers of weapons in Hellas.”

“I thought,” one of our party interposed, “that Pericles gave his whole attention enthusiastically to temples and sculptures.”



THE STEPS OF THE BEMA ON THE PNYX

"The works of peace and the creation of beauty," Calippus replied, "are undoubtedly his preferences; but he sees the cloud of war lowering from Peloponnese*. We must fight to maintain our naval supremacy. And therefore, where one drachma [about 18 cents] is spent on the works of peace, five or six must be ap-

plied to preparations for the impending conflict. As for enthusiasm, Pericles has it deep in his heart; though none but his most intimate friends ever discover it. On the surface he is cold and calculating and aims to make the State strong by careful attention to all its parts. At the port of Peiræus you may see our galleys and our new stone wharves, and great arsenals rapidly filling with munitions from the factories of Cephalus and other men of this occupation."

"Is Cephalus a citizen?"

"No: we give the citizenship to an alien in reward only for some great benefaction. But no man in this country is better protected than Cephalus, and few citizens have a higher standing in society. Indirectly he wields great influence on public affairs. The men of Peiræus, foreign residents and native industrials, constitute a hotbed of militarism. They believe that war and conquest will greatly enlarge their opportunity for money-making."

"Is money-making the supreme end of Athenian life?"

"Only of that small class. One or two of my own class are buying up hundreds of slaves to let out to contractors of our silver mines. The State owns the mines, and receives from contractors a twenty-fourth of the gross proceeds, in addition to a lump sum paid at the signing of the contract. The labor is all in the hands of the slaves. It is unhealthful, and I am sorry for the slaves; but the work has to be done. Yet it does not seem to me quite the respectable thing for the Athenian noble to make money in that way. Our ideal is neither to increase, nor to diminish, our hereditary property,



A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP

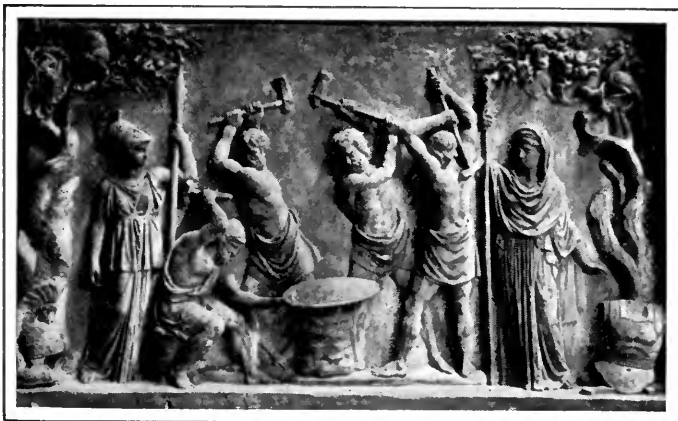
* Peloponnese, Peloponnesus, is the broad peninsula terminating Greece on the south. At this time most of the Peloponnese, united in a league under the city of Sparta, were threatening war upon Athens.

to live moderately, and to give the greater part of our income for public purposes, the equipment of our war galleys, the expenses of our great religious festivals, and the training and dressing of our dramatic choruses. To benefit the State and our fellow-citizens, to walk uprightly, and to worship the gods reverently and in due form are the supreme objects of our existence."

These remarks were interspersed with digressions on the various buildings and monuments which we constantly passed. Meanwhile, noon was approaching, and the sun grew exceedingly hot: the brilliant light nearly blinded us. Calippus accordingly invited us to take luncheon and an hour or two of rest at his house. When on our way thither, our guide stopped abruptly before a cottage, on which a sign above the door indicated that the front room was a shoe-shop.

"Excuse me for a moment," said he. "I have an errand in here."

As he entered, I stepped to the door and looked in. A customer was



A GREEK ARMOR SHOP

In the new museum of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, Rome

standing on a low table, while the cobbler and his grown-up son measured his feet for a pair of boots. On the walls were suspended large pieces of leather, laces, cobbler's implements, and finished wares.

"I hope you are well, Andron," said Calippus. "Have you repaired my wife's slipper?"

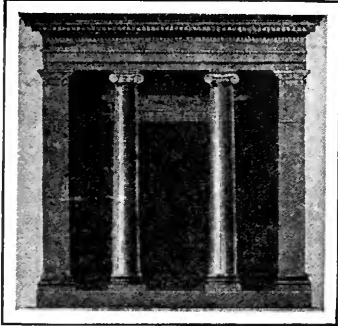
"Here it is," replied the cobbler, handing

him a delicate little slipper with a golden buckle.

Shoe in hand, Calippus returned to the street, and, with a sign, called the servant who had been following at some distance in the rear. Taking the article, the slave again dropped respectfully behind us. It was not becoming to a well-bred Athenian to carry packages in the street.

ATHENIAN FAMILY LIFE

"My wife," explained Calippus, "was my cousin. We Athenians intermarry with our relatives so far as we can. As we are not money-makers, we like to keep our hereditary fortunes within the family. Then, too, our female relatives are the only women of our class whom we are permitted to meet. It was not so formerly; but in recent years the higher class in Athens has adopted the Ionian custom of segregating the sexes. As we passed through the market did you notice those women and girls at the crockery, ribbon, and fruit and flower booths? They are of the



THE VESTIBULE OF A GREEK HOUSE

industrial class, and are free to go and come, to court and be courted. But my wife, before and after marriage, has never gone out unless accompanied by one or two slave women. She has many interesting friends among the ladies of her age. They invite one another to luncheon; they attend the women's festivals and most of the great public festivals. Tomorrow my wife will go to the theater to see the new plays of Sophocles."

Here a young lady in our party insisted on learning more about Athenian courtship and matrimony.

"When near kinsfolk dine together, the women are always present. In this way my cousin Isodice and I saw each other often, and became very fond of each other. It is generally the case, however, that the young folk never see each other before marriage, unless by a stolen glance at a festival or funeral. My friend Magacles thus caught sight of a young lady whom he greatly admired. Discovering where she lived, he watched her house from behind some plane trees in the public square. Luckily one day he saw her peep from an upper window. Their eyes met, and from that time forth there ensued much mutual peeping. Recourse was had to a professional matchmaker, and they are now happily married. When the parents of the two young people are acquainted, however, there is no need of a marriage broker."



A GIRL SPINNING

"Doesn't the young lady have something to say about it?" the interested tourist interposed.

"No," replied Calippus. "A girl of fifteen is considered too young and inexperienced to form an opinion about such weighty matters."

While thus conversing, we made our way through the residence quarter along the south of the Acropolis. The streets were narrow and crooked with neither sidewalk nor pavement. In places the mud was ankle deep, and everywhere, in utter disregard of health, was scattered decaying garbage. My friends constantly gave evidence of their surprise and disappointment in such expressions as, "Can this be really Athens?" To us it seemed, in fact, like the poor quarter of an oriental town.

AN ATHENIAN HOME

Halfway up the Muses'Hill we reached an open space, shaded by planes and elms, and bordered by a row of houses a trifle more elegant than the average.

"Here," said Calippus, "is my house. My father erected his rude cabin on this lot after the Persians had left the city in

A GRECIAN FAN AND PARASOL



ruins a half century ago. It fell to decay and I rebuilt it on a larger plan just before my marriage." In front of the door stood a Hermes, a pillar terminating in a bearded head. It was the god who protected the house and all within. The vestibule was adorned with two marble columns, a rare thing in a private house of that age. The walls were of sun-dried brick, stuccoed and tinted pale blue. "It is the idea of Pericles," our guide explained, "that our home life should be refined and cheerful; for happiness in an individual increases his public efficiency."



DOUBLE WINDOW

Before entering we rested for a moment under an elm to gain a complete and lasting impression of the delightful scene before us. At our feet lay an expanse of low-roofed cottages, with here and there an open space surrounding a little shrine. Beyond the walls were diminutive farms,

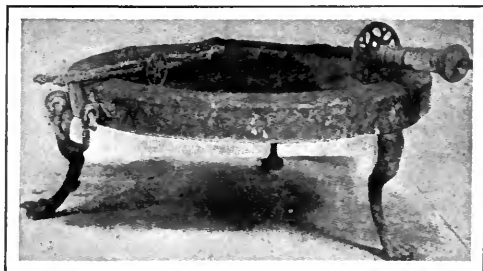


VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN

—gardens, we called them,—intensely cultivated, each with its dwelling and barns, with its vineyard and olive trees. To the southeast the valley stretched out to the sea, which glittered silverly in the brilliant light. In front, beyond

the broad plain, rose the long range of Mount Hymettus, reaching upward through zones of cultivation, wood and pasture in succession to the bare gray rocks of the summit. "Our breakfast honey," Calippus remarked, "is made by the bees that keep company up there with the shepherd." To our left towered the Acropolis, the city's stronghold. Crowning the summit was the Parthenon, the splendid temple to Athena, now completed; and farther to the west the stone masons were putting the last touches on the Propylæa, the magnificent portal of the Acropolis. As Athens no longer needed a citadel for defense, this hill had become the dwelling-place of Athena and her associate divinities,—the abode in temple and sculpture of that absolute beauty which the human race has been able to create but once in all its history.

We passed through the vestibule into an open court. In the center was an altar to Household Zeus. Nearby stood a statue to this god and another to Ancestral Apollo, the two protecting deities of every



A BRAZIER



GREEK VASE

Athenian family. Raising his right hand before these statues, Calippus uttered a brief prayer: "Zeus and Apollo, and Athena in yonder temple on the Acropolis, to Athens grant glory; to the strangers within our gates, to my kin and countrymen, by land and sea, grant health and prosperity that standeth fast forever!"

The court was occupied by beds of flowers in varied bloom, separated by narrow walks. All around ran the portico, from which opened doors into the living and sleeping rooms.

"Where are the ladies?" one of our party inquired.

"There are only my wife and my younger sister," Calippus answered. "When the porter tells them that strangers are coming, they take refuge in the women's apartment yonder. They will be glad to receive the ladies of your party."

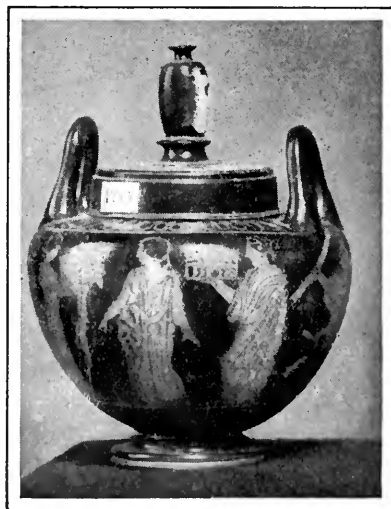
Equally ready to be received, our ladies willingly passed through the door to which he pointed.

They entered a general

living and working room for the free women and the servants. Isodice, seated to the left, was engaged in some kind of delicate embroidery stretched on a wooden frame, while, to the right, her sister-in-law, Iphigencia, was making her toilet preparatory to going out. A slave girl was bringing her a jar of toilet cream. Whereas Isodice was a brunette, with oval face and gentle brown eyes, Iphigencia, like her brother, was fair with blue eyes and great masses of golden hair. Both were types of rare beauty. Iphigencia wore a saffron tunic that fell in abundant folds about her ankles; and, as she rose to depart, her maid draped about her graceful form a wrap of glowing scarlet.

They received their guests with warm courtesy. They talked vivaciously about their household affairs, their friends and social doings, and surprised the visitors by their intimate knowledge of politics.

"I was but fifteen," said Isodice, "when I was married, and knew only how to spin and weave and to exercise self-control. My husband taught me domestic economy. He has made it clear to me that we (he



GREEK VASE

and I) are partners in the property and income, and that the prosperity of the partnership depends upon me quite as much as upon him. From him I learned to nurse and doctor the sick slaves, and thus win their affection; to train them in their labors; to punish the ill doers and to reward the good. In our house and on our farm we produce nearly everything we need, so as to buy as little as possible. I attend to all the business connected with the house; and as Calippus is immersed in politics, helping and imitating Pericles, I usually look after the farm."

"Who works the farm for you?" asked one of the guests.

"We have a few slaves and some hired freemen. We sell charcoal, wine, olive oil, vegetables, and fruit. From our own sheep we produce all the cloth we need except a few fine textiles. In fact we are able to sell both cloth and mutton. The income is all that we need."

"You seem to carry great responsibilities."

"Yes; but it is better so. I remember when Calippus told me, in his encouraging way, that my greatest joy would be in making myself his superior and him my faithful follower; 'knowing no dread,' he added, 'lest, as the years advance, you should decline in honor in your household, but trusting that, though your hair turn gray, yet in proportion as you come to be a better helpmate to myself and to the children, a better guardian of our home, so will your honor increase throughout the household as mistress, wife, and mother, daily more dearly prized.'"

GYMNASIUM AND THEATER

The ladies were having so pleasant a time together that they refused to be separated till late that evening. Iphigeneia doffed her wraps, and sent her maid to cancel her engagement. As the sun declined toward the west, however, and a cool breeze came up from the sea, Calippus took the men of our party to the Lyceum, a gymnasium just outside the northeastern gate. The palæstra [wrestling place] belonging to this institution was an open court surrounded by a portico, across one end of



"SAPPHO"

In the National Museum, Naples, Italy



GREEK VASE



GREEK THEATER. At the University of California, Berkeley, California

which ran a series of dressing rooms. Here we met a great number of Athenians, boys and youths, and were introduced to many of them by our host, who seemed to know everybody by name. In the court was a marble fountain, with deliciously cool, clear water bubbling forth, and all around it the sandy floor on which the young men were wrestling and boxing. Outside the palæstra were shady grounds reaching down to the brook, Ilissus. Under the trees youths were throwing the discus and spear. Through a narrow valley a racetrack, stadium, had been measured off, 600 feet in length, and carefully leveled. Here a great throng of men and youths were gathered, and were seated on each side on the gently rising ground overlooking the stadium.

We arrived in time to see the famous race in armor. A group of youths in helmet and greaves and carrying round shields stood ready. At the word "Go!" they dashed forward, soon stringing out in a line, Lysiades taking the lead, followed closely by Callicles, cousin of Calippus. "It is a military exercise," our host explained. "With this same agility our youths rush into battle." As Lysiades now swung round the turn at the farther end of the stadium, he gave the goal a trifle too much room, while Callicles dashed in by his side, and on the home stretch gained a full foot on his competitor. The spectators raised a clamor of approbation.

Calippus ran down to embrace his victorious kinsman. "The best men in these competitions," he told us, "will take part in our games this sum-

mer in the great festival in honor of Athena, and the winners in those events will be sent to the Olympic Games next autumn."

The morrow found us seated in the theater. It was a hollow semicircle in the southern declivity of the Acropolis, filled with tiers of wooden benches. In our front was the orchestra—dancing place—back of which stood a building representing the palace of an ancient king. Three plays of Sophocles were scheduled. We enjoyed the singing and the rhythmic movement of the chorus, and admired the actors; but what filled us with amazement was the poet's wisdom in religion and morals, his knowledge of the individual, the family, the State, of all subjects with which mankind are concerned.

As we were especially interested in Athenian society, it was a pleasure to hear him tell of kin and family. The strongest of all ties, he declared, is that of blood to move men to compassion and helpfulness. Piety to kin is a higher law than obedience to the State, even as eternity surpasses the span of earthly life. The bond of affection and duty runs throughout the kin, constraining those of one blood to forgiveness of injury, to returning good for evil. The family is a sacred institution and a moral power. The ideal marriage is founded on love, a bond whose breaking ruptures life itself. Love is the greatest of conquerors, of destroyers; "It is a power enthroned beside the eternal laws!"

Love for our fellow men, thoughts meet for mortals, inviolate reverence for the Supreme Being, and wisdom, the chief part of happiness,—such are the lessons that Sophocles gave to his fellow beings. Those who have learned these lessons, he assures us, are loved of the powers above.



A WORKMAN DRESSED IN
THE TUNIC

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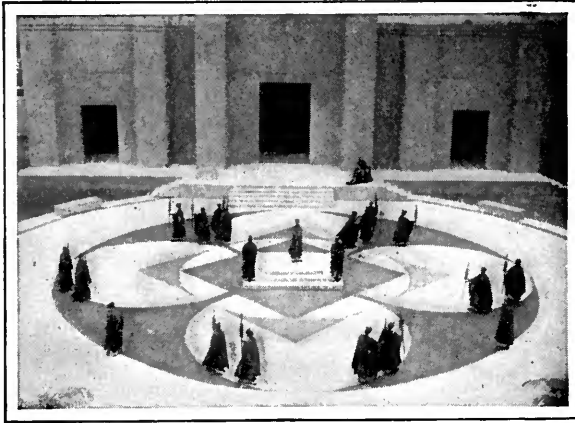
* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of the Mentor.

In considering the Golden Age of Greece, we must not overlook a fascinating and aristocratic man about town, called Alcibiades. He was a typical young Athenian blood, an heir to great wealth,—which was increased by his marriage,—and a capricious, self-willed young man given to wild freaks and reckless behavior. The hours sped fast when Alcibiades and his companions set the pace. It was only natural that he should be a spoiled child of the city, for aside from his wealth and personal beauty, he was a relative of Pericles, who was his guardian. The patronage of Pericles the Great was enough to give any young man in Athens the right of way, for it was largely due to Pericles—soldier, statesman, and brilliant patron of the arts—that the age in which he lived was called “The Golden Age.”

Alcibiades loved the stimulating life of Athens. In his gay, light-hearted youth the days and nights were full of adventure. There were no sensations unknown to him, no experiences untried, no cups untasted. His vanities, his love affairs, and his impious revels were notorious. And yet, like other young men of the day, he sought the philosophers and discussed the principles of justice, temperance, and virtue, with them. He was a friend of Socrates and admired him as a master mind. He listened to his words and considered his wisdom—but went his own way.

★ ★ ★

Between Socrates and Alcibiades a mutual debt was incurred and paid. Each one saved the life of the other. The philosopher saved the young man's life in the battle of Potidaea. Alcibiades saved that of Socrates at the battle of Delium. These two men, strongly contrasted, should have meant more to each other. Socrates had a real affection for the hand-



THE TROJAN WOMEN. By Euripides
The play as presented in the stadium of the College of the City of New York

some young man. Alcibiades took Socrates seriously enough to feel ashamed of himself occasionally—but that was all. The gods had been most generous in their gifts to Alcibiades,—but they forgot to make him honest. And so his brilliant life was blasted by his own treachery and deceit. His abilities were fully as great as his vices. When the pursuit of pleasure palled on him, he turned to serious things, and then his selfishness led him straight to an ignoble end.

★ ★ ★

One morning Athens was shocked by an outrageous act of vandalism. The night before the statues of Hermes throughout the city had been profanely mutilated. The names of the offenders have never become known, but the question “Who smote the marble gods of Greece?” has usually been answered by an accusing sentence involving Alcibiades and his gay companions. He asked boldly for an investigation, but he was obliged to set sail upon an expedition to Sicily, and when he was recalled to stand trial he escaped and made his way to Sparta. Then followed a period of treachery in Asia Minor, when he made an alliance with the Persian, Tissaphernes, and provoked the allies of Athens to revolt. Playing falsely back and forth, seeking at each moment his own self-interests, he finally returned to Athens, and was welcomed with unexpected enthusiasm—all apparently being forgiven. But his enemies were watching, his residence was set on fire, and as he ran out, dagger in hand, he was killed by a shower of arrows. And so Alcibiades died at the age of forty-six, brilliant and magnetic to the last, but superficial and self-seeking, and cursed with a capacity for deceit that was his whole undoing.

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR

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By John K. Mumford, *Author and Expert on Oriental Rugs.*

This will be one of the most interesting and beautiful numbers of The Mentor ever published. Its authority is the highest, and the color pictures of the rugs themselves are superb.

Mar. 15. THE WAR OF 1812.

By Albert Bushnell Hart, *Professor of Government, Harvard University.*

This number is one of the series "America In Story and Picture." It follows "Fathers Of The Constitution," and will tell in an entertaining manner of all the interesting events that took place before, during, and shortly after the War of 1812.

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EVERY DAY

MARCH 1 1916

SERIAL NO. 102

THE MENTOR



A RUG OF MIXED DESIGNS

The Center Is a Faded Magenta Red. The Border Ground Is Pale Yellow

CHINESE RUGS

By JOHN K. MUMFORD
Author and Expert on Oriental Rugs

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 2

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

A Thing of Beauty



NO word in the language is more abused than "beauty." A pretty thing is a thing of *beauty*; a pretty picture is a picture of *beauty*; and so following. Lacking a proper descriptive term for anything attractive, we, too often, employ the word "beauty." What term have we then with which to pay just tribute to true beauty?



THE real, final test of beauty is that it *wears well*—not in a material way, but in the qualities that are truly beautiful. The rose is fragile material and its life is brief, but rose beauty is lasting and rose fragrance clings sweetly to the memory—so that the rose has become a synonym of beauty. The message of true beauty is enduring and, oft repeated, grows in charm. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



A DISTINGUISHING attribute of true beauty is *authority*. A thing of beauty bears on its very forefront the stamp of authority. It does not plead for recognition—it commands it. The snow-capped summit at sundown, the Madonna face on a master's canvas, the poet's "lofty rhyme," the fragrant flower, the harmonious symphony, the "frozen music" of architecture—the countless varied forms of beauty in nature, art and life ask no favor nor do they play to the fancy of the moment. Created in intelligence, sincerity and truth, and inspired by lofty devotion, they compel a lasting homage.

CHINESE RUGS

By JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

Author and Expert on Rugs



COLOR PLATES



COLOR PLATES

ANTIQUE CHINESE
RUG

OLD CHINESE
RUG

ANTIQUE CHINESE
RUG

OLD CHINESE TEM-
PLE RUG

ROUND CHINESE
RUG

VERY EARLY
CHINESE RUG



A VERY CONSISTENT DESIGN

Center and border have a single motive
The fret and spot stripes furnish the accent

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

MARCH 1, 1916

THERE are many reasons for believing that the weaving of rugs was not indigenous to China, but was borrowed, perhaps a very long time ago, from Persia, or, possibly even earlier, from the Turkomans, to whom has generally been attributed the invention of the piled or up-standing knot. Recent investigations lead one to disbelieve in this, and to consider even these ancient Turkomans as more or less modern. But they nevertheless confirm the belief that rug weaving was an acquired art with the Chinese. This conviction is further sustained by the relatively small part rugs or rug weaving have had in the Chinese artistic tradition, the absence of reference to them in literature, and the fewness of fine Chinese rugs as compared with the multitude of wonderful pieces that have emanated from Persia, Turkestan, India, and Turkey.

In China rugs do not appear to have been so much a part of the daily, intimate life of the people as they are and always have been in the Moslem countries, nor have they received so much of reverent attention. True, much of Chinese religious symbolism has been woven into the rugs, but chiefly in the few special pieces made for the ornamentation or furnishing of the temples. The Mohammedan's rug is closely related to his daily devotions. In China the rug has no such place, but is in the main a utility; and for this reason, perhaps, efforts to produce master-



A VERY AMBITIOUS DESIGN

The garden idea is apparent. The deer, stork, tree, and cotyledon (seed leaf) forms are of the "Shou" order suggestive of long life. The round fret forms at the corners likewise symbolize this

pieces have been far fewer in China, and there appears to have been no record or tradition of individual weavers of renown. In only a few instances is there found in Chinese rugs the studious and wonderful elaboration displayed, for example, in the sixteenth-century Persian rugs, the fine fabrics of old Damascus, or the superlative weavings of the Perso-Indian artists.

The art of China, as expressed in porcelain and in painting, took hold upon the fancy of the West long ago: witness the Delft ware, which of course owes its inspiration to Chinese sources. Europe had a passable notion of Chinese artistic tenets at a rather early period. So, relatively, had America. It is interesting to note that of the Chinese rugs, now so amazingly popular in this country, practically nothing was known until fifteen or twenty years ago, save to an exceedingly small number of people. The period of their predominance in popular favor has been brief; but already the supply of old pieces with real merit is exhausted, particularly in the larger sizes.

SUDDEN POPULARITY

The vogue of the Chinese rug in this country is unquestionably due to the artistic sense and discernment of the late Stanford

White. In a certain establishment in New York there had grown up an accumulation of old Chinese pieces, some of them very rare and beautiful, which had been "thrown in" with other art objects purchased. They begged for attention at thirty or forty dollars each, until Mr. White placed one or two of them in the hall of the late William C. Whitney's house. From that moment the demand for them, and consequently their market value, advanced at a prodigious rate.

No matter what anybody may claim, it is doubtful if there has ever been in Europe or America any definite or systematized knowledge of the locality of origin or the period of Chinese rugs. Aside from the small importance usually attached to them as art products by the Chinese themselves, this dearth of specific knowledge has been due to the fact that the rugs were not woven in Eastern China, but in the interior provinces, and, even after a demand arose for them in the West, buyers were well content to await arrivals in the Treaty Ports, rather than court the perils of travel into the Chinese *hinterland*. It was believed that as soon as the demand became known there would be great influx of desirable

fabrics to Peking. There was; but it lasted only for a little space, and today in the Chinese capital a rug of any merit whatsoever commands a price almost prohibitive. This has led to a great volume of manufacture in Peking, both in new designs and in more or less creditable copies of the old. But so violently has this commercial production been promoted that the very multitude of modern Chinese rugs has begun to work injury to the enterprise; although the texture of the new rugs is finer than that in many of the old ones. In fact, Chinese rug weaving as a whole does not show any impressively high measure of technical accomplishment.

TEXTURE OF CHINESE RUGS

The texture of Chinese floor coverings is usually far coarser than the Persian, or even the Turkish, notwithstanding that they are woven in the Persian knot, which lends itself to amazing fineness of detail. In addition to this coarseness a very heavy weft or cross-thread is used, sometimes four heavy strands after each transverse row of knots. This results in a very flat "lie" of the pile. The difference between this and the fine, almost perpendicular pile found in the rugs of Ispahan (so-called) of Tabriz and of Kashan, is striking; but it doubtless expresses the general attitude of the Chinese toward the rug. They evidently regarded it merely as a medium for the presentation of simple patterns and broad masses of color, and the quickest method of securing these was the best.

DESIGN AND TREATMENT

Chinese rug design and treatment are plainly impressionistic, as contrasted with the infinite detail that marks the high-school weavings of Persia.

The Chinese weaver adapted the method to his requirements, and some of the most beautiful effects in the Chinese fabrics are found in absurdly coarse specimens. On the other hand, when he did undertake finer accomplishments, he vindicated all the high artistic traditions of his race. Perhaps the most impressive illustration of the racial skill and deftness is the cut work with which, in the better rugs, many of the patterns are outlined. This consists in the seemingly simple device of cutting away half the knot along the lines of a pattern; such, for example, as a flower or vine, a wave or a bird. The result is to leave the pattern clearly defined and in actual relief, without the interjection of another color. This cutting



COVERING FOR A CHAIR SEAT AND BACK

This fabric is in yellow and blue. The sacred mountain is the chief feature of the design

takes the place of the color outline almost universally used in Persia. In this, as in almost every phase of artistic accomplishment, the Chinese individuality and conservatism are manifest.

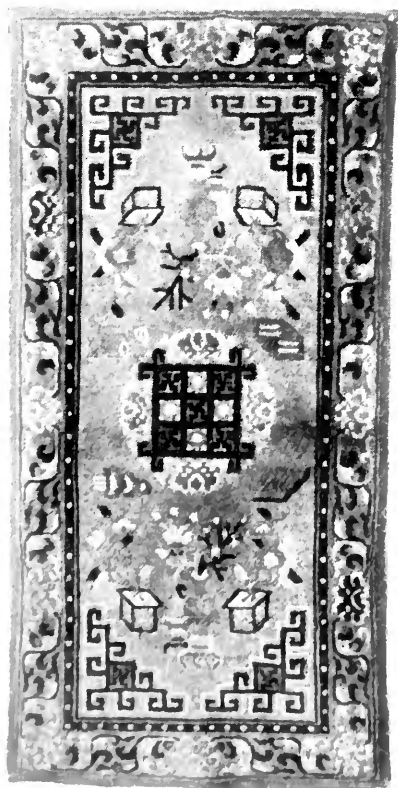
When we consider Chinese history and note the multitude of race factors that have gone into China-Arabs, Jews, Nestorians, Hindus, Armenians, and Turks, the wonder is that the Chinese weaving art is not manifestly and obtrusively composite; that is to say, that it does not show on its surface these various elements. But, on the contrary, it has taken the "busy" patterns of the races farther west, stripped them of their masses of confusing detail, and imbued them with the dignity and indefinable calm which seems to be the inevitable Chinese mark.

Anyone familiar with rugs can discern, in a certain school of Chinese fabrics, the Persian characteristics as found in the rugs of Khorassan; but always, and from whatever source derived, these patterns have been touched with the purely Chinese character, laid in the Chinese color, and so in the course of time have become thoroughly localized. China converted the hard octagons of the Turkoman rugs into circular scrolls or medallions, beautifying them meanwhile with some floral character manifestly borrowed from the Persians—and yet by no means Persian. There has been in all the world probably no more perfect example of racial individuality in art.

CHINESE INFLUENCE ON RUG DESIGN

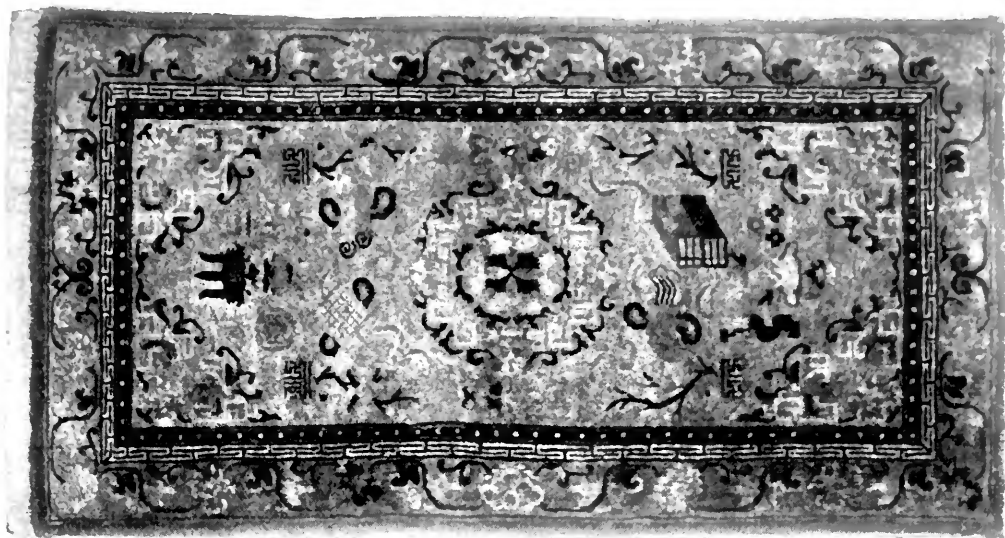
It should be said, however, that Chinese influence has been equally effective outside its own pale. In the thirteenth century, Hulaku Khan, leading his Mongol hordes in conquest, took Chinese artists and workmen as far west as Bagdad. Traces of this transportation may be found in a great many Persian and Turkish rugs, particularly the palace pieces made for three hundred years after that time. The so-called "cloud band" and the cotyledon symbol (representing the life idea) may be seen in many fine Persian rugs. The dragon, which plays so large a part in Chinese ornament, has also been imparted to other races. The best illustration of this is the large Bagdad carpet from the Yerkes Collection, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In eliminating the overactive quality in Persian design, China made use of "background" in a way which the most advanced



A COMPOSITE DESIGN

Of a rather late period. In the border are found somewhat overloaded Mohammedan characteristics

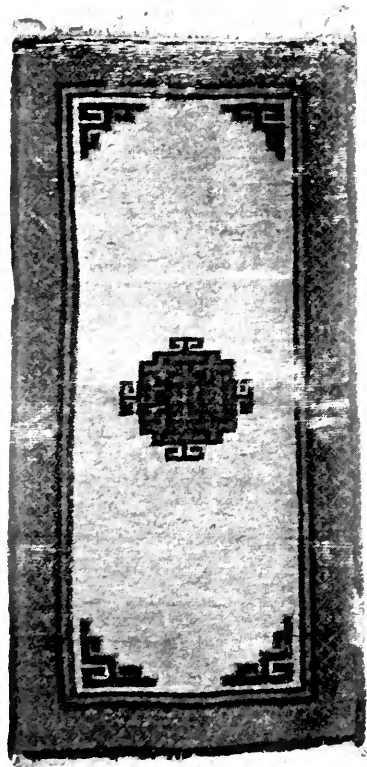


A RUG OF UNUSUAL QUALITY, TEXTURE AND COLOR
The strength of the patterns is well distributed

theorists in artistic composition must approve. The field of plain color became paramount; but it was rarely used, in the best early periods, as it is in the West, as a hard, defined area with central medallion and corner spaces. Where this was done the softest color was used throughout, such as a golden brown, relieved by dull blues and perhaps a deeper brown or a touch of gold yellow. In by far the most cases the pattern is distributed over the field sparsely instead of densely as in so many of the Persian rugs. Almost the only exceptions to this rule are small, repetitious diaper patterns, usually in mild coloring. Generally speaking, the patterns in Chinese rugs are large in proportion to the fabric; but it will be noticed that each has a more distinctive value. The natural effect of this would have been excessive strength in general effect; but here again the Chinese art intuition rose to the requirement. The difficulty was obviated by an entire change of color scheme.

COLOR IN CHINESE RUGS

While the Chinese of early times were master color makers, a very narrow schedule of colors has always served for the rugs, until the later decadent periods; in fact, this holds true in all Chinese art. There is in the entire kingdom of Chinese rug weaving no such jumble of unrelated colors as we find in the Persians. I have had occasion heretofore to make clear the Persian theory of color, that of neutralization by juxtaposition, in which a score of naturally conflicting colors are thrown together with great freedom, with the purpose that they shall neutralize one another. The Chinese had a concept more nearly approaching our own. He dealt in simple colors rather than in complex ones, and what neutralizations he accomplished were done before the actual weaving or else effected by the fading of the dyes after the rug was completed. In Chinese rugs art takes



AN OLD RUG IN GRAY AND SOFT BROWN COLORS

Simple and effective. The lattice ground of the border has been used very intelligently

artistic production the mellowing influence of time.

Most noticeable in Chinese rug coloring is the wonderful scope and quality of the blues. The highest expression of Persian skill in dyeing has always been found in blue; but even in this art—which, by the way, the Persians have now in a great measure lost—they must yield place to the Chinese. In the older rugs the Chinese blues show a range, a depth, and a luminous quality which are not surpassed in the world, and even the best modern pieces now being produced in Peking are in this respect superior to their Persian contemporaries.

Second, certainly, to the blues in importance come the yellows. While yellow has been used freely in Persian rugs, and more

precedence of workmanship, and as the art declines, in the moderns, the texture seems to improve.

With this wide view of the Chinese habit and tendency before us, it is well to consider the all important matter of color. The range of coloring is noticeably narrow and correspondingly simple; though at first glance it does not always seem to be so. To this fact is doubtless due the restfulness which is the great charm of Chinese rugs. There are, to be sure, designs which are to the Western eye hard and discordant; but it will be found that most of these are in rugs of a religious sort, where the patterns include the dragons, Foo dogs, and other symbolic devices which seem to us grotesque and even repellent. It will be observed, however, when one has acquired familiarity with the Chinese rugs, that the adjustment of color values is most accurate, always bearing in mind that the Chinese seem to have discounted in the oldest and best periods of



A COHERENT AND WELL BALANCED DESIGN

The colors are blue and white

so in those of Kurdistan and Asia Minor, the fact of its royal and semi-religious value in China has caused it to be employed in some of the Chinese fabrics with a frankness not equaled elsewhere. Twenty years ago, before popular taste in America had attained its present appreciative attitude toward all Chinese art, the prevalence of yellow in strong values and large areas in the rugs was one of the chief causes of American dislike for them. It is unpleasant to admit this now, when old Chinese rugs in yellow, and some not so old, are sought with an avidity that disregards the question of price.

IMPERIAL YELLOW

Since Chinese rugs have come into demand we have heard a great deal of "imperial yellow." Almost any yellow is "imperial" when a sale hangs in the balance. But it should be unnecessary to say that true imperial yellow is quite as rare in Chinese rugs as are imperial persons among the 400,000,000 of Chinese population. Its actual frequency is about equal to that of "inscriptions from the Koran in the modern rugs of Persia." To describe it would tax the skill of Lafcadio Hearn, who would not have been so rash as to undertake it. Perhaps the most descriptive thing one can say is that it outyellows all the gold that ever shone.

The green schedule is very limited and the employment of green even more uncommon than in Moslem countries, where its religious importance restricts its use. When green does occur in Chinese fabrics, it has usually an admixture of yellow which converts it to olive, or else is a frank attempt to reproduce the color of jade. The colorings of old Chinese rugs, in the order of their frequency, are about as follows:

1. Blue and white, with the pattern in two or even three shades of blue, on white background, or occasionally with a splash of some salmon shade to give warmth and accent.
2. Reds and pinks, with design in two blues, yellow, tan, and white.
3. Yellow and blue, yellow ground with design in two shades of blue, with admixture of white and secondary elements in soft shades of tan and brown.
4. Browns and fawns, with patterns in blues, white, red, or yellow.
5. Dark blues, with design in white, or far less frequently in gold tan, relieved by small bits of light blue and white, sometimes one note of rust red for luck. (This seems to be common in all parts of Asia.)



INHARMONIOUS DESIGN

It is too strong for a small fabric. The sacred mountain and the Foo dogs are combined badly with a border stripe derived from India or Khorassan

6. Light blues, with pattern in white and the softer shades of yellow, pink, and fawn or brown, and small display of dark blue.

7. Green grounds, usually olive, with pattern in dark and light blue, yellow, and some red.

There are some other eccentric colorings, but these are the chief. The blue and white pieces are scarce now for the reason that they contribute to the "cool effects," the attainment of which has of late been one of the chief aims of the highest practitioners in the art of decoration. The reds and certain "mustardy" shades of yellow have perhaps been least liked and linger longest on the shelf. Blue or yellow has proved a more attractive color arrangement. The dark blue and light blue grounds have always been very rare, and a green rug is an episode.

Red appears in Chinese silks in clear tones. In the rugs it almost always has a yellowish cast. There are many shades of salmon pink and red, but very few pieces with pink of a cool character, such as the "shell" shades, rose pink, or the famous Du Barry. All these appear in Persian

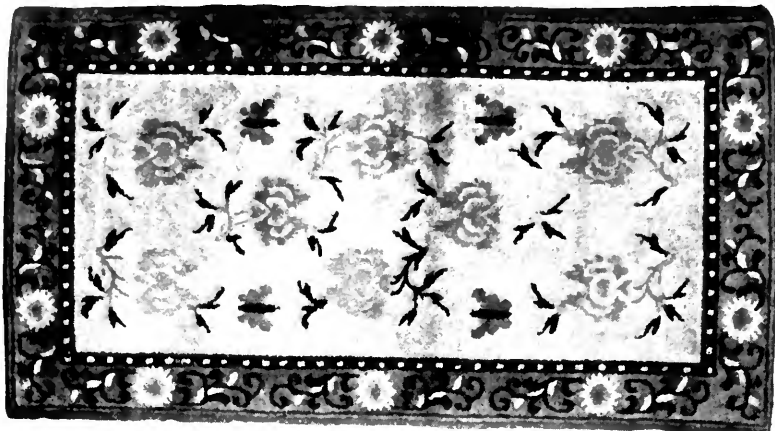
and Kurdish rugs, and to one knowing how infinitely skilful Chinese dyers have been it is at first hard to understand why the schedules of this common and popular color included chiefly the yellowish tints, from pale apricot to a deep red which nevertheless verged toward orange. The reason for it is still difficult to discern: the method of obtaining these shades, in a softness which increases with age, is now clear.

If a Persian dyer wished to secure any particular shade of color, he would mix his dyes to that end, and the color, when applied, would remain. The oldtime Chinese dyer was more ingenious. He dyed the wool first in a fast yellow. When this was dry and thoroughly set it was dipped into a rather strong red, more or less fugitive. Upon long exposure to the air the red faded and the yellow came through; enough of the red remaining to leave the degree of warmth desired. The delicacy of these colors increases with age. In some old pieces, obviously of the Ming period, the wool which was originally red has come down to pale gold, with only the faintest blush over it, and in the faded color there is a quality which no accurate one-color dying can give. The Chinese dyer evidently counted upon the softening effect of the years, a foresight which could be found nowhere save among a race of collectors.



A TEMPLE FABRIC

When fastened around a pillar the dragon is complete and appears twined spirally



A RUG CONSISTENT IN ITS STRICTLY FLORAL CHARACTER

Well balanced, and modelled after the Kien Lung designs, but probably made later. The color effect is sprightly

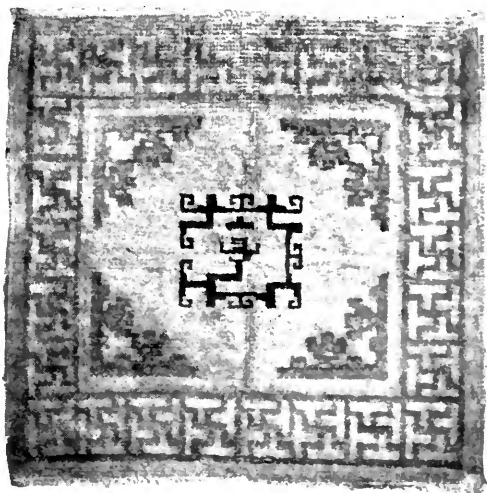
FEATURES OF CHINESE RUG PATTERNS

The simplicity which distinguishes Chinese coloring may be said equally to distinguish the design. This is more true of the old fabrics than of those of later origin. In fact, one of the distinguishing marks

of the old rugs is the use of very simple patterns and usually a narrow border, consisting of some form of the fret or wave pattern which in architecture is known as "Greek," but which appears with the swastika (卐), of which it is a clear development, in the primitive art of all races, and which in China has been employed most freely from the earliest times.

Just when or at what stage of Chinese religious culture the dragon came into Chinese art we probably do not know; but it is found in the earliest rugs we have trace of. In these, however, it shares the prevailing simplicity, is strictly conventional in character, usually laid in blue and worked into the shape of a circular medallion, or sometimes, in conjunction with the fret, into corner devices. These, however, seem to have been appropriated from the Persian along with the central medallion.

As time and the art progressed there crept into the design a greater opulence, a higher degree of elaboration. Something of the floral richness of Persia was absorbed, and it abides to this day; but everything adopted was transformed, in color and treatment, to fit into the Chinese decorative scheme. Instead of a profuse mass of floral material, one flower was taken as a motive and presented in repeating fashion, duly emphasized, and with no multiplicity of other floral factors to detract from it. In almost every case the flower had an ethical or religious meaning which became the keynote of the rug.



MAT OF A VERY EARLY PERIOD
The purest of designs in gold and brown

In this connection it may be said that there is no art in the world in which so great a part of the prevailing figures has a generally recognized symbolic meaning.

CHINESE SYMBOLISM

Very comprehensive is this symbolism. It includes not alone a multitude of things from the floral and animal kingdoms, but even certain utensils had a meaning; social, ethical, or moral, if not religious. The bat, the bird, the butterfly, the dragon, the kylin, the Foo dog, the leopard, the elephant, the horse, the phoenix, the stork,—the list is altogether too long to permit of any thorough tabulation. The old symbols of primitive religion, found in Turanian rugs and dating back to the very morning of

mankind, do not seem to appear in the Chinese weavings; but it is manifest that somewhere, at some time, the Chinese symbols and their attendant meanings were derived directly from some imaginative form of nature worship (witness the cotyledon or seed germ, which was adopted by Persia from China and appears so often in the high-school Persian rugs of Sefavian times). The meanings, once established, have been maintained in popular understanding. Every intelligent Chinaman today knows them as his remote ancestors did. It is a part of the great fund of popular information that bird, bat, deer, and butterfly convey wishes for long life and good fortune.

Chinese symbolism has developed some eccentric and even egregious things; such, for example, as the dragon and the kylin. Each and every of such impossible creatures had his sphere and his legend. Of the dragons, there are several kinds,—one of the heavens, one of the mountains, one of the sea. The emperor's dragon has five claws. So has that of the first- and second-class princes. The next two classes of the royal family may display only a four-clawed one; while ordinary mortals must be content with three. A four-clawed serpent bespeaks a mandarin or a prince of the fifth rank.

The kylin, a fearsome four-footed beast, means long life and good government. The phoenix, in addition to his indestructible life, was reputed to live high in the air, and to descend to earth only as the bearer of good news. The catalogue is endless, and perhaps to the Occidental useless, unless it be for the information of the collector or to divert the curious mind.



ONE OF THE OLDEST AND FINEST
EXAMPLES OF CHINESE RUGS

The dragons at the center and the corners are in marvellous blue on a background of pure gold. The "tiger" marks are in brown

Many of the superstitions common in Turkey and Persia, seem to prevail throughout China. For example, I have found a "cash" (perforated Chinese coin) sewed fast to an old Chinese rug to bring good luck. It should be noted that the "cash" is one of the Buddhistic "symbols of happy augury." Few people in any part of the world will fail to see the fitness of this. The Mohammedans indulge this same practice, using sometimes a gay bead or a scrap of cloth.

In weaving rugs the Chinese in earlier times had one custom of which I have found no trace in western Asia; namely, that of weaving a rug in two, three, or four sections, breaking an elaborate design without respect for its continuity, and knitting the parts together by the warp threads, evidently to produce just the required size. This is most prevalent in large temple rugs.

A word should be said concerning the assigning of rugs to specific periods. There are persons who will name a period for any Chinese rug. I believe more of these are wrong than right. There are some rugs which present coloring or design of distinct period character, and in general it is probable that the earliest are the simplest. The poor old Ming dynasty has had an awful burden to carry. Ability to tell when any and every rug was made would imply an intimate and detailed familiarity with the civil and artistic history of China for unnumbered years, and the person who professes such knowledge should be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Not too much is known about Chinese rugs. They offer an ideal field for the ambitious student, and when he has mastered it thoroughly he will know much besides rugs.



AN UNUSUAL SADDLE CLOTH
It has religious symbols in the center on a yellow background. The border shows Hindu influence. The coloring is splendid

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

There is a scarcity of literature dealing with Chinese rugs. A knowledge of Chinese rugs is based on a knowledge of rugs in the general Asiatic sense, and on Chinese art in all its developments.

CHINESE ART *By Stephen W. Bushell*
London, 1910. Chap.V, "Textiles, Woven Silks, etc."

CHINESE PICTORIAL ART *By Herbert A. Giles*
Shanghai, 1905.

CHINESE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN *By R. L. Hobson*
Two Volumes.

BULLETIN OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART *February, 1909.*

L'ART CHINOIS Paris, 1888. *By M. Paleologue*

CHINESISCHE KUNST GESCHICHTE *By O. Münsterberg*
Esslingen, 1912.

THE TIFFANY STUDIOS COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE CHINESE RUGS

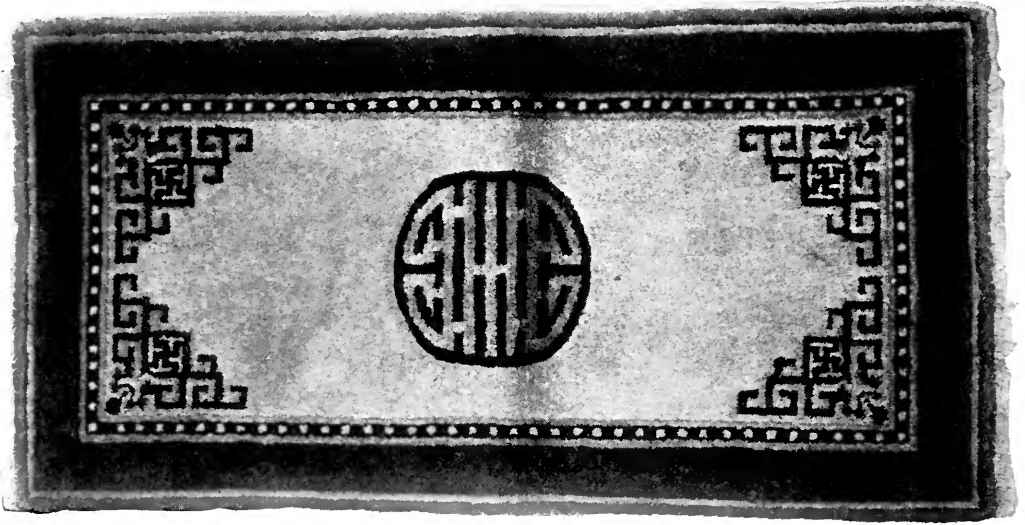
New York, 1908. *By Mrs. M. C. Ripley*

ORIENTAL RUGS BEFORE 1800 *By F. Martin*
London, 1909.

ORIENTAL RUGS ANTIQUE AND MODERN *By W. A. Hawley*
New York, 1913.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DRAGON *By Binyon*
London, 1908.

EPOCHS OF CHINESE ART *By Ernest F. Fenellosa*
New York, 1913.



A RUG OF EARLY DESIGN

It is of heavy quality, dignified, and harmonious, in brown and gray colors. The device in the center is a symbol standing for long life

It is a curious fact that, while China is the oldest nation that we know, and the history of her civilization stretches back to the early morning of time, there are many interesting Chinese things with which we have only in recent years become familiar. The Chinese rug is a case in point. How long the Chinese have been making fine rugs no one can tell. It is safe, however, to say that, like their other arts, Chinese rugmaking is of very great antiquity.

★ ★ ★

And yet, as Mr. Mumford points out, the Chinese rug has come into vogue in the west only within the past fifteen or twenty years. It is true the vogue was anticipated by a few collectors in England and America, but they can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, some twenty-five years ago, took a fancy to Chinese rugs and made quite a collection of them. They had no special market value then, for they were not sought after. Mr. Havemeyer collected them because he was attracted to them as unusual products of the loom, and then because, he found them to be an interesting and profitable subject of study. His collection is no doubt in the possession of his family today, and if a

present day value were set upon those rugs they would probably show an appreciation over their original prices of fully a thousand per cent, if not more.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Mumford calls attention to the fact that the Chinese rug was made popular in this country by the late Mr. Stanford White. Mr. White was a very strong and original figure in art. He did not look to others for suggestions. He led the way and others followed. So when he picked out a number of old Chinese rugs that he found in a New York shop and placed them in Mr. William C. Whitney's house, connoisseurs and collectors took notice and very soon the Chinese rug became the vogue. All that were to be had in America were soon bought up and the prices rose sensationally. Some time ago a New York collector bought a Chinese rug for \$30. This was in the days before the vogue. Two years later he found a mate to this rug in the same shop, ordered it without hesitation—and it was delivered to him with a bill for \$3,600. This shows the increase of value that can be effected by a quick growth in demand. And today few genuine old Chinese rugs can be had at any price.

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

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Mar. 15. THE WAR OF 1812.

By Albert Bushnell Hart, *Professor of Government, Harvard University.*

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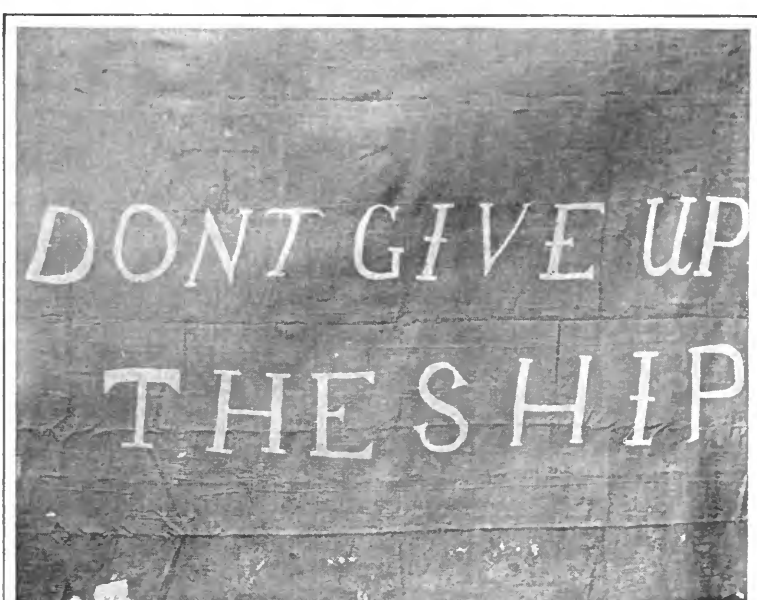
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Perry's Pennant on the "Lawrence"

THE WAR OF 1812

By Professor ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 3

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Heroes of the Fleet

PERRY

"September the tenth, full well I ween
In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
The weather mild, the sky serene,
 Commanded by bold Perry,
Our saucy fleet at anchor lay
In safety, moor'd at Put-in Bay;
'Twixt sunrise and the break of day,
 The British fleet
 We chanced to meet;
Our admiral thought he would them greet
 With a welcome on Lake Erie."

—*Old Song*



LAWRENCE

"Let shouts of victory for laurels won
Give place to grief for Lawrence, Valor's son.
The warrior who was e'er his country's pride
Has for that country bravely, nobly died."

—*Lines published in June, 1813.*

THE WAR OF 1812

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

Professor of Government, Harvard University

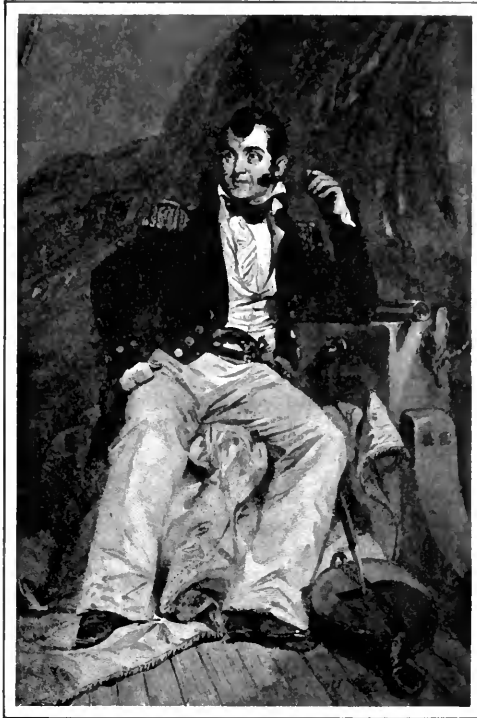


MENTOR GRAVURES

CAPTAIN JAMES
LAWRENCE

COMMODORE
STEPHEN DECATUR

COMMODORE
WILLIAM
BAINBRIDGE



Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry



MENTOR GRAVURES

COMMODORE
OLIVER HAZARD
PERRY

THE BATTLE OF
LAKE ERIE

GENERAL ANDREW
JACKSON



THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
MARCH 15, 1916

OUR defeat of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War was conclusive; though "we" in that case included France, without whose aid the patriots must have been defeated. It is not so easy to discover a fund of military glory in the War of 1812.

That was a great war year. Within a few days of the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain, Napoleon's Grand Army of over 400,000 men crossed the Niemen into Russia. Six months later 4,000 of that host recrossed, pursued by the Russians; and probably not more than 100,000 of the whole number ever saw their homes again. In 1813, while the Americans were fighting on the ocean and on Lake Erie, Napoleon was driven out of Germany. A few weeks before the Battle of Lundy's Lane, Napoleon was compelled to abdicate. Soon after the news of the Peace of Ghent with Great Britain was received in the United States, in 1815, Napoleon broke loose from Elba; and a few months later he was again a prisoner and sent to St. Helena.

To most of Europe the American War of 1812 seemed an unwarrantable flank attack in the great running fight of the nations. Russia and



ANDREW JACKSON
From the painting by John Vanderlyn

Prussia resented it that American statesmen should throw the weight of their country on the side of the great military despot of his time. They wanted none of the military and naval strength of Great Britain to be diverted across the ocean. The suggestion was even made in Congress that the United States ought to declare war at the same moment on both France and England. That idea has been carried out by Captain Marryat in his once popular novel "Midshipman Easy," where he describes a triangular duel between three sailors; but nations could hardly engage in such a game.

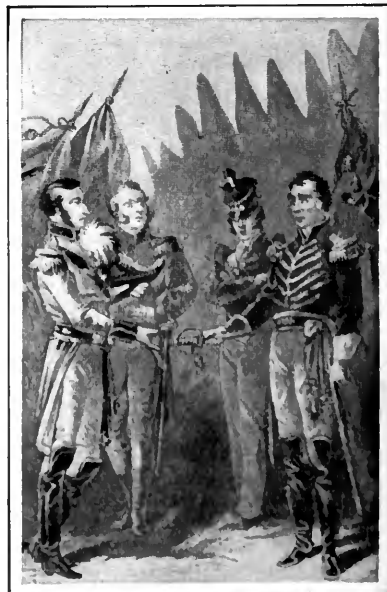
THE ELEPHANT AND THE WHALE

Nevertheless Congress found some difficulty in selecting the enemy to fight; for the conditions were remarkably like those of the year 1915. People used to talk then about the "war between the elephant and the whale": the elephant being the land army of Napoleon, which apparently nothing could withstand, and the whale being the navy of Great Britain, which had command of the sea. That struggle reached a crisis in 1806, when the two belligerents, not being able to reach and hammer each other, did their best to hammer the neutral carrying trade, which was carried on largely in American ships.

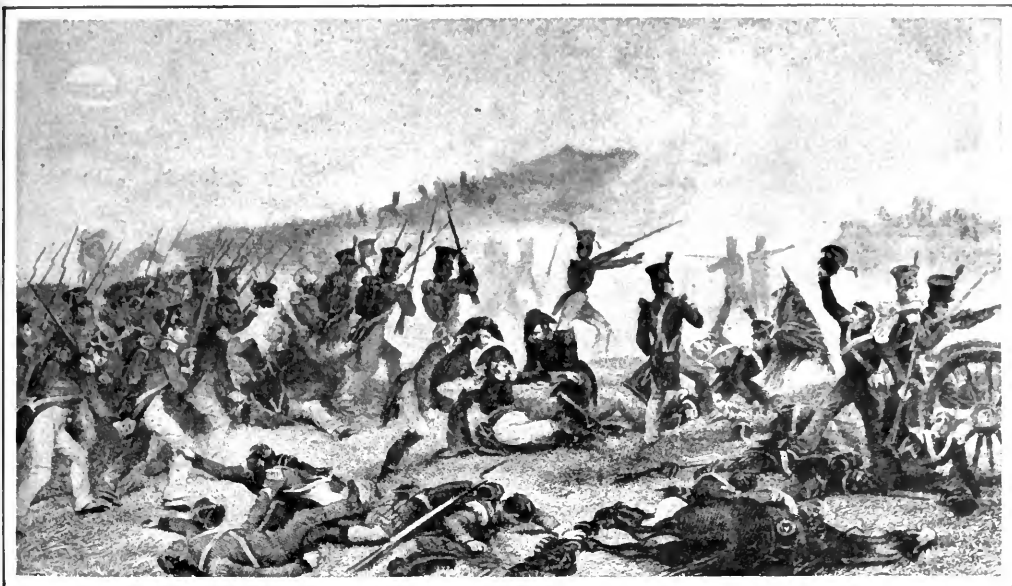
BY ORDERS IN COUNCIL

Great Britain declared the whole French coast blockaded from Brest to the Elbe, just as in 1915 the same power declared the whole North Sea coast to be blockaded. By Decrees France declared the whole British Islands to be in a state of blockade, exactly as Germany recently declared those coasts to be a "naval zone." The consequence was that the French captured 600 American merchantmen in the next nine years, and the British took 900.

In this long controversy the French were the wiliest, the British were the most arrogant. The United States would have been



THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL HULL
General Hull surrendered to General Brock, Governor of Upper Canada, at Detroit on August 16, 1812



THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE

In this battle, which took place on July 25, 1814, and lasted from sunset to midnight, the Americans under General Jacob Brown were left in possession of the field, but were unable to carry away the heavy artillery which they had captured

justified in war against either of these powers, on the basis of their disregard of our right to keep up neutral trade with both belligerents.

At that time the United States found it hard to provide a remedy. The most obvious method was to refuse to trade with either of the nations. Accordingly an Embargo was laid by Congress in 1807, by which no cargoes of any kind were allowed to leave American ports, bound to a foreign destination. The embargo very nearly brought England to terms; but the United States had not patience to wait for its results. The shipping trade was paralyzed, and the farmers and planters could not export their surplus. In view of these losses, Congress after fourteen months' experience repealed the embargo.

CAUSES OF THE WAR

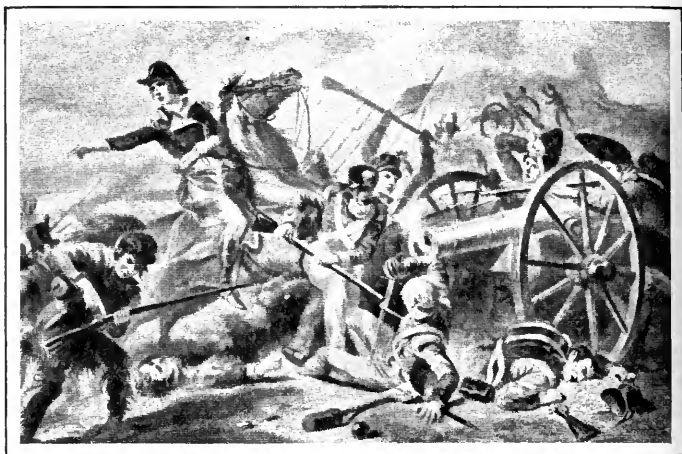
Since neither France nor Great Britain would accept the opportunity to make a friend of the United States, the captures went on; and England added the impressment of American seamen from American merchant vessels. The idea that a subject of the British Empire could change his allegiance and become the citizen of another nation seemed to England a dangerous novelty. Still, if the great sea-power had been willing to pay a little more wages to her men-of-war-men, she could have filled her ships by enlistment. If she had been content to "press" men from her own merchant ships, she would not have aroused the antipathy of the Americans. To save a few hundred thousand pounds and to assert a right to claim Englishmen who had become American citizens,

Great Britain gave unpardonable offense to the little United States.

When the war broke out, more than 5,000 Americans had been at one time or another impressed; and 2,000 or 3,000 were actually serving on board British men-of-war till the hostilities began. Then, having been originally seized without reason, they were made prisoners of war.

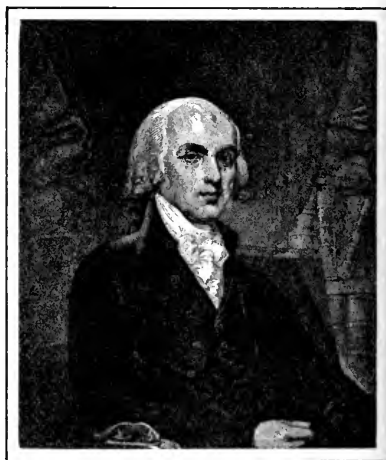
Considering the eventual result of the war, it is striking that the United States government placed little dependence on its navy, but expected to carry on a brilliant land campaign. Canada was to be conquered, and then, as Henry Clay put it, they could "negotiate a peace at Quebec or Halifax."

This was not a new thought. In the Revolutionary War Canada was invaded by Montgomery and Arnold and all but annexed to the new United States. How could Canada resist? Its population in 1812 was about 50,000; that of the United States was nearly 8,000,000. During the nine years from 1803 to 1812 the United States had tried every means short of war; and the vigorous young "war hawks," headed by Henry Clay of Kentucky and John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, were tired of accepting what they felt to be a standing offence to their nation.



COLONEL MILLER AT THE BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA

At the Battle of Chippewa on July 5, 1814, Colonel Miller with three hundred men captured a height, the key to the British position. It was a desperate and courageous exploit



JAMES MADISON

President of the United States, 1809-1817
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart

THE LAND WAR

In accordance with the plan of invasion, several "armies" of 2,000 or 3,000 men were pushed to the Canadian frontier; but in the very first fight the tables were turned, and Detroit was captured by the British. It took more than a year and 20,000 men to push back the British into Canada. Five different American commanders were ignominiously headed or defeated in attempting to invade Canada across the Niagara River or the St. Lawrence River. Except for Harrison's little victory at the Battle



THE DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS AT BALTIMORE

On September 12, 1814, General Ross in command of the British force advancing on Baltimore, was shot as he rode at the head of his troops by two American troopers concealed in a hollow. Baltimore was defended bravely, and the British were repulsed



JAMES MONROE

Secretary of State, 1811-1817. He also acted as Secretary of War in 1814-1815. President, 1817-1825. From the portrait by John Vanderlyn

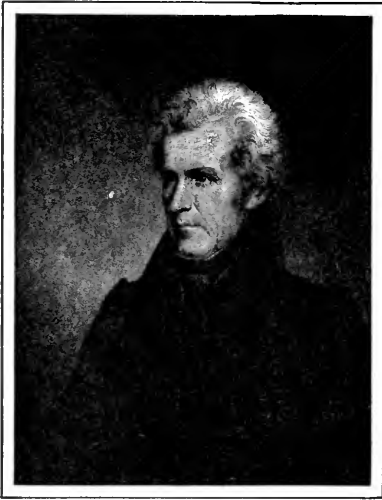
of the Thames, and for the drawn Battle of Lundy's Lane, the Canadian campaigns were all humiliating defeats.

This disagreeable chapter in our military history was due to the fact that the government had made no sufficient preparation of men or materials, and was obliged to rely upon untrained volunteer militia. These were men of personal courage and intelligence; and under such commanders as Jacob Brown and Andrew

Jackson they showed that they had the instincts of soldiers. Nevertheless they were poorly drilled and equipped. In one campaign they stopped short when they reached the Canadian line, because they said they were not constitutionally bound to fight, except for the defense of their own country.

The result was that, starting with a regular army of only 7,000, which finally included about 50,000 men, 400,000 additional recruits were raised during the war. The total number of Canadians and British troops engaged in the war was not over 20,000. The Americans lost 30,000 men; and when the war was over the United States was not in possession of one foot of Canadian territory, while the British were occupying about half of the present state of Maine.

This heartbreaking result ought not to be charged to the soldiers so much as to the administration. John Armstrong, Secretary of War, allowed the British to land 5,000 men on the Chesapeake and to march fifty miles overland to Washington. Within a distance of two days' land travel from that city lived nearly 100,000 able-bodied men, most of them accustomed to handle a gun. Yet the British force was allowed to capture Washington, to burn the public buildings, and to retire to its fleet almost without losing a man. Till



ANDREW JACKSON
Victorious leader at the Battle of New Orleans. President, 1829-1837. From a drawing from life by J. B. Longacre

James Monroe became Secretary of War the whole administration was slack and incompetent.

WAR AT SEA

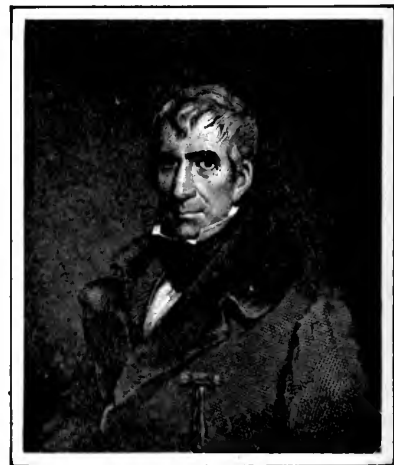
A proof that the defeats of the War of 1812 were not due to lack of fiber among the American people as a whole, was the brilliant success of the operations on the high seas. Jefferson and Madison both thought the navy would do more harm than good. The British had twice seized the little navy of the Danes, and it seemed as though our ships would only be a whet to the appetite of the British naval giant. Against our 18 ships of war, of which only six were sizable frigates, the British could oppose 170 large ships and 700 others. They had the prestige of a hundred years of naval supremacy;

they had driven the French and Spanish ships of war from the sea.

Therefore it was a joy to the nation when, seven weeks after the outbreak of the war, the frigate *Constitution* captured the *Guerriere* and later the *Java*; then the *United States* captured the *Macedonian*; the *Frolic* took the *Wasp*; the *Essex*, the first American ship of war to appear in the Pacific, captured numbers of British whalers there. In thirteen duels, one ship on each side, the Americans won eleven victories.

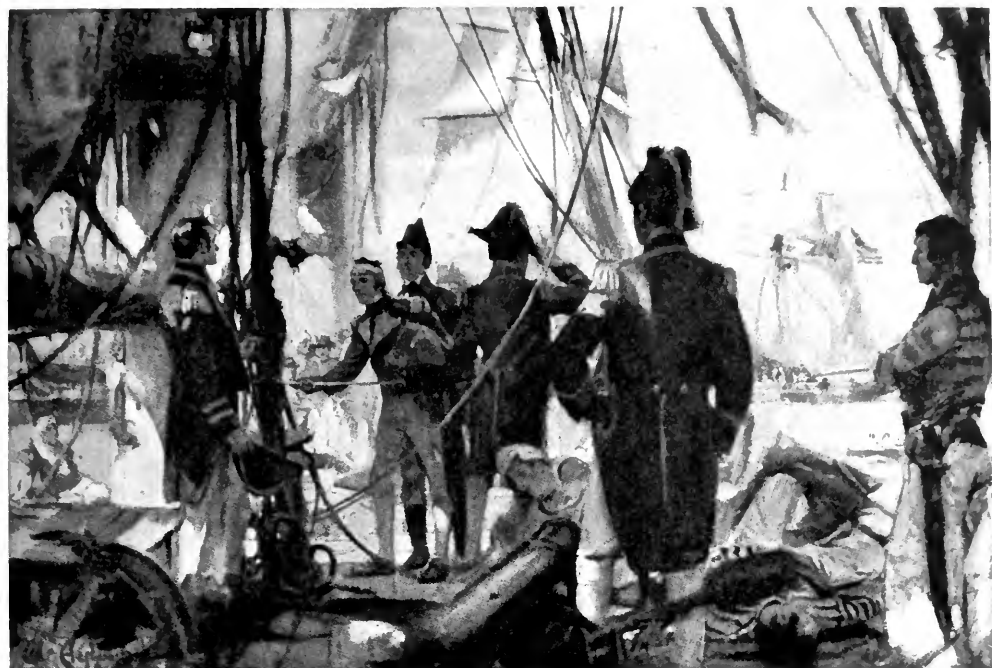
Gradually the fleet was worn down; the *Chesapeake* was taken by the *Shannon*; the *President* and the *Adams* were captured; and at the end of the war there was not a public ship on the ocean flying the flag of the United States. However the navy in two unexpected directions won new laurels. On Lake Erie Oliver Hazard Perry defeated the British fleet at the battle of Put-in Bay, and sent his ever memorable despatch, "We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop." On Lake Champlain, Commodore Macdonough beat the British; while McComb with his militia withstood and repelled the British attack at Plattsburg.

When the cruisers were driven off the sea, the privateers continued the naval war. At that time a merchantman could be turned into a capable fighting ship by



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

Harrison was one of the few able leaders that the United States had during the War of 1812. He was President for only one month in 1841. He died in office. From the portrait of by J. B. Lambdin



Courtesy, Harper's Magazine

Copyright, Harper & Brothers

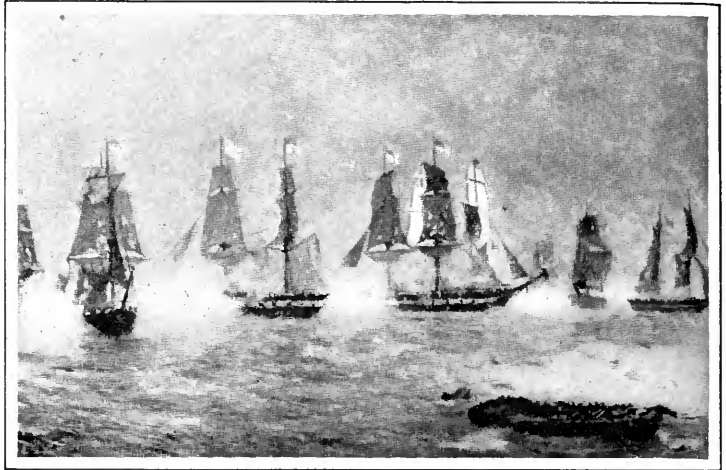
PERRY RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF THE BRITISH COMMANDERS ABOARD THE "LAWRENCE"
From the painting by W. J. Aylward

adding strengthening timbers and providing the necessary guns. Such a ship, when commissioned as a privateer by the United States government, could capture the enemy's merchantmen and on occasion fight small cruisers. For instance, the brig *Yankee*, 160 tons burden, eighteen guns, 120 men, captured twenty-nine prizes, one of which sold for more than \$500,000. The money was divided equally between the owners and the men on board. The privateers together captured about 2,000 British vessels; though over 1,500 American vessels were captured by the English. The whole British nation felt the shock of this unexpected naval resistance; and it was the pressure of the shippers and shipowners of England which caused that power to make favorable terms of peace.

For a hundred years experts have been trying to find out just why the United States was so successful in the naval war. The British newspapers of the day tried to prove that it was because they called a vessel a frigate when it was really bigger and stronger than the British frigate. That did not affect the captain of the *Guerrière* when he accepted battle with the *Constitution*: he evidently thought that he had size and power enough to capture his adversary. The Americans appear to have had heavier guns, better training in handling the guns, better marksmanship, to have been quicker and smarter.

It was the privateers that were in the long run most effective. The London Times complained toward the end of 1814 that "there are

privateers off this harbor which plunder every vessel coming in or going out, notwithstanding we have three line of battle, six frigates, and four sloops here." The Morning Chronicle complained that a great part of the coast of Ireland had "been for above a month under the unresisted dominion of a few petty 'fly-by-nights' from the blockaded ports of



From "Naval Actions of The War of 1812," by James Barnes. Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers
THE NIAGARA BREAKS THE ENGLISH LINE
 When Perry's flagship, the "Lawrence," was riddled by the enemy, he transferred himself in a small boat to the "Niagara." This ship broke the British line, and then the battle was won. From a painting by Carlton T. Chapman

the United States—a grievance equally intolerable and disgraceful." The Annual Register thought it a mortifying reflection that, notwithstanding a navy of a thousand ships, "it was not safe for a vessel to sail without convoy from one part of the English or Irish Channel to another."

In March, 1915, a British squadron captured the German frigate *Dresden* in the neutral Chilean waters of the Island of Juan Fernandez. A similar episode occurred in 1814, when the United States ship *Essex* was cornered and destroyed by two British vessels in the harbor of Valparaiso. The American privateer *General Armstrong* was also cut out and destroyed by the British under the guns of the Portuguese fort at Fayal in the Azores.

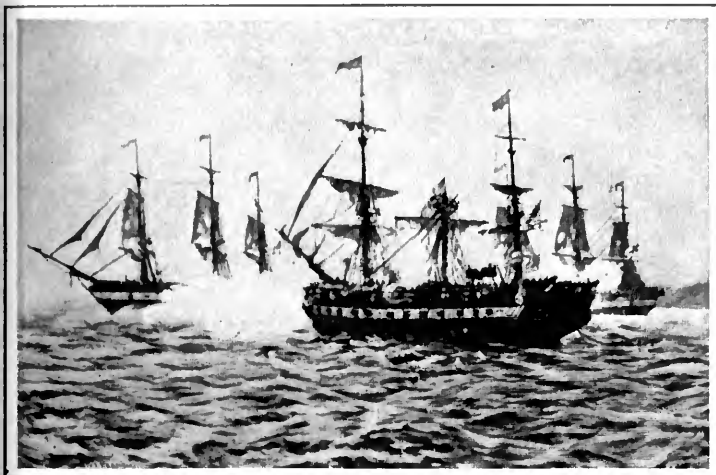
EFFECT ON THE AMERICANS

On the face of it there was not much cause for congratulation in a war in which the United States trebled its national debt and lost 30,000 men and 1,500 merchant ships, without gaining any territory and without securing any promise at the end of the war that the disturbance of neutral trade and the impressment of American seamen would not begin again.

Another group of troubles arose from the fact that the New England States were against the war from the beginning, refused to allow their militia to join in the forces



COMMODORE DAVID PORTER
 The Commander of the "Essex"
 From the painting by Chappel



From "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," by James Barnes. Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers

THE "ESSEX" BEING CUT TO PIECES

The "Essex" was under the command of David Porter, and drove British shipping from the Pacific Ocean. The vessel was finally destroyed by the "Phoebe" and the "Cherub." From a painting by Carlton T. Chapman

they could be presented to Congress the news of peace was received.

These uncomfortable facts may be cheerfully admitted in view of a strong list of reasons for national congratulation. One was the notable victory of Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, January 8, 1815, after peace had been made, though neither of the armies knew it. Critics have pointed out that Jackson was slow in divining where the British would strike; that he threw up no sufficient intrenchments; that if the British had placed cannon on the west side of the river, they could have fired into his rear and compelled him to retreat. All that does not diminish the glory of Jackson's victory. He showed the energy and determination which brought together a force of 3,500 men, mostly raw militia. This little command lying behind the lines at Chalmette received the attack of 6,000 men. Over 2,000 of the British attacking column were sacrificed, and Jackson remained master of the field, with a loss of seventy-one.

This brilliant success proved that Jackson was a good soldier, which in due time helped to make him President of the United States. It proved also that American militia behind breastworks could repel the attacks of twice their number of experienced soldiers who had recently helped to overthrow Napoleon.

The greatest result of the War of 1812 was to make the Americans realize at once their weakness and their strength. Just at the end of the war Robert Fulton put on the waters of

intended to invade Canada, and in 1814 sent delegates to a convention at Hartford. That convention sat in secret, and nobody knows exactly what was said; but the resolutions passed by it and sent out to the country demanded changes in the Constitution which would have made it hard to carry on a federal government. Fortunately before

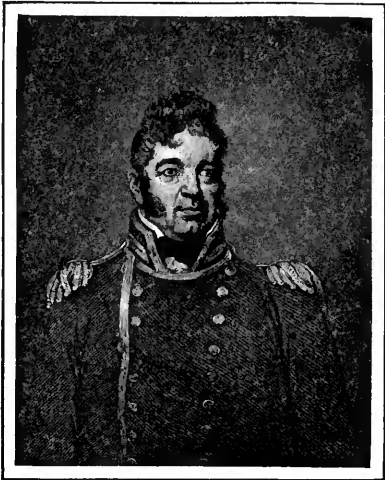


CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

the Hudson a steamship of war, forerunner of the majestic steam fleets of today. Our forefathers suffered for want of roads by which they could convey their armies and their supplies to the frontiers. Therefore they set out to remedy that condition, and four years after the peace they had the Cumberland Road completed from the upper Potomac to the Ohio River. Six years later the Erie Canal was opened to Lake Erie. The people had suffered for want of a national bank during the war: in 1816 Congress created one. Their trade had been disturbed for over twenty years: in 1816 they passed a tariff, designed to establish American manufactures. War, and especially such a disappointing war as that of 1812, has many bad effects upon a nation; but it does strengthen the feeling of a common danger and a common duty.

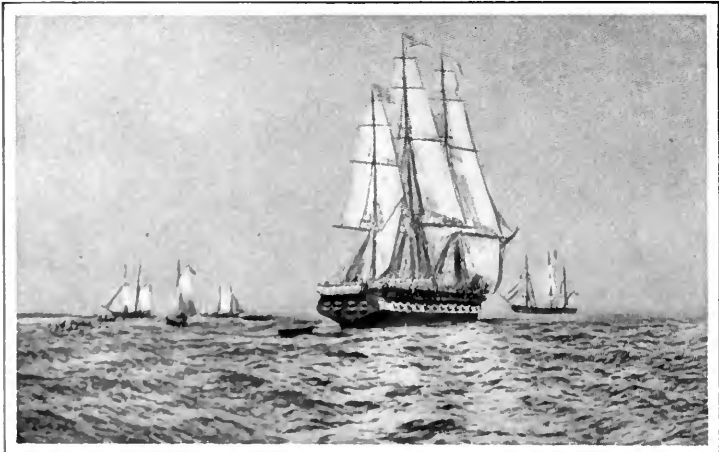
The War of 1812 also for the first time gave the United States an unquestioned place in the sisterhood of modern nations. Though the population in 1815 was only about eight and a half millions, the success of the navy inspired a wholesome respect for Yankee ships and Yankee sailors. In place of the captured ships a new merchant marine was quickly provided, which developed into the famous clipper ships, the triumph of American skill and the glory of the seas. From this time dates the friendship of



WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE
Commodore in the United States Navy.
From the portrait by J. W. Jarvis

several European nations, particularly of Russia, whose Czar Alexander was a friend and correspondent of Thomas Jefferson.

Our former enemy, Great Britain, was converted into a respectful friend who saw the advantages of friendship. The proof is that eight years later George Canning asked the United States to join in a declaration with

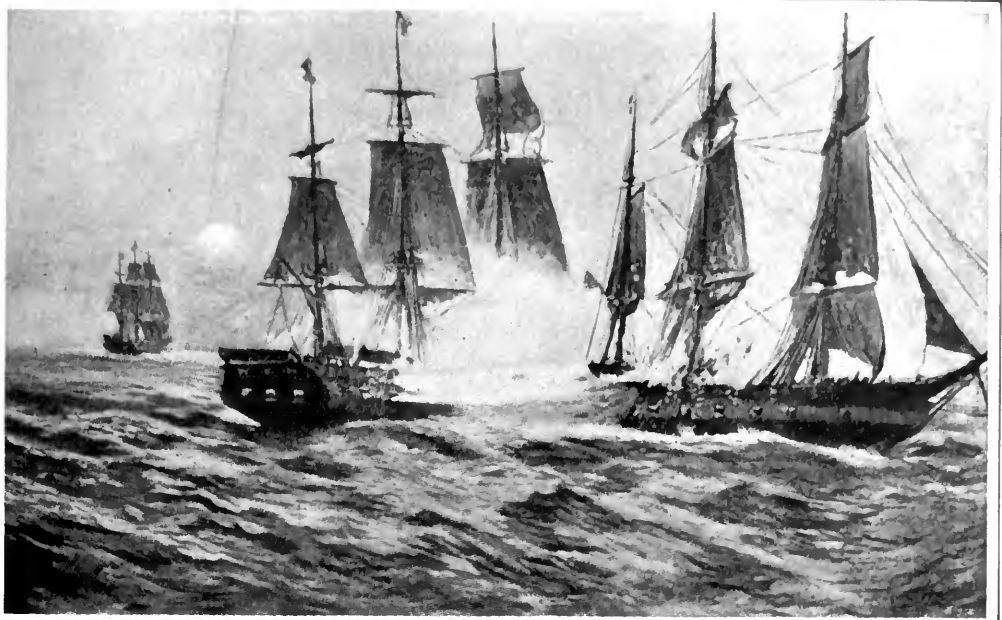


From "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," by James Barnes. Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers

THE "CHESAPEAKE" LEAVING THE HARBOR

Captain Lawrence, commanding the "Chesapeake," was mortally wounded, and his vessel was captured by the "Shannon" off Boston Roads. It was in this engagement that he uttered his famous words, "Don't give up the ship."

From a painting by Carlton T. Chapman



From "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," by James Barnes.

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THE "CONSTITUTION" TAKING THE "CYANE"

The "Cyane" was one of the crack sloops of war in the English service. The "Constitution" after a running fight captured both this ship and the "Levant." From a painting by Carlton T. Chapman

Great Britain in favor of the Latin-American States; and the idea developed into our independent Monroe Doctrine. The American people were entitled to forget their weakness and defeats; for the net result of the War of 1812 was to inspire the greatest naval and colonial power in the world with a respect for American character and an acceptance of the United States as a great National power.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
By Henry Adams
Vols. VI-IX contain the best account of the War of 1812.

THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON
By John Spencer Bassett
Vol. I, chapters vi-xiii, treat of Jackson's part in the war.

THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812
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A FULL AND CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE MILITARY OCCURRENCES OF THE LATE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
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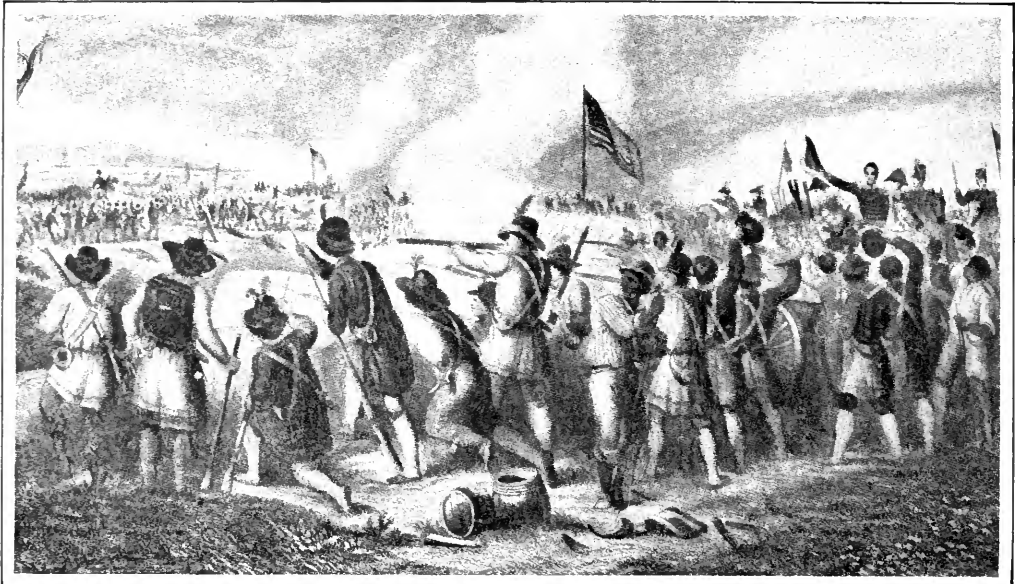
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RISE OF AMERICAN NATIONALITY, 1811-1819
By Kendrick Charles Babcock
(American Nation, Vol. XIII.)
Most convenient brief account of the war. Recent and impartial.

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812
By James Barnes
Popular and well illustrated.

** Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.



THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

If the telegraph had been in existence a century ago, the battle of New Orleans would not have taken place. It was unique in history as a battle fought after a war was over. And it was the only real victory won by the land forces of America in the War of 1812. It was one of the most conclusive battles in history, and a brilliant demonstration of the military ability of Andrew Jackson. General Jackson believed in preparedness. During the second year of the War of 1812 he learned that the British planned to invade Louisiana, so he concentrated troops four miles below New Orleans in a line of entrenchments a mile in length, extending from the Mississippi River far into the swamp, making both ends impassable. Jackson had 3,500 expert marksmen at his command. They were a strange mixture of men, including long-limbed, hard-faced backwoodsmen, Portuguese and Norwegian seamen, dark-skinned Spaniards and swarthy Frenchmen, besides about 1,000 militiamen selected from the Creoles of Louisiana. They were a rough and violent lot. Theodore Roosevelt characterizes them as: "Soldiers who, under an ordinary commander, would have been fully as dangerous to themselves and their leaders as to their foes. "But," he adds, "Andrew Jackson was of all men the one best fitted to manage such troops. Even

their fierce natures quailed before the ungovernable fury of a spirit greater than their own; and their sullen, stubborn wills were bent before his unyielding temper and iron hand."

★ ★ ★

On the morning of the 8th of January, 1815, General Pakenham advanced upon New Orleans with a force of about 6,000 trained and experienced fighting men. Jackson knew that the British would have to cross his entrenchments before entering the city. So he placed his force of fierce and deadly fighters within the trenches and opened upon the enemy with volley after volley. The mortality on the British side was frightful. The lines wavered and General Pakenham fell in front of his troops. Utterly demoralized by the withering blast of the American muskets, these hardy British veterans hurried to their camp and escaped to ships. The British lost about 2,000 men killed, wounded and prisoners, while in the American lines there were only about seventy casualties.

So weak and ineffective had been the showing of the American forces in several of the battles of this war that they had incurred the contempt of the enemy. In one final, brilliant blow General Jackson restored the prestige of American arms.

W.D. Moffat

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April 15. MASTERS OF THE VIOLIN—Joachim, Paganini, Ole Bull, Maud Powell, Ysaye, Kreisler, and others. *By Henry T. Finck, Author and Music Critic.*

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THE MENTOR

GREAT GALLERIES
OF THE WORLD
THE NATIONAL
GALLERY

LONDON

By Professor
JOHN C. VAN DYKE

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 4

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Why Knowledge?



KNOWLEDGE gives power," says the philosopher. "Knowledge enriches," says the scholar. But the practical individual exclaims: "Special expert knowledge is a personal asset, but how does general knowledge enrich?"



KNOWLEDGE makes life fuller and more interesting." And what does that mean? It means that life, through knowledge, may be made a joy and a blessing in spite of what the cynics say. It means that through knowledge we learn to appraise things at their true value. Our eyes are opened to see other colors than purple and gold, our ears to hear understandingly other sounds than the roar of traffic, the shriek of an automobile horn, or syncopated music. Knowledge reveals to us the nicer shades of color that give us quiet satisfaction—the finer and gentler tones of Nature and of human life that afford us a lasting enjoyment. It teaches us that there are things more "worth while" than ourselves.



WHY do some of us ignore fine art, dismiss good books with indifference, yawn at good music, speed through a ravishing landscape at sixty miles an hour, and neglect a friendship that would bring us self-improvement? The sky and mountains have a thousand messages for us, if we pause to listen to them. The sea is an oracle if we study it. A good book is a mine of information if we search it. A fine painting is an inspiration if we cherish it. Good music is a constant joy if we give attention to it. And the voices of our fellow creatures are filled with precious confidences if we give our ears and hearts to them.



LET us then seek knowledge with the eager mind of a child; for indeed, as Robert Louis Stevenson sang:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

GREAT GALLERIES OF THE WORLD THE NATIONAL GALLERY LONDON

By JOHN C. VAN DYKE, *Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College*

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE DOGE LOREDANO
By Giovanni Bellini

ARIOSTO
By Titian

THE DUCHESS OF
MILAN
By Hans Holbein



The National Gallery

MENTOR GRAVURES

SAINT GEORGE AND
THE DRAGON
By Tintoretto

THE GUITAR LESSON
By Gerard Terborch

LADY COCKBURN
AND CHILDREN
By Sir Joshua Reynolds



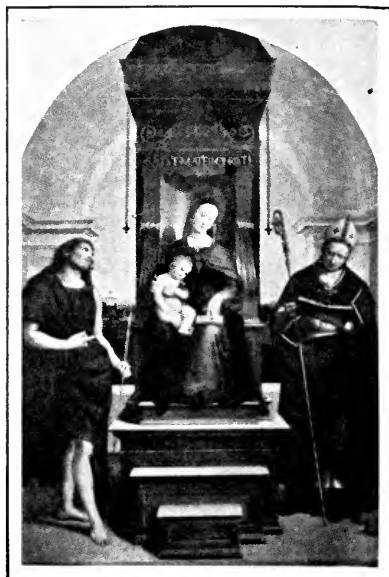
THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
APRIL 1, 1916

THE National Gallery, whether the tourist sees it first or last in his trip around Europe, is sure to make an impression. It is one of the famous galleries of the world, and has a rarefied atmosphere about it, even to those who know the galleries by heart. The walk up the wide stone steps approaching the first room excites a wonder that is almost amazement. The pictures have a richness—a jewel quality about them—that seems preternaturally splendid. You have not perhaps noticed such depth and mellowness of color in other galleries. What does it mean? Well, in some cases it may mean merely that the pictures are framed under glass, and get a certain tone and richness from that; but it more often means that you are looking at very unusual pictures. The National Gallery is full of masterpieces.

Where did they come from? Out of the famous private collections of England. When nobility dies without an heir, or the heir himself needs money, then the pictures collected by the art-loving elders of perhaps a dozen generations come by bequest to the National Gallery, or find their way to the auction room and are purchased for the gallery. Thus it is that the National Gallery has been the natural inheritor of the rich collections of England. It started less than a hundred years ago (in 1824) with the Angerstein collection, and has been growing ever since with gifts

of collections such as those of Vernon, Wynn Ellis, Vaughan, Salting. If it is found necessary to bid for a picture at auction, a government grant or the subscriptions of wealthy art patrons, or both, generally carries the day against any private collector. Thus such famous pictures as Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna," Titian's (tish'-an) "Ariosto," Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" were bought for the gallery at enormous prices—the Raphael bringing over \$350,000, and the others some \$150,000 each.

There are now about 3000 pictures in the gallery, though, of course, all of them are not hung at any one time. There is not enough wall space for that, though the building is in a chronic state of enlargement. New rooms are added from year to year, and new editions of the catalogue are being continually issued. The gallery is very well arranged and lighted, and very well managed. Management of a gallery seems very easy to the public because there is apparently no friction, but



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST AND SAINT NICHOLAS OF BARI

By Raphael



SAINT HELENA—THE VISION OF THE CROSS

By Paolo Veronese (vay-ro-nay'-zee)

the director has his trials. And the pictures have their perils, not only from accidents, but from fanatical visitors. The greatest perils however, are from dust, gas, the tooth of time, and the hand of the careless cleaner. The pictures in the European galleries have suffered more from drastic scrubbing and reckless restoration than from all the other causes combined. The cleaning room has been the graveyard of many a masterpiece.

ITALIAN MASTERPIECES

Beyond doubt the Italian pictures here are the most important, both in quality and in quantity. No gallery in Europe quite equals that of London in its Renaissance masterpieces. And its Pre-Renaissance pictures are not to be despised. Of their kind nothing could be finer than the altar-piece by Orcagna (or-can'-ya) and the panels of Duccio (doo'-cho) or Monaco; but they are not carried so far, or so effectively, as the works of the later men—the "Doge Loredano" by

Bellini, for example. Bellini is not the final word in art, but how perfect of its kind is this portrait of the Doge (doje) with its serene poise and supreme dignity! How devoid of anything like ostentation or display! And how direct it is in the revelation of the stern old warrior, who, when Doge of Venice, did not hesitate to wage war against France, Germany, and the Papacy—all three together. There are a number of attractive Madonnas by Bellini in the gallery, and an "Agony in the Garden" with a famous landscape at the back; but none of them quite comes up to the Doge in force or conviction of reality.

In the same vein, but with less nobility and more detail, is the "Portrait of a Young Man" by Antonello da Messina and the "Young

Venetian" by Basaiti—(ba-sae'-tee) both contemporaries of Bellini in Venice. They were not his equals, however. Basaiti was his follower, as was also Catena, who is represented here by a large "Warrior Adoring the Infant Christ"—a notable picture for Catena. Among the early Venetians in the gallery Crivelli makes a distinct impression. There are half a dozen altarpieces by him, and one hesitates to say which is the best, so very perfect in workmanship are all of them. The "Annunciation" is perhaps the type, and for pure decorative charm few pictures go beyond it. The architecture of it, the rugs, curtains, bedspread, costumes, even the peacock and the children, are all put in for color effect and to carry out the scheme of making the picture beautiful to look at, as well as interesting in story. It fairly reeks



THE ANNUNCIATION
By Carlo Crivelli

with color. Crivelli's pictures are the most brilliant and the best preserved in surface of any of the early Venetian works; and, oddly enough, they are all painted, not in oil, but in distemper—the medium used before the introduction of oil. It was the Antonello da Messina mentioned above who is credited with bringing oil-painting to Venice about 1470, but Crivelli declined to use it.

G R E A T V E N E T I A N S

Bellini was as famous for his pupils as for his work, he having been the master, or the influencer, of almost all the great Venetians. Giorgione (Jor-jo'-nee) and Titian were his direct pupils, and the difference between the portrait of the "Doge Loredano" and the portrait of "Ariosto" by Titian is the difference between master and pupil. Both portraits are reproduced herewith in photogravure, and the student has a good opportunity to compare them. Bellini belonged to the Early and Titian to the High Renaissance, and, in a measure, the portraits emphasize a difference in time, though they may have been painted in the same year. Bellini lived to be old—lived into the High Renaissance—and must have

painted this portrait after 1501, when Loredano became Doge; Titian was young, and probably painted the "Ariosto" about 1508; but the style of the one is early, the style of the other late. The "Doge" has great dignity, but with it rigidity of poise, sharpness of line, paucity of light and shade, thinness of color. It is emphatic rather than insinuating, and a little awkward in its positive truth. The "Ariosto," on the contrary, is superb in its easy graceful poise, its inherent nobility of look, its perfect repose. The workmanship of it is infallibly right in its composition, its full light and shade, and its gamut of greys, browns and flesh colors. Compare the drawings of the robes for the difference between the men, and other differences will make themselves manifest. Both portraits are excellent, but they are by no means alike in point of view or method.



A YOUNG LADY AT A SPINET
By Jan Vermeer

Titian was perhaps the master-painter of the craft in Italy, and the "Ariosto" is not his only masterpiece in the National Gallery. There is an early "Madonna" and a "Christ and the Magdalen," both of them excellent, and yet giving way in interest to his large "Ariadne and Bacchus," the most considerable of his figure pictures north of the Alps. It is a little cold in its blue color, but perfect in workmanship, and a marvel of life and movement. Tintoretto's "St. George and the Dragon" is a romantic canvas that in life and spirit presses the Titian very hard. It is not possible to pick flaws in it, which cannot be said about every



PORTRAIT OF A TAILOR
By Giambattista Moroni

place portraitist—Moroni. The reason of this is that the National Gallery has two of the very best works by Moroni—the “Tailor” and the “Lawyer.” The “Tailor” is very much admired, and justly so. He is shown standing at his cutting board, shears in hand, and as the door opens he looks up to see who has entered. What a very natural action! And what a serene, even noble, type of man! The portrait is modern enough in method to have been done today, only there is no painter of today who could do it. It is not, however, in the class with the Titian “Ariosto.” Compare them and you will see that intellectually the Titian is the more profound, as technically it is the more subtle.

THE FLORENTINES

The Florentines never had the fine color sense of the Venetians, but from that you will not infer that they never painted fine pictures. They were different from the Venetians, were more intellectual or romantic or pathetic, cared more for linear drawing than for light, shade or color. The Botticellis in the gallery illustrate this distinction. There are a number of them, and they all carry by pathetic sentiment

Tintoretto. The charging St. George, the hurrying princess, the dead body, the sea, the sky, the distance, are quite as they should be. And what a beautiful piece of color! Tintoretto was a genius of exalted rank, as was also Paolo Veronese, some of whose best canvases are here—notably the large “Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander.”

The “St. Helena” (reproduced herewith) is put down to Paolo in the catalogue, and, though it may not be by him, is, nevertheless, a fine picture in decorative arrangement and color. Lotto in a superb “Family Group” and Paris Bordone (bor-do'-nee) in the “Portrait of a Lady,” of a patrician type, are both extremely well represented in the gallery; but perhaps they do not attract so much attention as a more common-



A MAN'S PORTRAIT
By Jan Van Eyck

or romance, and exhibit linear drawing primarily. The famous "Mars and Venus" shows the drawing and the "Nativity," the sentiment. The round picture of the "Madonna, Child and St. John," shown in the illustrations, is a school piece, but gives the Botticelli pathos in the girlish types and the sad faces. Do you notice how cleverly the circle is filled with lines and forms? Filippino, contemporary of Botticelli, (botte-chél-lee) and much influenced by him, has here an altar-piece that is admired and copied by students as it deserves to be; and put down to Lorenzo di Credi is a portrait of "Costanza de Medici" that is supremely fine not only in color but in character. An early Florentine, Paolo Uccello, (Oo-chél-lo) famous for his study of perspective, is here shown in his masterpiece, "The Rout of San Romano," and Antonio and Piero Pollajuolo (pol-la-you-oh'-lo) by the "St. Sebastian," their most important work. These are only the pictures that may justly be called great masterpieces. It is astonishing what a list may be made. The list should include the two wonderful panels by Piero della Francesca—the very noblest kind of fine art,—all the pictures by Cosimo Tura, the "Madonna" by Verrocchio, (ver-ro'-kee-o) though it is merely a school piece, the "Agony in the Garden" by Mantegna, and many another panel by Fra Filippo, or Pisanello, or Benozzo.

The Florentine trio—Michelangelo, Raphael and Leonardo—are represented here in rather dubious examples. The two Michelangelos are school pieces, though very good work, and the genuineness of the Leonardo da Vinci (vín-chee) "Madonna of the Rocks" is disputed by a similar picture in the Louvre. The London picture has much beauty about it, and no doubt Leonardo had some hand in its production, but he was probably assisted in it by a pupil. As for Raphael,



"CHAPEAU DE PAILLE"

This portrait, known as "The Straw Hat," by Peter Paul Rubens, is of Suzanne Fourment, his wife's sister



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD
By Sandro Botticelli

there are several pictures assigned to him, but none of them gives much of an idea of that great artist. The "Ansidei Madonna" cost a great deal of money, and has renown; but it is a thin, cold work of Raphael's youth. If you would see Raphael and judge him justly, you must go to Florence and Rome. Florence, too, is the proper place to see painters such as Andrea del Sarto, while Perugia is the spot for Perugino, and Parma for Correggio (kor-red'-jo). One's opinion of an Italian painter is not to be formed from seeing one or more isolated examples of him in the northern galleries.



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY
By Rembrandt

FLEMISH MASTERS

Among the Early Flemish painters there is nothing finer than the Arnolfini portraits by Jan Van Eyck, the pathetic "Deposition" by Bouts, or the two large panels by Gerard David (dah'-veed). Work of a similar nature is shown by Gerard of Haarlem (Geertgen tot Sint Jans) in his "Madonna and Child." It is delicate, miniature-like work, and not painting in any Hals or Velasquez sense; but done with tremendous earnestness and sincerity and without a slip or flaw technically. A much later man, Gossart (or Mabuse) tried to elaborate the miniature method of the early men, and apply it to large canvases. The result is here shown in the large "Adoration of Kings," wherein everything is so

realized in surface appearance that you could pick up the tiles or hats or jewelled presents, so deceptively are they portrayed. This is, of course, considered a great feat in art, and ever since the picture was added to the gallery there have been many admirers about it. But art consists of something more than cats and fiddles to be picked up, as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarked many years ago.

The Later Flemings, Rubens and Van Dyck, did not despise a surface realism, but they spent no time on petty details. They struck out with a large brush, and sought to give also the body and bulk of things. Rubens, all told, had perhaps the most learned and facile brush of any of the great painters. He was more sure than Hals, more swift than Titian, more learned than Velasquez. He was the master craftsman of them all. His "Drunken Silenus," "Judgment of Paris" and "Chapeau de Paille" in this gallery will give you an excellent idea of his skill, his color sense, his Flemish point of view. His pupil, Van Dyck, never reached up to him, and was not the greatest portrait painter of the world, though he occasionally did a great portrait. One of them is in this gallery, the "Portrait of Cornelius Van der Geest," a perfect head, done in Van Dyck's early period; and done so surely and truly that it will stand comparison with the best works of any period or country.

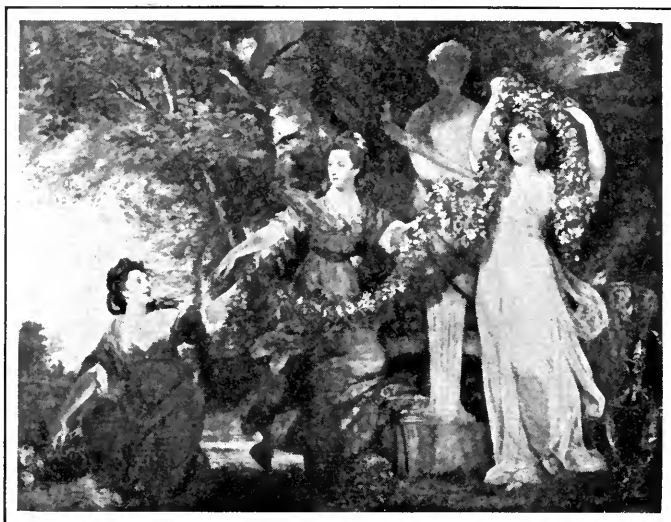


CHRIST AT THE COLUMN
By Velasquez (ve-las'-keth)

THE DUTCHMEN

In Dutch art the name of Rembrandt usually leads all the rest, and here in the London gallery are many examples put down to him. The early "Portrait of an Old Lady," herewith reproduced, is perhaps the most satisfactory of all, not only because of its wonderful rendering of an aged face, but because of the great humanity shown in it. The tremulous

line of the lips and chin, the flabby cheeks of old age, the eyes that seem filled with tears, all suggest a life that has known sorrow. That appealed to Rembrandt very strongly. He was always sympathetic with the suffering because, perhaps, he had suffered himself. No painter could put more feeling or meaning into a face, a hand, an arm, a bent form than he. He was the great genius of Netherland art. Hals was a mere tavern-roysterer with a gift for painting, compared with him. The National Gallery, however, has no first-rate example of Hals, though several mediocre canvases are attributed to him. Nor is Steen, or Vermeer of Delft, or De Hooch seen here at his best. By Terborch there is a "Guitar Lesson" showing a young woman in white and yellow satin



THE GRACES DECORATING A FIGURE OF HYMEN
By Sir Joshua Reynolds



HEAD OF A GIRL, LOOKING UP
By Jean Baptiste Greuze

that is attractive, and a beautifully drawn "Portrait of a Gentleman." Cuyp (kipe) is shown, in many examples, and better than in any other European gallery. This is also true of the sea-painter Jan van de Cappelle. There is a whole wall devoted to examples by Ruisdael, (rise'-dale) and among the many Hobbemas is one at least of commanding interest—"The Avenue, Middelharnis." It is slate-grey in color, but its linear perspective and atmosphere have made it very popular.

SPANISH AND GERMAN PICTURES

The National Gallery is not by any means complete in its representations of the Spanish painters, though it has a number



MARRIAGE A LA MODE
By William Hogarth

the Rokeby "Venus" is another masterpiece; but neither of them can be attributed with certainty to Velasquez. He was the master-painter of Spain, and Murillo, with his "Holy Family" and "St. John and the Lamb" looks very weak and sentimental beside him. Ribalta who preceded Velasquez, and Goya, who came long after him, were painters in the Velasquez tradition if they were not of his class.

The German pictures in the gallery are quite as limited as the Spanish with only one masterpiece of commanding importance. The large "Ambassadors" by Holbein is not that one, it being a rather commonplace affair for all its vastness; but the "Portrait of Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan," makes amends for it. Here Holbein is at his simplest and his noblest. The lady is dressed in black velvet and silk with fur edgings, and is shown against a blue background. She stands there looking at us with a faint attempt at a smile, with her beautiful hands crossed in front of her. This is one of the ladies that Henry VIII wished to marry. He had this portrait of her painted by Holbein, but did not succeed in marrying her. The portrait is a wonder of good drawing and good taste. There is nothing of value by Dürer in the German collection, and the only other notable picture there is a portrait of a young girl by Lucidel.

of excellent pictures. By Velasquez one bust portrait alone, that of Philip, is worth a day's journey to see. There probably never was a more perfect presentation. It not only shows the physical but the moral and mental in the sitter in a most convincing way. There are several full-length portraits here ascribed to Velasquez, but they are not entirely by his hand. The "Christ Bound to the Column" is a great picture and



PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS
By Sir Thomas Lawrence

ENGLISH MASTERS

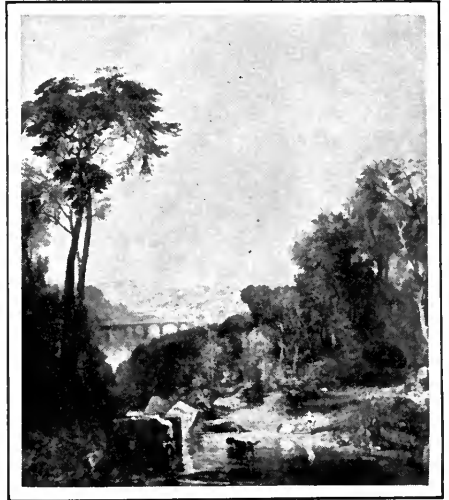
Naturally the English pictures loom large in the National Gallery, though many of them in recent years have been transferred to the Tate Gallery. Here one sees Hogarth in his series "Marriage a la Mode" and in several portraits. He was the beginner in the school and one of its best painters.

He, of course, had not the court and so-



THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER
By George Romney

ciety following of Sir Joshua Reynolds who came after, with many full-length portraits of nobility painted to look a trifle nobler than reality. He was a famous master, and never did a better group than the "Lady Cockburn (co'-burn) Children." He signed his name on the edge of the dress at the bottom, and told Lady Cockburn, with a cour-tier's bow, that he could not neglect the opportunity to go down to posterity on the hem of her ladyship's garment. The saying pleased him quite as much as his painting, for he repeated it to Mrs. Siddons when painting her portrait. It is not known whether the ladies compared notes, but if they did it probably resulted in a bad quarter of an hour for Sir Joshua.



RIVER SCENE
By Turner



THE AVENUE AT MIDDELHARNIS, HOLLAND
By Melndert Hobbema

Gainsborough, the contemporary of Reynolds, also painted Mrs. Siddons, and made the more famous portrait of her. The color is a trifle cold in blues, and the surface is glassy; but the portrait has dignity, personality and style. This is the picture that Gainsborough had such difficulty in painting the nose that at last he exclaimed in a rage, and it is said with some mild profanity, "Madame, there seems to be no end to your nose." Many excellent



PASTORAL LANDSCAPE
By Claude Lorrain

portraits by both Reynolds and Gainsborough, with their contemporaries Hoppner, Romney, and others are here. The best Romney is the celebrated "Parson's Daughter," and the best Lawrence, the sad-faced bust portrait of Mrs. Siddons.

THE TURNERS

The gallery some years ago had a very extensive collection of Turners, but many of them are now removed to the Tate Gal-

lery. The celebrated ones, such as the "Frosty Morning," "Crossing the Brook," and "Rain, Steam and Speed," are still here. When Turner died he left many canvases and about 19,000 sketches and drawings to the National Gallery. Among the canvases were a "Dido Building Carthage" and a "Sun Rising through Vapor" that Turner in his will requested should be hung between two large pictures by Claude Lorrain—the thought being to show how far Turner surpassed Claude. But the comparison is not wholly in Turner's favor. He is flushed, hectic, a little spectacular, where Claude is cool, calm and serene. The Turners are more cunning in artifice, but they lack Claude's simplicity and sincerity. Claude and Poussin (poo'-sang), by whom there are plenty of canvases here, were past masters in their time and it is somewhat dangerous for any modern to put himself in comparison with them. Art is not, after all, a thing that will bear comparisons so well as contrasts. It is supposed to reveal the individuality of the man behind the brush, and one great pleasure of the great galleries is that they show us these differing individualities—even as Turner and Claude.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

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LONDON—THE NATIONAL GALLERY

By John C. Van Dyke

ART OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY

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MASTERPIECES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Reproductions from the paintings, with an introduction by Karl Voll

GERMAN AND FLEMISH MASTERS IN NATIONAL GALLERY

By M. H. Witt

* * * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor



THE NATIONAL GALLERY

The National Gallery is situated on the north side of historic old Trafalgar Square. It is a long, low building more imposing in its proportions than beautiful. It was designed by Wilkins and is in the Grecian style. It was erected in the years between 1832 and 1838 at a cost of nearly \$450,000. Since then it has been enlarged several times. It is now 460 feet in length, and it contains one of the finest collections of paintings in the world. The National Gallery was established by an act of Parliament in 1824, and at first the collection consisted of only 38 pictures, the gift of Mr. Angerstein, whose portrait by Thomas Lawrence hangs on the wall of the staircase in the entrance hall. As years passed by rich and important collections were contributed until now the National Gallery is composed of nearly 3,000 pictures. More than half of them, however, are not housed in the National Gallery building. About 1,100 are there. Most of the others are in the Tate Gallery, which is situated on Grosvenor Road. The great old masterpieces are in the National Gallery building, and that is naturally the part of the collection that the art student visits first. The Tate Gallery, which is under the management of the trustees of the National Gallery, is

regarded as a branch of that institute. The Tate Gallery was built and presented to the nation by Sir Henry Tate in 1897, and the paintings there are chiefly those of modern British artists. If anyone wants to study the art work of English painters from the time of Turner down to the present day, he should go to the Tate Gallery. If the visitor is particularly interested in what has been called the modern "Pre-Raphaelite School," he will find there a great wealth of representative work of G. F. Watts, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and Sir John E. Millais. These were the leaders of that circle of artists of fifty years ago which assumed the name of the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." The members drew their title from the fact that their art was inspired by the simplicity and purity of feeling and the patient handiwork of the painters that preceded Raphael. This movement in art and the work of its brilliant leaders will receive attention later in *The Mentor*. The present number is devoted to the famous master works included in the collection in the National Gallery building.

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR

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May 1. AMERICAN PIONEER PROSE WRITERS. *By Hamilton W. Mabie, Author and Editor.*

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MASTERS OF
THE VIOLIN

By HENRY T. FINCK
Author and Music Critic

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 5

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An Old Violin



VIOLENS seem to possess a quality and character of their own. Indeed, it is difficult to contemplate a fine old violin without something like awe. To think of the scenes it has passed through long before we were born, and the triumphs it will win long after we are dead! To think of the numbers who have played on it, and loved it as a kind of second soul of their own; of all who have been thrilled by its sensitive vibrations; the great works of genius which have found in it a willing interpreter; the brilliant festivals it has celebrated; the solitary hours it has beguiled; the pure and exalted emotions it has been kindling for perhaps two hundred years!



AND then to reflect upon its comparative indestructibility! Organs are broken up, their pipes are redistributed, and their identity destroyed; horns are battered and broken, and get out of date; flutes have undergone all kinds of modifications; clarionets are things of yesterday; harps warp and rot; pianofortes are essentially short-lived; but the sturdy violin outlasts them all. If it gets cracked, you can glue it up; if it gets bruised, you can patch it almost without injury; you can take it to pieces from time to time, strengthen and put it together again, and even if it gets smashed, it can often be repaired without losing its individuality, and not unfrequently it comes home from the workshop better than ever, and prepared to take a new lease of life for at least ninety-nine years.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS

MASTERS OF THE VIOLIN

By HENRY T. FINCK
Music Editor of the New York Evening Post



Eugène Ysaÿe

MENTOR GRAVURES

NICOLÒ PAGANINI

JOSEPH JOACHIM

OLE BULL

EUGÈNE YSAÿE

MAUD POWELL

FRITZ KREISLER



THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF ART · APRIL 15, 1916

NERO did *not* fiddle when Rome was burning. He had no fiddle—nobody had in his day, nineteen centuries ago. The violin, as played in our homes and concert halls, is little more than three centuries old. Today it is, next to the piano, the most generally played of instruments and perhaps the most beloved of all, because of the human quality of its tone and expression. The popularity of the violin is indicated by some surprising figures gathered in England a few years ago. It was found that even in that supposedly “unmusical country” there were orchestras in five thousand schools, and these orchestras included 200,000 violin-playing children. This means what has been truly called “a movement of gigantic proportions and incalculable possibilities,” especially since conditions are similar in other countries, including the United States.

In view of this great and growing popularity of the violin, it would be interesting to know something definite about its origin. Many scholars of many lands have spent years of their lives in industrious research and writing of books, but the early genealogy of the violin still remains obscure. Crude, primitive instruments played with a clumsy bow may have existed in India, Egypt, or China, thousands of years ago; but whether the first bowed instruments used in mediæval Europe originated in those countries, or in Europe itself, is not known.

A REASON FOR EVERY DETAIL

The modern violin, when we come to think of it, with its deeply curved waist lines, its corner blocks, its two *f*-shaped holes, its movable bridge holding up the strings, and its finger-board, is certainly an odd-looking

MASTERS OF THE VIOLIN

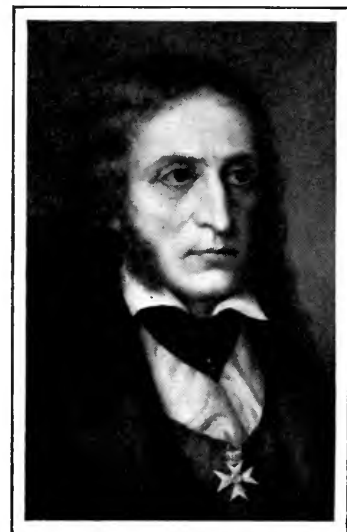
little wooden box; yet every one of the details in its make-up has its acoustic reason for being just as it is. Deviations from them result, as a thousand experiments have shown, in loss of volume or beauty of tone.

Three kinds of wood are used in making the best violins—maple, pine and ebony. The instrument consists of no fewer than seventy different parts, fifty-seven of which are glued together, the others movable. As variations are possible in all of these seventy parts, one can see at a glance

what abundant opportunities were offered the master builders to improve on their predecessors by careful choice of material, details of shaping, size, varnish, and so on.

AMATI, GUARNERI, AND STRADIVARI

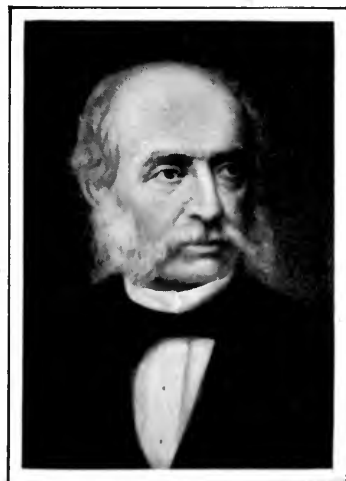
The builders who made the best use of these possibilities of improvement were mostly Italians, the most famous of them being members of the Amati (ah-mah'-tee), Guarneri (gwar-nay'-ree), and Stradivari (strah-de-vah'-ree) families, several of them in each case. The earliest of the wonderful old Italian violins, those made by the Amatis, have not stood the wear and tear of time so well as the others. Their tone is very sweet and mellow, but lacks sonority and carrying power in a large hall. The greatest member of the Amati family, Nicolo, lived from 1596 to 1684.



NICOLO PAGANINI
Born, 1784; died 1840

The evolution of the violin has been called the "survival of the loudest." The church was the chief patroness of music, and its vast spaces called for a big tone. It was the problem of the successors of Amati—of the members of the Guarneri and Stradivari families and other famous makers—to augment the tone of the violin while still further improving its mellow beauty. And so admirably did they succeed that the models left by these old Italians have never been improved upon or equalled. Though one of the latest of all instruments to come into use, the violin, thanks to these experts, was thus the first to reach absolute perfection—three centuries ago. All other instruments are still being improved.

Of the five famous members of the Guarneri family, Joseph del Gesù (1683-1745) was the greatest; his instruments (Fritz Kreisler uses one at his recitals) are as much valued as those of Antonio Stradivari, the prince of



HENRI VIEUXTEMPS
Born, 1820; died, 1881

violin builders. This Guarneri had a keen instinct for choosing sonorous wood; he found one piece of pine which "he regarded as a mine of wealth," as Hart relates. From it he made the sound boards of his best specimens.

With Antonio Stradivari (1644-1736) the violin reached its perfection. After years of experiment, he evolved the pattern which was to be the model for all time—a pattern which promoted the vibration of the strings in every part of the violin, resulting in a tone of unprecedented sonority, mellowness, brilliancy, and carrying power.

THE CREMONA SECRET

Was it a mere coincidence that the Amati, Guarneri, and Stradivari families all lived

in one place—Cremona in Northern Italy? For generations the notion prevailed—and it is not yet extinct—that the beautiful tone of Cremona violins was due largely to the particular kind of varnish used and the way it was applied. All efforts, however, to discover, with the aid of chemical analysis and otherwise, the secret of this varnish failed; nor need anybody worry at this failure, for it is now held that, as Thomas Porter puts it, "no varnish could make an inferior instrument sound well, while a superior one would still be good, even if ill varnished." The varnish preserves the wood from damp and injury, and it adds to the beauty and individuality of the appearance of the instruments of different makers. But the beauty of tone is due to details of construction and to the wood. The Cremona makers had access to a supply of particularly fine balsam pine for their sounding-boards and for the sound-post under the bridge, which the French call "the soul" of the violin. This partly explains "the secret." But the main reason why the violins of Stradivari are the best is that, better even than his great predecessors, he knew how each slight change of angle, size, degree of curvature, or thickness of the wood, affected the sound; and he personally attended to every detail.



HENRI WIENIAWSKI
Born, 1835; died, 1880



LOUIS SPOHR
Born, 1784; died, 1859

THE BOW AND EXPRESSION

A violinist may have a genuine "Strad" and yet be unable to play with subtle artistic expression unless he has also a good bow. Like the violin itself the bow has gone through a process of gradual evolution. The crude, mediæval predecessors of the violin, like the Arabic rebec, the

MASTERS OF THE VIOLIN

Welsh *crwth* (crowd), and the viol, were played with short, clumsy, inelastic bows, and as long as such instruments were used chiefly for accompaniments, this made no great difference; but when, in the eighteenth century, Corelli, Tartini, and other masters of the violin began to write for it as a solo instrument, the demand arose for more elastic and responsive bows. Tartini (whose piece "The Devil's Trill," which he heard Satan play for him in a dream, is still often performed in our concert halls), was so impressed with the importance of the bow that he wrote a treatise on the art of using it, on which expression in violin-playing depends. It remained, however, for a Frenchman named Tourte to do for the bow what Stradivari had done for the violin itself. His bows, which became the models for all time, are made of the most elastic of woods, the Brazilian Pernambuco; the stick bends inwards, and every detail is so devised as to enable players to get all the most subtle shades of tone-color and expression, as well as execute feats of skill previously not dreamt of—even by Tartini.



OLE BORNEMAN BULL
Born. 1810; died. 1880

PAGANINI AND TECHNICAL SKILL

Without these improvements in the bow, it would have been impossible for Nicolo Paganini (pah-gah-nee'-nee) (1784-1840) to create such a frenzy of excitement all over Europe by his brilliant feats of execution. He represents the climax of virtuosity (technical brilliancy) in violin-playing. He created unheard-of difficulties, and then amazed his audience by the ease with which he overcame them. His astonishing performances on a single string gave rise to the legend that he had been in prison several years with only the G string left on his instrument to practise on. Some of the tricks with which he astonished not only the "natives" but rival professionals, he achieved by altering the tuning of his violin. Both fingering and bowing gymnastics were developed by him to heights previously unimagined. Harmonics, for instance—those high, piping notes that are



EMILE SAURET
Born. 1852

produced by touching the strings lightly with the fingers instead of pressing them down on the keyboard—were used by him in extending the compass of the violin to dizzy heights and in playing “double stops” (two notes together) previously considered impossible. Much wondered at also were his “guitar effects”; that is, his plucking the strings with the left hand while the right hand continued the bowing. Unusual stretches added to the novelty of his playing, as did his unique effects with the “springing bow” and arpeggios (are-pedge'-gee-ohs), in which the notes constituting a chord are not played together but in rapid succession, up and down.

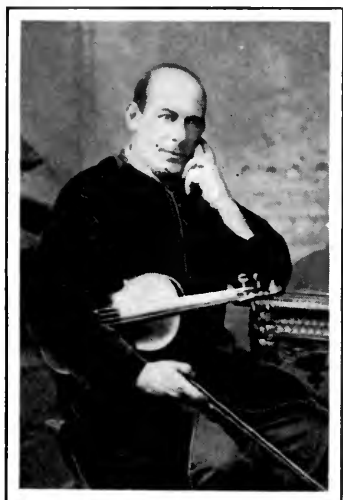
One might say of Paganini what Matthew Arnold once wrote about Victor Hugo—that he was “half genius, half charlatan.” While some of

his performances had little more value than circus tricks, he was nevertheless a real creator. Not only did he reveal the utmost possibilities of violin-playing, as Liszt (inspired by his example) afterward did those of piano-playing, but he was also a composer, and his best pieces are still played. His “Twenty-four Caprices,” indeed, received the compliment of being arranged for piano by both Liszt and Schumann.

JOACHIM AND THE GERMAN CLASSICAL STYLE

Directly opposite in character to Paganini was Joseph Joachim (Yo-ah'-keem) (1831-1907), who, though born in Hungary, completely identified himself with the cause of German classical music. To him all display of technic to win applause was abhorrent. His aim was to reproduce the music of the great masters

exactly as printed, without reading between the lines or giving any individual interpretations, such as many of the greatest artists indulge in. His method did not lead to particularly satisfactory results with some of the other romantic composers, but Schumann was one of the masters he understood, and he became famous as a player of the works of the three B's—Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. He excelled particularly as an interpreter of the works of Bach, who wrote much for the violin alone—not only melodies, but harmonies, to play which is difficult on this instrument. The Joachim Quartet, founded by him, did much to increase the vogue of Beethoven's quartets, especially those of the last period. He was also a missionary for Brahms, and disliked Wagner's music. As head of



EDUARD REMENYI
Born, 1830; died, 1898



OVIDE MUSIN
Born, 1854

MASTERS OF THE VIOLIN

the Royal High School of Music in Berlin for a number of years, he exerted a conservative influence on hundreds of pupils from all parts of the world.

OLE BULL AND NATIONAL COLOR

The great Norwegian violinist, Ole (o'-leh) Bull (1810-1880), represents the popular and national elements in music. From his childhood he listened to the sounds of nature, and the traditional folk-music of untaught peasants was his inspiration. The result of this devotion was the unique Norwegian melodies with which he delighted the whole world, including that stern critic Joachim, who said of him: "His tone is pleasantly soft and full of feeling," and "No artist in our time has possessed his poetic power." In technical

skill he was second only to Paganini; but, unlike that frail Italian, he was a man of herculean physique and strength, which enabled him, among other things (with the aid of a flattened bridge on his violin) to play a string quartet all alone, drawing his bow over three strings at once, while the fourth was plucked with the left hand.

Ole Bull played with composers as widely divergent as Mendelssohn and Liszt, and both admired him immensely. He once went on tour with Patti, but usually traveled alone, and had all the world at his feet. He interested the unmusical as well as the musical. Men and women who never attended other concerts, went to his. In the United States one year he gave two hundred and seventy-four concerts in six months. Among the pieces played were two of his own, inspired by American scenery: "Niagara," and "Solitude of the Prairies."

YSAYE, REPRESENTING THE FRENCH-BELGIAN SCHOOL

No violinist of the present generation has enjoyed greater popularity among the best class of music lovers than Eugène Ysaÿe (ee-sai'-ye.) He was born at Liège (lecaishe) in 1858, and as a boy he was so fortunate as to be able to profit by the lessons of two such masters of the violin as Vieuxtemps (Vyew'-tong) and Wieniawski (Vee-nee-ovs'-kee). He soon



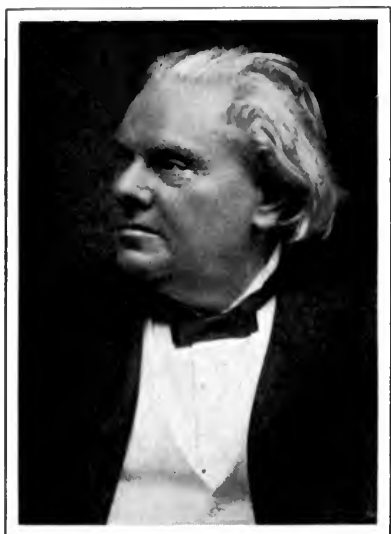
EUGÈNE YSAÿE

Born, 1858. World Famous and a
Great Favorite in America



JOSEPH JOACHIM

Born, 1831; died, 1907



AUGUSTE WILHELMJ
Born, 1845; died, 1908

Long celebrated as a master violinist

developed a style of his own, and when Joachim heard him he said: "I never heard the violin played like that before." For twelve years he held the post of professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory, and also acquired fame as an orchestral conductor. His compositions never attracted much attention; but as a player he was long considered unrivalled, both in Europe and in America, which he visited repeatedly. Like Joachim, he made a specialty of Bach and Beethoven, but his repertory was remarkably varied, and he naturally paid much attention to Belgian and French composers, some of whom, like César Franck and Vincent D'Indy, (van'-song-dan-dee') he helped to make popular. He got from his instrument a rich, warm tone, and indulged in poetic freedom of movement where it

seemed permissible. His memory was so remarkable that, like Hans von Bülow, (bee'-low) the pianist, he could play a piece in public after merely studying the score with his eyes. In the United States, for years, he held first place in the affection of music lovers, as Ole Bull did before him and Kreisler does now.



THE JOACHIM QUARTET

Organized by the great violinist in 1869. The other members of the Quartet were Ernst Schliever, second violin; Heinrich de Ahna, viola; and Wilhelm Müller, 'cello

MAUD POWELL: WOMEN VIOLINISTS

Maud Powell, who is America's leading violinist, and second to no violinist of her

sex of any time or country, is the niece of Major J. W. Powell, famous as the pioneer explorer of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. There are in her playing a dash and a daring that remind one of her uncle. It has been said that the highest creative genius combines virile strength with feminine tenderness. The same is true of interpretative ability. It is true of Maud Powell's playing. So perfect is her technical skill that she has been called "The Lady Paganini"; but she doubtless values more highly the references made by leading European and American critics to her "thrilling tone," "Magnificent abandon," "Marvellous sense of rhythm," "Subtle feminine charm," "Magnetic personality," and "Lavish display of temperament." Probably this temperament is an inheritance

M A S T E R S O F T H E V I O L I N

from a strain of Hungarian blood on the side of her mother, who was an amateur composer.

Maud Powell, whose name off the stage is Mrs. Godfrey Turner, was born at Peru, Illinois, and is now in her prime. One of her teachers was Joachim. She has played before emperors and kings, and to countless audiences, the world over. She has daringly visited places which other artists had overlooked, and has been everywhere received with enthusiasm. The explorer's enthusiasm which she shares with her uncle has led her to introduce to her audiences many novelties, American as well as European, and she was the first to play over here some of the now famous concertos of modern European masters.

We now smile at the notion which used to prevail that violin-playing is unladylike; it doubtless accounts for the fact that formerly there were much fewer players of the fair sex, both professional and amateur, than there are now. Among the names of historic interest are Teresa and Marie Milanollo, Lady Hallé, Camilla Urso. Prominent among violinists of to-day and yesterday are Teresina Tua, Marie Hall, Kathleen Parlow, Eleanora Jackson, Leonora von Stosch.



PABLO SARASATE

Born. 1844; died. 1908

FRITZ KREISLER'S EMOTIONAL ART

The four men in the musical world who draw the largest audiences at present are Caruso, McCormack, Paderewski and Kreisler. Caruso owes his popularity chiefly to the luscious beauty of his voice; McCormack, to his singing of ballads and airs dear to the greater public, in a sympathetic and ingratiating manner. Paderewski and Kreisler have always played what they themselves liked best, which is the best in music, and this makes their triumph all the greater; they raised the public to their level, and the glow of genius which warms their playing makes it kindle enthusiasm even in those who do not ordinarily care for music. There are more men at their recitals than at any other similar musical entertainments. They have attended Kreisler's recitals because they enjoyed the way he warmed their hearts, and made intelligible to them music which previously had been as a sealed book.



ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF

Born. 1873

MASTERS OF THE VIOLIN

"Say what you please, music is an emotional art, and it never quite takes hold of us unless it is exercised as such," wrote Germany's leading musical critic, Dr. Leopold Schmidt, a few years ago, in explaining Kreisler's supremacy among violinists of our time. One must hear him play one of his own delightful pieces, such as the "Caprice Viennois" (vyen-nwah'), "Tambourin Chinois" (tom'-boo-rong shin'-wah), Liebesleid (lee'-bes-lide), "Liebesfreud" (lee'-bes-froid), or one of his arrangements of old Viennese waltzes, or pieces by the Bohemian Dvořák (vor'-shock)—whose "Humoresque" he has made beloved by millions—to realize what violin-playing can mean in the way of enchantment, poetry, melodic charm, glowing tone, ravishing modulation, rhythmic caprice, and local color. But while he is unique in this field, he is equally great in other departments. Of all violinists of the present or past, he is the most versatile. He plays Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms more entrancingly than Joachim played them, because he brings out more prominently the emotional side of their art, which, in his hands, undergoes "a change into something rich and strange." For Beethoven's concerto he has originated two cadenzas (that is, special music introduced by the performer and played without accompaniment), which sum up the essence of Beethoven's music as a few drops of attar of rose do the fragrance of an acre of flowers.



KATHLEEN PARLOW
Born in Canada in 1890



HENRI MARTEAU
Born. 1874

It has been said that there have been only three composers who could write in the best violin style—Bach, Paganini, and Kreisler. Paganini, as we have seen, exhausted

the possibilities of technical display. Bach had a violin style of his own, in which "double stops"* play a big role. In Kreisler's cadenzas to the Beethoven, Brahms, and other concertos, and in his own compositions, these harmonies



CÉSAR THOMSON
Born. 1857

*The expression "double stops" means playing two notes at the same time.

MASTERS OF THE VIOLIN



MAUD POWELL

Born at Peru, Illinois, in 1866

resulting from “double stops” (which made an accompaniment unnecessary) assume such importance as to open up a new era in violin music. When he plays, it often sounds as if two violinists were performing a duo—two Kreislers! The harmonies also add to the beauty of those delightful arrangements of old Italian and French pieces with which Kreisler has enriched modern programmes—not only his own but those of the other great players, who have eagerly adopted them. Thanks to these rejuvenated pieces, and those that are entirely Kreisler’s, it may be said that he would be the most commanding figure in the modern violin world even if the Cossacks had killed him or crippled one of his arms.

THE BEST MUSIC FOR THE VIOLIN

Naturally the music most suitable for the violin is to be found among the compositions of the great violinists, from Tartini to Kreisler. They, better than anyone else, know how to make their instrument speak idiomatically. However, there is much good music for the violin among the works of great composers who did not play it. The two most famous and popular of all concertos were composed by Mendelssohn and Beethoven, who were not violinists, but who were wise enough to consult great players while writing their master-works. Brahms did the same thing, securing the aid of Joachim when composing his difficult concerto (kon-chair'-toe). Even thus, a critical joker remarked that it was written “against the violin” rather than for it; but the players have learned to master it.

Other concertos by famous composers which are often played in public are those by Saint-Saens (sant-sang'), Tschaikowsky (chy-kov'-skee), Max Bruch, (broock) Goldmark and Dvořák. From the purely musical point of view these concertos by great composers, and those referred to in the preceding paragraph, are better than those written by great players like Paganini, Spohr, Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, whose main object in writing these pieces was to give the player a chance to show off technical skill in the most dazzling manner.



JAN KUBELIK

Born, 1850

MASTERS OF THE VIOLIN

Concertos are usually in three movements, and with orchestra accompaniment, although they are often played at recitals with the piano. Their number is not as large as it might be, and any composer, American or foreign, who can produce a new first-class concerto may count on a sensational success. Good sonatas for violin and piano are most abundant. Among these those of Beethoven, especially the "Kreutzer" (kroyt'-ser) (about which Tolstoy wrote a love story), and the three masterworks of Grieg are particularly enjoyable. Delightful short pieces have been

written by many of the great violinists and composers, beginning with Corelli and Tartini. Lists of them may be obtained from any of the music publishers or sellers. Probably the most comprehensive of these lists is that included in G. Schirmer's "Violin Teacher's Guide," in which they are classified as well as graded according to difficulty.

Besides the multitude of pieces written specially for the violin, there are many arrangements for it of pieces composed for the piano alone or for some other instrument. Some musical critics think it "high-toned" to sneer at these arrangements, but when they are well made they are as good as the original violin pieces.

Kreisler, Elman, Spalding, Maud Powell, and other great players often enchant their high-class audiences with transcriptions of classical or romantic piano pieces by Schubert, Chopin, and other masters; nor are there any good reasons why good operatic and popular airs should be excluded from domestic or public programs.



MISCHA ELMAN
Born, 1892



FRITZ KREISLER
As a boy. He was born in 1875

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CHATS TO VIOLIN STUDENTS ON HOW TO
STUDY THE VIOLIN

By J. T. Carrodus



Our worthy proof-reader has just whispered in my ear that we call this number of *The Mentor* "Masters of the Violin," but devote it almost exclusively to six great violinists. Certainly, good friend. We could not give an account of *all* the great masters of the violin, in one *Mentor* article. If we attempted merely to give the names of all those who have won fame on the bridge of a violin our article—which is planned for interesting, popular reading—would spin out into a long, dull catalogue. We know what comes of trying to "call the roll" of the great. In *The Mentor* devoted to "Masters of the Piano" we set out to name the pianists and we were soon lost in a list. So, after the more prominent pianists had been named, we left off with "etcetera"—hoping that the serviceable old phrase would save us: But it did not. Several *Mentor* friends wrote to call attention to the names of pianists that might have been mentioned on the list. Indeed, there were many names that might have been mentioned—but we had to stop somewhere. And, moreover, we have not finished with the piano in one number of *The Mentor*.

* * *

Henry C. Lahee gives us in his book on *Famous Violinists* a chronological table which includes no fewer than 409 names; but Remenyi, the great Hungarian violinist, was right when he said that, while there are hundreds of thousands of fiddlers, the artists who have achieved universal and enduring fame number less than fifty. The six players specially featured by Mr. Finck in this number of *The Mentor* were not chosen with the idea of setting them forth as the greatest



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PABLO SARASATE

From Painting by J. M. Whistler

six of the 409 violinists, but because they are typical of certain classes, styles, or schools.

* * *

Even so, there are a number of names besides the six specially selected here that might at least be mentioned in this number. Wilhelmj (vil-hélm-mee) is an example—a great artist, and Wagner's favorite, who played as concert master in the first performances of the *Ring of the Nibelung* at Bayreuth in 1876. Henri Marteau (onree martoe) and Emil Sauret (soray), distinguished representatives of the French school, claim attention. And then there are the names of César Thomson, and Ovide Musin (Oveed Meu-sang),

both of whom made great fame for themselves in Europe and America. Spain gave to the world only one celebrated violinist, but he was one of the greatest; Sarasate (sahrahsáhtee)—more familiar to us now by his portrait, painted by Whistler, than by his violin playing. Rumania gave us that great master of the quartet, Kneisel. Poland contributed the gifted Wieniawski (Vee-nee-ov'-skee); Hungary, the eccentric genius Edouard Remenyi (remenyee), and Russia has been most generous in her gifts of Adolph Brodsky, Mischa (Mee-sha) Elman, and Zimbalist; while Bohemia has enriched the music world with Jan Kubelik. These last three artists alone are worthy of a special number of *The Mentor*, and they will receive full attention later on. And after these names what more can be said here than "etcetera?"—that expression may at least stand until we take up the Violin again in *The Mentor*.

W.S. Moffat
EDITOR

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By HAMILTON W. MABIE
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DEPARTMENT OF
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WHAT do we really know of them—these library gods of ours? We know them by name; their names are household words. We know them by fame; their fame is immortal. So we pay tribute to them by purchasing their books—and, too often, rest satisfied with that. The riches that they offer us are within arm's length, and we leave them there. We go our ways seeking for mental nourishment, when our larders at home are full.



THREE hundred years ago last week William Shakespeare died, but Shakespeare, the poet, is more alive today than when his bones were laid to rest in Stratford. It was not until seven years after his death that the first collected edition of his works was published. Today there are thousands of editions, and new ones appear each year. It seems that we must all have Shakespeare in our homes. And why? Is it simply to give character to our bookshelves; or is it because we realize that the works of Shakespeare and of his fellow immortals are the foundation stones of literature, and that we want to be near them and know them?



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CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN

American Pioneer Prose Writers

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN

Monograph Number Three in The Mentor Reading Course



CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN has often been called the earliest American novelist; but today his books are very rarely read. All of them are romantic and weird, with incidents bordering on the supernatural. They are typical of the kind of novel general at the time Brown lived.

He was born on January 17, 1771, in Philadelphia. His parents were Quakers. As a boy his health was bad, and since he was not able to join with other boys in outdoor sports he spent most of his time in study. His principal amusement was the invention of ideal architectural designs, planned on the most extensive and elaborate scale. Later this bent for construction developed into schemes for ideal commonwealths. Still later it showed itself in the elaborate plots of his novels.

Brown planned in the early part of his life to study law; but his constitution was too feeble for this arduous work. He had his share of the youthful dreams of great literary conquests. He planned a great epic on the discovery of America, with Columbus as his hero; another with the adventures of Pizarro for the subject; and still another upon the conquests of Cortes. However, as with the case of many great dreams, they were given up.

When he was still a boy he wrote a romance called "Carsol," which was not published, however, until after his death. The next thing he wrote was an essay on the question of women's rights and liberties. This question was already becoming an important one in England, where William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft were publishing their writings. Brown was much influenced by the works of both.

Although Brown's books make heavy reading, yet his companionships were of the liveliest. It was said that no man ever had truer friends or loved these friends better. One of his closest friends was Dr. Eli Smith, a literary man. It was through him that Brown was introduced into the Friendly Club of New York City, where he met many other workers in the literary field. And it was under their influence that he produced his first important work.

This was a novel published in 1798, called "Wieland, or the Transformation." A mystery, seemingly inexplicable, is solved as a case of ventriloquism, which at that time was just beginning to be understood thoroughly. His next book was "Arthur Mervyn," remarkable for its description of the epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia. "Edgar Huntley," a romance rich in local color, followed this. An effective use is made of somnambulism, and in it Brown anticipates James Fenimore Cooper's introduction of the American Indian into fiction.

The novelist then wrote two novels dealing with ordinary life; but they proved to be failures. Then he began to compile a general system of geography, to edit a periodical, and to write political pamphlets; but all the time his health was failing. On February 22, 1810, he died of tuberculosis.

His biographer, William Dunlap, who was the novelist's friend, says that Brown was the purest and most amiable of men, due perhaps to his Quaker education. His manner was at times a little stiff and formal; but in spite of this he was deeply loved by his friends.

AMERICAN PIONEER PROSE WRITERS

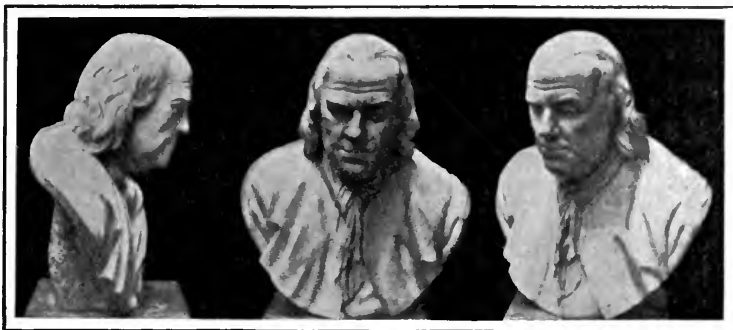
By HAMILTON W. MABIE

Author and Critic

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THE MENTOR

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MENTOR GRAVURES

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THE literatures of the great nations have begun with the childhood of those nations; that is to say, with fairy tales and legends and songs of heroism; with Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," the Song of Beowulf (bay'-o-wulf), to name a few among many of the great beginnings of writing. In this country the pioneer writers shared the conditions of the pioneer builders of homes and communities. They were not, however, a people in their intellectual infancy. The country was new; but the people were old. They had all left literature of a high order behind them. Many of them must have been familiar with poetry and prose in English, French, and German, to say nothing of the classic literature which the scholars knew; and there were many scholars, north and south, among the early settlers.

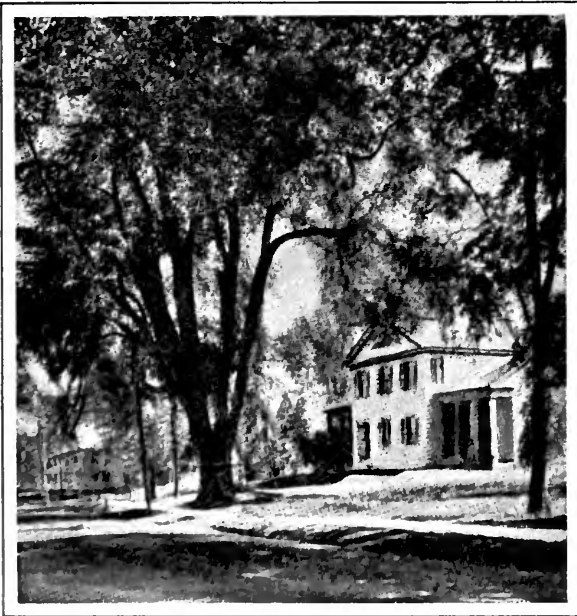
The exploration and settlement of the country was a great adventure, which involved not only peril, but very hard work. In every colony people had to begin at the beginning,—to get roofs over their heads to

protect them from the climate, to raise the things they were to eat, to protect themselves from the Indians,—to do a thousand things of which people of our day are unconscious because they were done so long ago. The distances between the colonies were great, the means of communication were slow and infrequent, and the colonists knew very little of one another. They were isolated communities, not in any sense a nation. And so the early writing was the expression of the experiences and convictions of small communities. There cannot be a national literature until there is a national consciousness; and in the early days in America there was not even a sectional consciousness. There was only local consciousness.

The first book written on the continent was by that flamboyant, but very versatile Virginia colonist, Captain John Smith; a brave soldier, with a very warm and highly inventive imagination, whose habit of boasting has robbed him of a great deal of credit which really belonged to him. He wrote an account of adventures in Vir-



JONATHAN EDWARDS' MEETING HOUSE
Built 1737—Torn down 1812



THE JONATHAN EDWARDS ELM, Northampton, Mass.
Set by Jonathan Edwards in 1730—The house of Josiah D.
Whitney stands on the right of Edwards' house

ginia, which may be taken as the beginning of American writing, and still has value. There was a long interval during which the writing of the colonists was devoted to theological discussion, or to accounts of the new world in which they were living.

A large part of the early writings of New England was more or less theological; but none of this writing rose to the rank of literature until Jonathan Edwards appeared in the first half of the eighteenth century.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

The son of a minister who was a lover of learning as well as of religion, like a great many other ministers of his time in New England, who prepared young men for college, and gave his daughters the same kind of instruction in the same subjects, Edwards was also the grandson of a minister on his mother's side; and his ancestry, like his descendants, was notable for intellectual vigor. He graduated from Yale College at the age of thirteen,—not an uncommon happening in that day of few entrance requirements,—and the qualities of his mind and the direction of his taste are indicated by the fact that



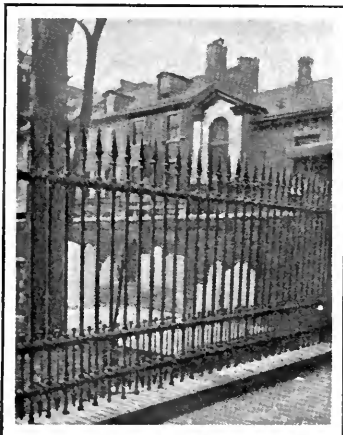
HOUSE IN BOSTON IN WHICH
FRANKLIN WAS BORN, 1706

he was already making notes on the mind and on natural philosophy. He studied for the ministry, and when he was twenty-four years old settled at Northampton, Massachusetts, where he was fortunate enough to marry a woman as remarkable as himself, of whom he wrote a description which has become a classic in the literature of love. Edwards was pursued by a haunting sense of sinfulness, and the depravity of the world often weighed heavily upon him. Mrs.

Edwards happily combined a piety equal to that of her husband with great cheerfulness of disposition.



MEDALLION OF FRANKLIN, Age 72
By Jean Baptiste Nini

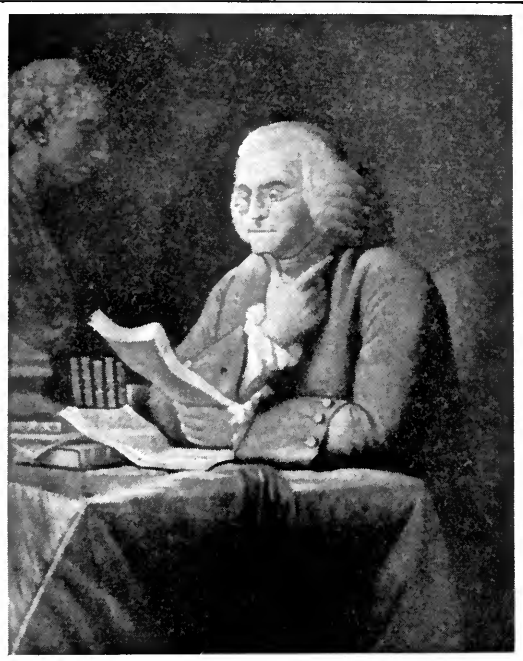


FRANKLIN'S GRAVE
Fifth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia

EDWARDS AS AN AUTHOR

A man of his intensity was certain to come into collision with some of the ideas held by his contemporaries and with much of their practice; and Edwards finally antagonized his congregation to such a degree that at the age of fifty-six he preached his farewell sermon. Several avenues of work were open to him, for he had become a man of wide reputation; but he settled at Stockbridge, Massa-

chusetts, and wrote in the quiet of what was then a wilderness his famous treatise on "The Freedom of the Will," which is probably the most important American contribution to philosophy. It is his sermons, however, rather than his treatises, which entitle his work to a place in the history of American literature. Between eleven and twelve hundred of these sermons are preserved in Yale University Library. They are characterized by great vigor of thought, intensity of feeling, and often impressive power of statement. One of them, more famous, though in some respects not so true a piece of literature as others, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," created great commotion in its time, and the glow of the fire which possessed the preacher has not yet wholly faded from its pages.



FRANKLIN, from a painting by D. Martin

LITERATURE OF THE REVOLUTION

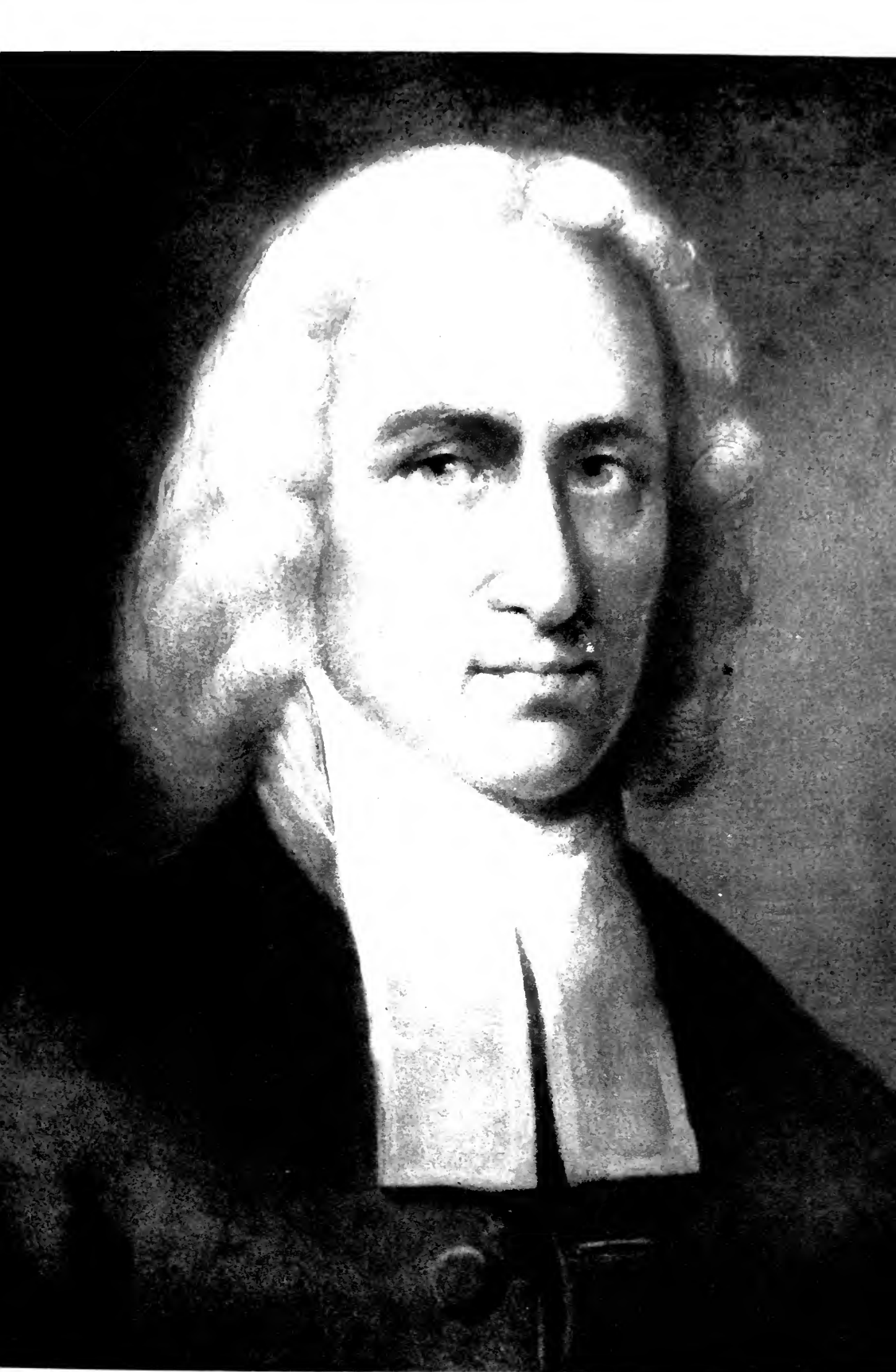
As the War of the Revolution approached the colonists began to have hopes and fears in common, and the war was preceded by a war of words. The grievances of the colonists were stated many times, sometimes with great force of reasoning and clearness; and a literature of discussion and debate, which reached the public largely through pamphlets, came into existence. Samuel Adams of Massachusetts wrote a stirring defense of the rights of the colonists. James Adams, James Otis, and Thomas Jefferson came to the front in this discussion; and their writing took on the dignity of literature.



FRANKLIN

THOMAS PAINE

One of the most vigorous contributors to this discussion was Thomas Paine, an Englishman by birth, whose ability as a writer attracted the attention of Benjamin Franklin, then in London, at whose suggestion Paine came to America. He had already made himself somewhat noted as a radical



JONATHAN EDWARDS

American Pioneer Prose Writers

JONATHAN EDWARDS

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course



JONATHAN EDWARDS was one of the most impressive figures of his time. He was a deep thinker, a strong writer, a powerful theologian, and a constructive philosopher. He was born on October 5, 1703, at East (now South) Windsor, Connecticut. His father, Timothy Edwards, was a minister of East Windsor, and also a tutor. Jonathan, the only son, was the fifth of eleven children.

Even as a boy he was thoughtful and serious minded. It is recorded that he never played the games, or got mixed up in the mischief that the usual boy indulges in. When he was only ten years old he wrote a tract on the soul. Two years later he wrote a really remarkable essay on the "Flying Spider." He entered Yale and graduated at the head of his class as valedictorian. The next two years he spent in New Haven studying theology. In February, 1727, he was ordained minister at Northampton, Massachusetts. In the same year he married Sarah Pierrepont, who was an admirable wife and became the mother of his twelve children.

In 1733 a great revival in religion began in Northampton. So intense did this become in that winter that the business of the town was threatened. In six months nearly 300 were admitted to the church. Of course Edwards was a leading spirit in this revival. The orthodox leaders of the church had no sympathy with it. At last a crisis came in Edwards' relations with his congregation, which finally ended in his being driven from the church.

Edwards and his family were now thrown upon the world with nothing to live on. After some time he became pastor of an Indian mission at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. He preached to the Indians through an interpreter, and in every way possible defended their interests against the whites, who were trying to enrich themselves at the expense of the red men.

President Burr of the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University) died in 1757. Five years before he had married one of Edwards' daughters. Jonathan Edwards was elected to his place, and installed in February, 1758. There was smallpox in Princeton at this time, and the new president was inoculated for it. His feeble constitution could not bear the shock, and he died on March 22. He was buried in the old cemetery at Princeton.

Edwards in personal appearance was slender and about six feet tall, with an oval, gentle, almost feminine face which made him look the scholar and the mystic. But he had a violent temper when aroused, and was a strict parent. He did not allow his boys out of doors after nine o'clock at night, and if any suitor of his daughter remained beyond that hour he was quietly but forcibly informed that it was time to lock up the house.

Jonathan Edwards would not be called an eloquent speaker today; but his sermons were forceful, and charged with his personality. These sermons were written in very small handwriting, with the lines close together. It was Edwards' invariable habit to read them. He leaned with his left elbow on the cushion of the pulpit, and brought the finely written manuscript close to his eyes. He used no gestures; but shifted from foot to foot while reading.

critic of the English government and political system, and within a year of his arrival in this country became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. His "Common Sense," a pamphlet published in 1776, was a very vigorous argument in favor of severing all ties with the mother country. The argument was put so strongly, and at the same time with such simplicity, that it made a great impression on all kinds of people, and the Pennsylvania legislature, in recognition of the services he had rendered to the American cause, made him a gift of five hundred pounds. This pamphlet was immediately translated into various European languages. His "Crisis," which was published from time to time during the war, was also of great importance to the Americans, and the first number was read by order of Washington to every regiment in the colonial army. This was in the terrible winter of 1776, and the spirit and courage expressed in these papers did much to relieve the despondency of the time. The "Age of Reason," an attack on the Bible, published in 1794, shocked the world, and so beclouded Paine's reputation that his great service to the country has been largely overlooked.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

If one wanted to name three men who are in a supreme degree representative of three leading American types, he would not go far astray if he named Franklin, Emerson, and Lincoln. Several years before the Revolution Hume described Franklin as "The First and indeed the first great Man of Letters in America"; and Dr. Johnson, in that most delightful exploitation of ignorance and eloquence, "Taxation No Tyranny," described him as "a master of mischief." Franklin was then one of the foremost representatives of the colonists, and one of the most ardent advocates of their claims. For thirty years Europe knew more about him than any other man in America, not excepting Washington. He was a Bostonian by birth, the son of a tallow chandler. He had a casual contact with the Boston Latin School; but his formal education was finished in his eleventh year, when he began to work as a general utility boy in his father's shop. He was fond of reading, and was fortunate enough to possess Bunyan's works, and a little later he was reading Robinson Crusoe and other works by Defoe, who undoubtedly had great influence on his style. His love of books inclined him to the printer's trade, and his self-education went on rapidly. Another piece of good fortune was finding a volume of the *Spectator*. He has given a very interesting account of his use of this classic of sound, clear English prose,



CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN

By Wm. Dunlap—1806

and has described its influence on his language and style. Then he read Xenophon's "Memorabilia," which gave him a clear idea of the Socratic method of discussion. At the age of fifteen he was already writing for the colonial press, contributing essays notable for their very sensible moralizing and their practical wisdom; for Franklin was, and still is, the representative of American practical sagacity and commonsense.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Fame and fortune came to him with the publication of Poor Richard's Almanac, which began in 1732 and was continued for a quarter of a



WASHINGTON IRVING
From the painting by Gilbert Stuart Newton



MATILDA HOFFMAN
By Malbone

century. These almanacs went into almost every house in America, and served not only as calendars, lists of events, warnings about the weather, with doggerel verses, but furnished proverbs of a very practical character, and also margins on which all sorts of notes could be written. "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee," is a good example of "Poor Richard's" practical wisdom. His personal experience at home and abroad made Franklin in many ways the most conspicuous American of his time. His industry is shown by the fact that his work fills a hundred and seven volumes. In this mass of writing, of greatest importance is his Autobiography, which told the story of his life from his childhood to his arrival in London in 1757. It is a straight, clear, unpretentious piece of writing, and, all things considered, must be considered one of the most important original contributions to American literature.

JOHN WOOLMAN

If John Woolman's work had borne any resemblance to that of Jonathan Edwards, Charles Lamb would never have said of it, "Learn Woolman's work by heart." It was as far as possible removed from the Dantesque vigor of the Puritan preacher. Woolman was a Quaker, born in New Jersey, with very few educational opportunities, but of a naturally religious nature, and seemed early, though in a perfectly normal way, to have thought of the world as the creation of a great and benignant God.



JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

American Pioneer Prose Writers

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"



It is rather unusual to find that the most familiar writing of an author is merely a bit of nonsense. Yet the verse of James Kirke Paulding best known to us today is the tongue-twister quoted above. He wrote poetry, most of which is gracefully commonplace, and a good many novels, attractive in style but of no great interest.

James Kirke Paulding was born in Dutchess County, New York, on August 22, 1779. He attended the village school for a short time; but in 1800 went to New York City, where, in connection with his brother-in-law, William Irving, and Washington Irving, another of the American pioneer prose writers, he began to publish in January, 1807, a series of short, lightly humorous articles called the "Salmagundi Papers." In 1814 a political pamphlet of his, "The United States and England," attracted the notice of President Madison. He was favorably impressed, and the next year appointed him secretary to the Board of Navy Commissioners. He held this position until November, 1823. He was navy agent in New York City from 1825 to 1837.

Paulding was always a successful man of affairs and an able politician. In recognition of his ability, President Van Buren made him a member of his cabinet in 1837 as Secretary of the Navy.

Later he retired to Poughkeepsie, New York, where he divided his time between writing and farming. He died on April 6, 1860.

Paulding came of good old Knickerbocker blood. In his work he never liked to revise what he had already written, nor did he plan out his books. His best known work is perhaps the "Dutchman's Fireside," which has many pleasing pages of Dutch life.

He also wrote a number of poems; but these do not measure up to the standards of good poetry. One of them, "The Backwoodsman," extends over three thousand lines, few of which may be termed good.

Paulding was one of the first distinctively American writers. From his father, an active Revolutionary patriot, he inherited strong anti-British sentiments. Throughout his life he was a vigorous protester against intellectual thralldom to the mother country.



WASHINGTON IRVING

American Pioneer Prose Writers

WASHINGTON IRVING

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course



BANKRUPTCY produced one of the greatest American writers. If the business house with which Washington Irving was associated had not failed, he might never have seriously attempted to take up literature.

Washington Irving was born in New York City on April 3, 1783. He was named after George Washington, who at that time was the idol of the American people. Both his parents were immigrants from Great Britain. His father was a prosperous merchant at the time of Irving's birth.

Irving was a mischievous boy. Perhaps this was due to the fact that Deacon Irving was a severe father. He detested the theater, and permitted no reading on Sunday except the Bible and the Catechism. Washington was permitted on weekdays to read only Gulliver's Travels and Robinson Crusoe. Nevertheless, in spite of his father's strictness, the boy managed to steal away from home to attend the theater.

Irving intended to be a lawyer; but his health gave way, and he had to take a voyage to Europe. In this journey he went as far as Rome, and in England made the acquaintance of Washington Allston, the famous American painter, who was then living there. On his return he was admitted to the bar; but he made little effort at practising.

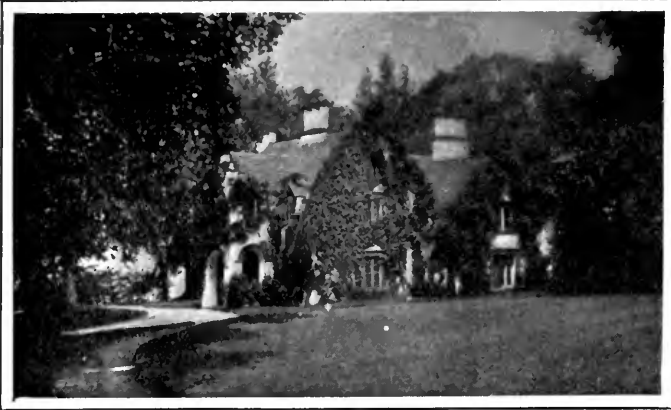
In the meanwhile, however, he, his brother William, and J. K. Paulding wrote some humorous sketches called "Salmagundi Papers," which were quite successful.

About this time came the single romance of Irving's life. Judge Hoffman, in whose law office he was, had a daughter named Matilda. The young lawyer fell in love with her; but this romance was brought to a tragic end by her death. Irving never married, remaining true throughout life to the memory of this early attachment.

Irving's first important piece of writing was the Knickerbocker History of New York. It was a clever parody of a history of the city published by Dr. Samuel Mitchell. The book was received with enthusiasm by the public, and Irving's reputation was made.

His health, never of the best, again gave way. In 1815 he revisited Europe, and made the acquaintance of many important people there, including Disraeli, Campbell, and Scott. The business in which he was a silent partner fell into bad conditions and ended with a bankruptcy which left Irving virtually without resources. His brother, who was an influential member of Congress, secured for him a secretaryship in the United States Navy Department with a salary of \$2,500 a year; but Irving declined this, with the intention of writing for a living.

From that time he was successful. All his books were eagerly received, and it was not long before he was considered America's leading writer. He went to Spain as attaché of the American legation in 1826. When he returned to the United States he found his name a household word. Then he decided to settle down somewhere in the country and quietly enjoy life. He built a delightful home on the Hudson River, New York, to which he gave the name of "Sunnyside," where he spent his last years. His charming personality attracted to him many friends, and there were no worries to bother him. He continued his writing to the very last. He died of heart disease at Sunnyside on November 28, 1859. On the day of his funeral all the shops in Tarrytown were closed and draped in mourning. Both sides of the road leading to his grave at Sleepy Hollow were crowded with sorrowful mourners.



SUNNYSIDE, IRVING'S HOME NEAR TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Like many other naturally serious youths of his time, as of Bunyan's time, he was sorely beset by a consciousness of sinfulness, which he expressed in terms that today seem morbid in their intensity. He accused himself of offenses of which it is quite certain that he was innocent; but he began very early to understand the gospel of love and to desire above everything else to live in complete harmony with the will of God. He was not satisfied, however, to do this by simply obeying the law of righteousness or acquiescing in a will which he could not oppose. He was eager to make his obedience positive and active; so he became one of the earliest antislavery men in the country, and one of the most ardent. His genius saved him from fanaticism; while his simple earnestness and his effective appeal to the higher ideals of his auditors made him a persuasive speaker. He hated slavery; but he never attacked the slaveholder. His nature was one of

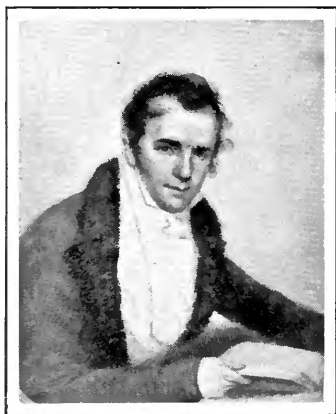


BUST OF IRVING IN BRYANT PARK, NEW YORK CITY



TABLET BY V. D. BRENNER, ON WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

singular purity and harmony; and as he had no self-consciousness and no ambition, and writing was simply a means of expression, his nature got into his style. Although an illiterate Quaker, an English critic declared that "He writes in a style of the most exquisite purity and grace." His *Journal*, which is considered one of the classics of early American literature, is an unaffected and intimate record of his thoughts, feelings, and experi-



JAMES K. PAULDING, by Jarvis

ences. It was begun in his thirty-seventh year, It is not in any sense great literature; but it is real literature, and as contrasted with all the colonial writing, save that of Edwards and Franklin, it stands out by reason of the purity of its style and the beauty of its feeling and thought.

The note of mystery was struck early in American writing, "Peter Rugg," by William Austin, appearing in the *New England Galaxy* in 1824-1826.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN

Charles Brockden Brown's stories were published still earlier; and he is often spoken of as the predecessor of Hawthorne. Like Francis Hopkinson, he was a Philadelphian, who studied law and made literature his profession. His first novel, "Wieland, or The Transformation," was a story of ventriloquism, very artificial, but skilful and interesting. This was followed by a much more striking tale, "Edgar Huntley," a tale of terror, which seemed to predict Poe, and this in turn by three or four other novels. Brown was an industrious man, and his activity extended into other fields. He published a number of pamphlets and semiscientific treatises. His work had little permanent value. It was sentimental and unreal, and lacked art; but its morbid psychology and a certain kind of intensity gave it popularity at the time.

WASHINGTON IRVING

American literature in the strictest sense of the word really began in the city of New York with the publication of Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York*. New York was then the most cosmopolitan of all cities of the New World, as it was the largest. It was a pleasant town of twenty-five thousand people, and it had picturesque traditions; for it was first settled by the Dutch, who had, in a way, taken possession of the Hudson River. They were followed in turn by the English, and still later there was a large influx of French Huguenots. When the Revolution broke out eighteen languages were already spoken in the city of New York. It was natural,



PAULDING'S HOME AT PLEASANT VALLEY, N. Y.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

American Pioneer Prose Writers

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was one of the most popular writers that ever lived. Almost every American has read some or all of Cooper's books, and his stories have been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and indeed into some of Asia. Balzac, the French novelist, admired him greatly. Victor Hugo, another famous French writer, said that Cooper was greater than any novelist living at that time. Many of Cooper's readers gave him the title of "The American Walter Scott."

Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. His boyhood was spent in the wild country around Otsego Lake, New York. His father was a judge and a member of Congress. Cooper entered Yale at the early age of fourteen, and was the youngest student on the rolls.

At college he did not pay much attention to his studies, and in fact was rather wayward. Before he had even completed his junior year, his resignation was requested. His father interceded for him; but it was useless. The young man then entered the United States navy; but, after becoming a midshipman, he resigned to marry. He then settled down in Westchester County, New York. His home life proved to be most happy.

He published his first book, "Precaution," anonymously. Then came "The Spy," in 1821, a success from the very first. Many novels followed in rapid succession. In 1826 he went to Paris, where he published "The Prairie," which many consider the best of all his books. He became very popular abroad. The most distinguished people of Europe felt honored to entertain him.

In 1833 he returned to America, where he discovered that his popularity was declining, as American critics did not believe that his later books were measuring up to his earlier standard. He resented the sharp criticism of several of his writings, and much ill feeling grew up between the novelist and the public.

In particular he was on bad terms with his neighbors in the village of Cooperstown, New York, where he lived. This came to a climax in a fierce quarrel over the ownership of a bit of woodland which extended into the lake near his home, Otsego Hall. Cooper won in the courts;—but the villagers evened things up with him by personal attacks. Law-suits followed one after another. Although Cooper pretended indifference to public opinion, nevertheless he suffered under the abusive attacks.

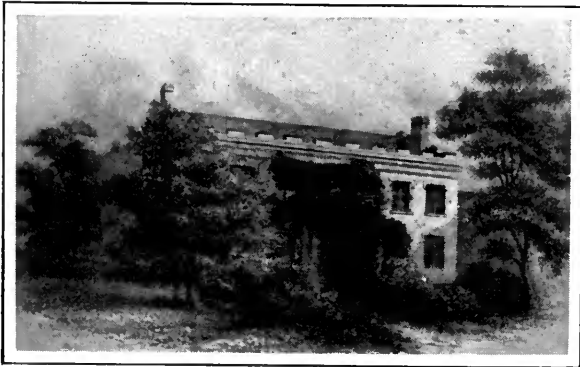
Cooper was not on intimate terms with the prominent literary men of his day. Toward the end of his life he loved his home more and more. He was fond of walking in the woods and fields, and, as he himself said, he had "an old man's yearning for the solemn shadows of the trees." On September 14, 1851, he died peacefully in his home at Cooperstown, surrounded by members of his family.

AMERICAN PIONEER PROSE WRITERS

therefore, that the literature of imagination, of humor, and of sentiment should find a soil in the cosmopolitan society of the town; and Irving, who was born in the year in which the British troops embarked for England, who declined to go to college, as his brothers had gone, but read law and, probably with greater avidity, books of general literature, and was a lover of nature, had both the temperament and the taste to write gentle satire. He was a born observer and loiterer, a man who saw and felt and meditated. He had the high spirit



BIRTHPLACE OF COOPER, Burlington, N. J.
The center house is the home of Capt. James Lawrence

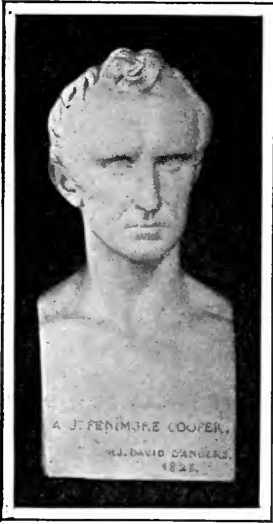


OTSEGO HALL, COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.
Cooper's boyhood home



COOPER IN 1822, painted by J. W. Jarvis

of youth, and when he returned in 1806 from Europe he was still a young man, and there were some other gifted young men in New York to keep him company. They published anonymously a series of semi-humorous, satirical comments on men, women, and things social, dramatic, and literary, under the title "Salmagundi," and in these papers Irving's humor, sentiment, and delightful style were conspicuous. They were followed by the Knickerbocker History of New York, in which the audacious young man broadly burlesqued the ancestors of some of the foremost people in New York. It was good-natured; but it gave great offense. It was, however, the first book of quality and feeling written by an American. In 1815 Irving went to Europe a second time, and did not



BUST OF COOPER
David d'Angers—1828

return until 1832. During that interval he published two books, which made a reputation for him on both sides of the Atlantic, "Bracebridge Hall" and "The Sketch-Book." These books made the colonists, irritated by their long discussion with England, more tolerant of the mother country, because they recalled places and customs that had been dear to their ancestors, or to their own youth. Thackeray called Irving "the first ambassador whom the new world of letters sent to the old."

JAMES K. PAULDING

One of the most prominent members of the little company of young men subsequently known as the Knickerbocker writers, who were all friends of Irving, was James K. Paulding, whose youth fell in the period of the Revolutionary War. In consequence he received very little education, but had great vigor of mind and energy of character.

He early became acquainted with Washington Irving, and a strong friendship grew up between them. Paulding was one of the contributors to the Salmagundi papers, and began early to write for various periodicals. His diverting history of "John Bull and Brother Jonathan" passed through many editions, and his satirical tendency made him popular at a time when the feeling in this country against Great Britain was very strong. A pamphlet entitled "The United States and England," which appeared in 1814, secured political preferment for Paulding, and he was made secretary to the first board of navy commissioners. A story published in 1831, "The Dutchman's Fireside," founded on an earlier description of the manners of the early Dutch settlers, was his most successful production, passing through six editions in a year, and being republished abroad and translated into several languages. Paulding's talent, although genuine, was not distinctive enough to secure his permanent reputation; but he remains a very interesting figure in a group of delightful writers, and his early skits, if they may be so called, were very keen satirical comments on some offensive British traits and qualities.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Cooper, who was also a New Yorker, published "The Spy" in 1821. "Precaution," his first effort in fiction, which had already appeared, was a study of English society life, about which Cooper knew very little, and it was a failure. In "The Spy," Cooper knew his ground and his people. He had spent much of his boyhood at Cooperstown, in central New York,

near the scene of much of the Indian fighting. He had heard stories of adventure from Indian fighters and trappers. Many of the men who had fought in the American ranks during the War of the Revolution were still living. "The Spy" was instantly popular, because it was the first really American novel written by an American. It dealt with a very interesting character, Harvey Birch; and it appealed alike to the men who knew of the war from experience, and to those who had been brought up to revere the veterans of the Revolution. Europe, too, was intensely curious about the Indian, and the stories that followed, especially those in the *Leather Stocking Tales*, were translated into almost every European tongue, and are still read in all parts of the Old World. Boys in remote German villages are still playing Cooper's Indians.

Cooper was a very uneven writer, careless, and indifferent about artistic effects. He was often diffuse and often commonplace, and he had not much skill in drawing portraits of men and women; but he could tell a story rapidly and dramatically. He knew how to keep his readers in suspense, and he knew nature, both on land and at sea.



LEATHER STOCKING MONUMENT AT COOPERSTOWN

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE

By Henry S. Pancoast

BRIEF HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

By W. P. Trent

An excellent treatment of the subject in brief.

A STUDY OF PROSE FICTION

By Bliss Perry

A scholarly work by a distinguished critical writer.

ASPECTS OF FICTION

By Brander Matthews

An informing and also a charming literary study by a recognized authority.

LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA

By Prof. Barrett Wendell

HISTORY OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA

By Prof. Barrett Wendell and C. N. Greenough

A condensed survey of the subject.

MATERIALS AND METHODS OF FICTION

By Clayton Hamilton

A simple, interesting, practical book.

AMERICAN LANDS AND LETTERS

By Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel)

A most attractive work, valuable in its informing qualities, and written in most delightful style by the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor."

THE OPEN LETTER

Why The Mentor? What's in the name? We might have chosen any one of fifty names beside The Mentor. We had a list of fully 100 names before we made our selection. And the material that we have supplied under the name of "Mentor" would have served its purpose as well under another name. But we chose our name very carefully. There's a reason for "Mentor." And yet, although we are now a little over three years old and number nearly 100,000 in membership, no one has asked the reason—at least until a few weeks ago. Then one of our earliest members put the question, "What or who is The Mentor?" The question was slow in coming, but I am glad it is here, because the answer is worth while.

★ ★ ★

Mentor was a very worthy individual of ancient Greece. You can read about him in Homer's "Odyssey." He was the son of Alcimus and the faithful friend of Ulysses (Odysseus). When Ulysses set forth on his long wanderings, he consigned his household and his family, including his son Telemachus to the care of his friend Mentor. So faithful was Mentor in his attention to Telemachus and so serviceable to him in precept and example that his name has now come to be used in the sense of a wise and trustworthy advisor—"a wise and faithful guide and friend" as a modern dictionary phrases it.

★ ★ ★

The name of Mentor was brought down nearer to our time by the eminent French writer, philosopher, and churchman, Fenelon, archbishop of Cambria. He lived in the time of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV, and so wise and cultivated was he that the king made him tutor to his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, eldest son of the dauphin, and eventual heir to the throne. In the course of his tutorship, and for purposes of instruction, Fenelon wrote several remarkable books—prose poems, in their way, but each having a distinct moral purpose either religious or political. In one of these, published in 1699, and entitled "Telemaque," Fenelon recounts the adventures of the son of Ulysses in search of his father. It is a Utopian novel

dealing with conditions of life in an idealistic way, and hovering between dreams and realities. Its object was to educate the young Duke of Burgundy's mind to the highest purposes of life as they should be regarded by royalty—to keep before his eyes the "great and holy maxim that kings exist for the sake of their subjects, not subjects for the sake of kings." In this book the character of "Mentor" figures prominently. His aims are educational in a gentle, lofty way, his hope being, as he puts it himself, "to change the tastes and habits of the people."

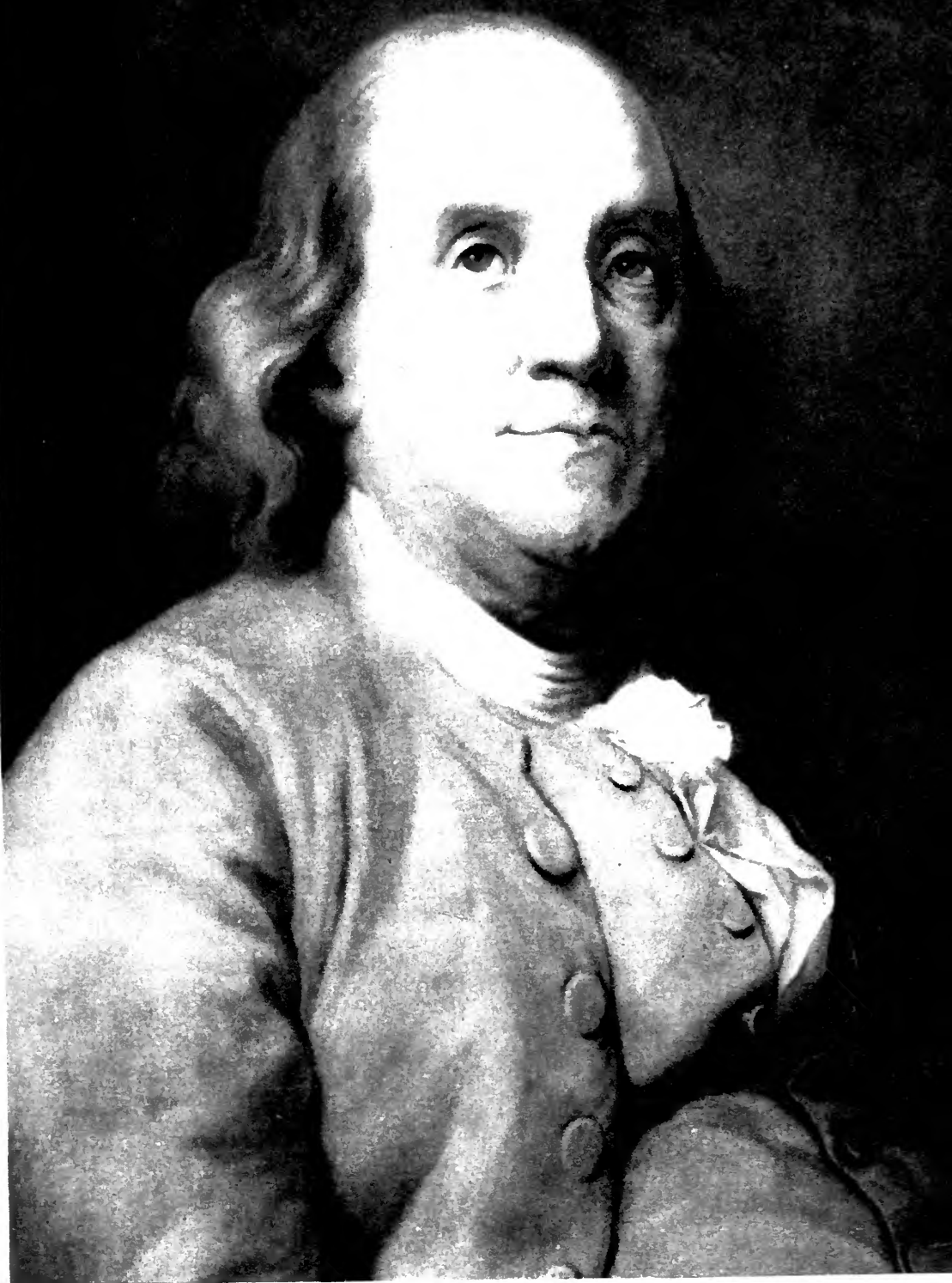
★ ★ ★

It was more due to Fenelon's employment of the character of "Mentor" than to that of Homer, that the name "Mentor" came into use as a modern word. "Mentor" now stands for a wise instructor and a guide, but, first and foremost, a friend. The underlying principle of "Mentor" is an interest in the welfare and improvement of others, and the dominating purpose of his life is *service* to others.

★ ★ ★

So for that reason we selected the name. And when we made the selection we thought that we were the first to use the name in the field of periodical publication. We lived in that illusion but a short time. Scarcely six months had gone by before we learned anew the old lesson that the world is small and that there are many active minds in it. One morning a plain, unpretentious periodical came into our office bearing on its front the title "The Mentor," and with it came a friendly letter of greeting from its editor. The place of publication was the Charlestown Jail, and the object of the periodical was to reflect in prose and verse the daily life of the occupants of that quiet and secure retreat. The editor extended his greetings to me and asked me if I would exchange with him—not positions, but periodicals. The request was readily granted, and, as a result, we are now thoroughly informed of the affairs of that substantial institution of Charlestown, and we are carrying our message of information twice a month to the members of the exclusive community located there.

W.D. Moffat
EDITOR



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

American Pioneer Prose Writers

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course

PROBABLY no American of humble origin ever attained to more enduring fame than many-sided Benjamin Franklin. The secret of his rise can be tersely told. He had ceaseless energy, guided by a passion for the improvement of mankind. A recital of his accomplishments sounds like a round of the old counting game, "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." He was, in fact, all the list except the "thief."

Boston gave him to America on January 17, 1706, but Philadelphia claimed him early, and he stamped himself upon the Quaker City almost as definitely as did William Penn.

Passing over his precocious boyhood, when he wrote for the Boston publication of his brother James with a skill that at the time was held astonishing, the day he reached Philadelphia he was a great, overgrown boy, his clothes most unsightly; for he had been wrecked trying to make an economical trip from New York by sailboat. With the exception of a single Dutch dollar he was penniless. As he trudged about the streets, his big eyes drinking in the sights, his cupid-bow mouth ready to smile at the slightest provocation, he munched a roll of bread. His reserve food supply was a loaf under each arm.

He was an expert printer, and printers were wanted in Philadelphia. He soon got a job, after which he found a boarding place in the home of one Read, with whose daughter, Deborah, he promptly fell in love.

After a few years the governor of Pennsylvania urged him to go to London to purchase a printing plant of his own. The official had promised to send letters and funds aboard the ship in the mail-bag; but at the critical moment forgot all about it. So young Franklin landed in London without a cent, and played a short engagement as "beggar man."

Again his skill as a printer saved him from want, and he remained five years, having a most interesting time, meeting many of the great men of England, all of whom were charmed with his wit and philosophy.

In all that period he did not write a single letter to Deborah Read; yet he seemed surprised and hurt on his return to Philadelphia to find the young woman married to another. But Deborah's husband, who had treated her cruelly, quite civilly left her a widow, so that Franklin, careless but faithful, was able ultimately to claim her as his wife.

For the next twenty years Franklin did something new at almost every turn. He flew a kite in a thunder shower, drew down electricity, and invented the lightning rod, to the salvation of generations of rural sales agents. He invented a stove that still holds his name. He organized the first fire company in America, and founded the first public library. All the while he was publishing "Poor Richard's Almanac," which to this day ranks as an epigrammatic masterpiece.

American politics soon claimed Franklin as an ideal diplomatist. English and Scottish universities honored him with degrees for his discoveries and writings. In Paris he became the most popular man of the period, and was overwhelmed with attention from all classes.

He was one of the first signers of the Declaration of Independence; and he rounded out his political career as governor of Pennsylvania and one of the framers of the Constitution. He died in Philadelphia in April, 1790, in some respects the greatest of Americans.

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Mentor, published semi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas H. Beck, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The Mentor, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Thomas H. Beck, 52 East 19th Street, New York; Editor, W. D. Moffat, 52 East 19th Street, New York; Managing Editor, W. D. Moffat, 52 East 19th Street, New York; The National Gallery, London. (2) That the owners are: American Lithographic Company, 52 East 19th Street, New York; C. Eddy, L. Ettlinger, J. P. Knapp, C. K. Mills, 52 East 19th Street, New York; M. C. Herzog, 28 West 10th Street, New York; William T. Harris, Villa Nova, Pa.; Mrs. M. B. Heppenheimer, 51 East 58th Street, New York; Emilie Schumacher, Executrix for Luise E. Schumacher and Walter L. Schumacher, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, 37 Wall Street, New York. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the Company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the Company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation. The name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the Company as trustees, bond stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Thomas H. Beck, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-first day of March, 1916. J. S. Campbell, Notary Public, Queens County. Certificate filed in New York County. My commission expires March 30, 1917.

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THE MENTOR

OLD SILVER

By ESTHER SINGLETON

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 7

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Sterling



WHAT does "sterling" mean when stamped on silver, and what is the origin of the word?" This question came in some time ago, and we have saved it for the present number of The Mentor. "Sterling" is applied only to silver that is "genuine and pure in quality." More technically stated, "sterling" signifies a standard of value established by the English Government for English coin. As applied to plate both in England and America, "sterling," means a quality nine hundred and twenty-five thousandths fine.



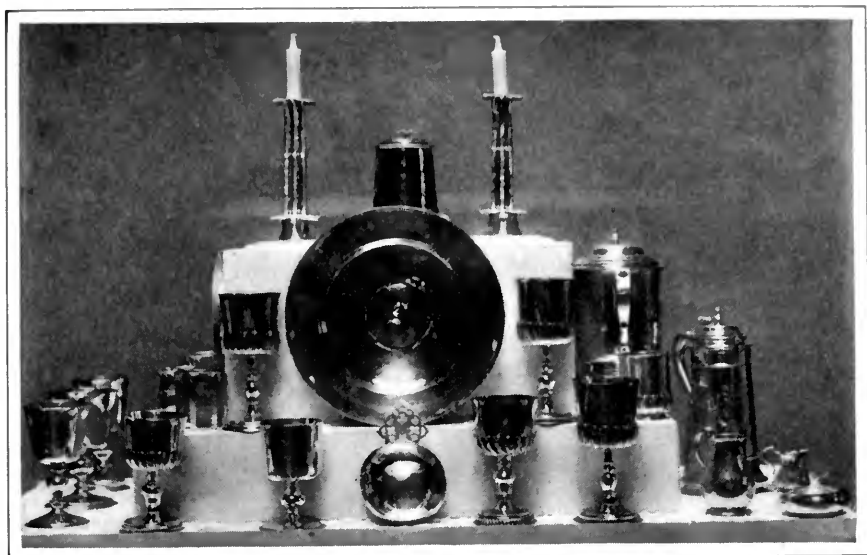
STERLING" was once used as the name of the English silver penny, the standard coin. The name was afterwards applied to the coinage of England in general, and now it is more particularly applied to the English gold sovereign. While several explanations of the origin of the word have been offered—some of them purely fanciful—it is now commonly accepted that the word is derived from the "Easterlings" or North Germans who for years made the coin money in England.



THAT distinguished student of words, W. W. Skeat, supplies the following story of "sterling." The name was at one time used in England to denote a trader from the Hanse towns (the federated commercial towns) of the Baltic Sea. They were famous for the purity of their coinage. In the twelfth century during the reign of King John of England these "Easterlings," who were so named because they came from the northeastern coast of Europe, were invited to England for the purpose of reforming and perfecting the English coinage. This invitation was accepted and ever afterward good English money received the name of "Easterling," or "sterling" money, and plate, in quality equal to the standard of good English money, received the stamp of "sterling." And so, pure standard metal got its stamp of quality from the name of honest men.

OLD SILVER

By ESTHER SINGLETON



Church Silver made by Paul Revere*

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS · MAY 15, 1916

MENTOR GRAVURES

A SHELL BASKET OF SILVER · AN EPERGNE WITH SEVEN RECEPTACLES · TANKARDS AND CAUDLE-CUPS · COFFEE AND CHOCOLATE-POTS
A TEA SERVICE · SPOONS AND LADLES

WROUGHT silver has always been a delight to the householder and art lover. Its use dates from legendary times. Splendid plate has always been an expression of luxury and elegance. In the Middle Ages the magnificent Dukes of Burgundy were the most famous collectors; and the taste for beautiful Renaissance silver found its way from Italy through France and the Low Countries to England.

The art of working silver had been known to the ancient Britons, Celts and Anglo-Saxons. English silver reached perfection under the Plantagenets, Tudors and Stuarts.

The old proverb "To be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth" still denotes a favored child of fortune. It probably dates from the fifteenth century, when an "Apostle Spoon" was the most prized christening gift.

The word "hallmark," used to describe what is genuine, is derived from the marks stamped on gold and silver plate to show that the article has passed the assay,—examination, or test. The system of hallmarks of the London Company of Goldsmiths (including silversmiths), has been in use for six centuries. These marks, which consist of the standard, annual date-letter, sovereign's head, and maker's mark, therefore, give the history of every authentic piece of English plate.

* The illustrations of the Paul Revere silver were kindly contributed by Mr. R. T. Haines Halsey. Many of the specimens are from his collection.

AMERICAN SILVERSMITHS

Although American colonists purchased much plate abroad, they also patronized native workers. There were many in the Colonies, scattered from Boston to Charleston, S. C. The names of 329 silversmiths have been collected. Of these 59 worked in Boston, some before 1654, and 142 worked in New York.

There being no assay office in the Colonies, American silver bears only the maker's mark,—his initials enclosed in a shield, or circle, or a descriptive emblem. After 1735 the silversmith stamped his full name.

JACOBEOAN OR STUART SILVER

In early Colonial days the tableware in general use was pewter. Wealthy colonists, however, brought silver from Europe and used it daily, relegating pewter to the kitchen. Rich homes, therefore, contained many pounds of both silver and pewter.

Silver was considered an investment as well as a necessity for elegant living. Moreover, it could be melted at any time and increased in value by reappearing in new designs, or it could be exchanged for money at any moment.

When the English colonists were establishing themselves in the New World, England, impoverished by the long wars of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, demanded that all silver articles of value should be thrown into the melting-pot to produce the needed coinage. Nearly all of the old Tudor and Stuart silver perished in this manner; and, therefore, if our wealthy families of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina had preserved their seventeenth century silver in their original forms instead of making it into new forms to keep up with the styles, much more Stuart, or Jacobean, silver would exist today in this country than in England.

In Colonial days silver of the newest fashion was always appraised at higher sums than silver of old style. At a very early period gentlemen of wealth sent, or took, their plate to London to have it melted and made up into pieces of the most "up-to-date" patterns. For instance, Colonel Richard Lee of Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland County, Virginia, took some silver to London as early as 1659 to have it changed into models of the latest fashion. On his return it was seized at Gravesend. The colonel's affidavit in the English State



DUTCH PORRINGER
Seventeenth Century



ENGLISH CUP
Date 1732



PORRINGER

American, made by Samuel Vernon, New-
port. Seventeenth Century



SILVER PIECES, made by Paul Revere

documents shows that his trunk contained 200 ounces of silver plate, all marked with his coat-of-arms and intended for his own use, and that it had been in his possession for many years. Even as late as the last days of the eighteenth century the melting-pot gathered in old-fashioned silver; for when General Washington removed to New York as President he sent his family silver to be melted and remodeled into "the newest and most elegant shapes."

From the first settlement of our country every prosperous householder possessed at least a few pieces of plate. Early wills and inventories mention tumblers, beakers, mugs, tankards, salvers, porringers, caudle-cups, standing and trencher salts, candlesticks, spoons, ewers, and basins, and occasionally *forks*, rare in England until after 1700.

THE PORRINGER AND CAUDLE-CUP

Equally popular with the tankard was the porringer, or two-handled standing cup with cover, surviving in the modern "loving cup." It appeared in the days of Charles II and lasted through the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne, altering in shape and decoration from the Restoration styles of massive flower and foliage *repoussé* (ray-poo-say') to the Chinese styles of 1682-1690 and to the fluted bases (or gadroons), bands, and beautiful chasing of the Queen Anne period.

The caudle-cup (or posset cup) was of the same form, but a little narrower of mouth. Both were used for drinking hot caudle, made of eggs, ale, bread, and spice; or posset, milk curdled with liquor.

A convenient little cup, or bowl, with one, and sometimes two, scroll, or open-worked, handles, was also called porringer. It was used

LOVING CUP
Date, 1743



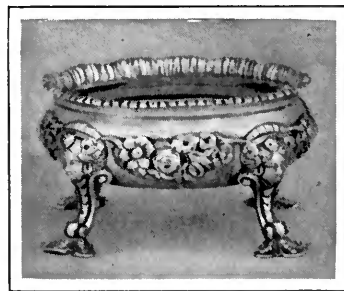
TANKARDS, made by Paul Revere

for many purposes. People ate porridge out of it; the drink was poured from the tankard into it for the faithful retainer to taste and protect his master from poison, which gave it the name of "wine taster" and "poison cup"; it was used by the barber-surgeon as a "bleeding cup," or "bowl"; and it was used for collecting communion tokens and alms. This kind of porringer is a familiar object in pewter as well as silver; and in both metals the "keyhole" pattern of the handle was found to be the most practical for hanging it on a nail, or hook, on the edge of the dresser-shelf.

SALT-CELLARS, SPOONS AND FORKS

The massive "standing salt," shaped like an hourglass, a bell, a steeple, or circular, or octagonal, was placed in the center of the table. The important members of the household sat "above the salt." Before each plate, or trencher,* stood a little "trencher salt" for use, triangular until 1698, when it became circular.

The forms of the seventeenth century silver spoons were numerous. The bowl was deep, shallow, egg-shaped, kite-shaped, and circular. The handle was round, flat, fluted, square, and spiral. Sometimes it ended in a baluster, or square, or a hexagonal button, or seal, and sometimes it ended in a figure. The most famous of those with figures, known as "Apostle spoons," frequently occur in American inventories. Each of the Apostles carried his emblem. A set of twelve was always prized.

SALT-CELLAR
English, date. 1758

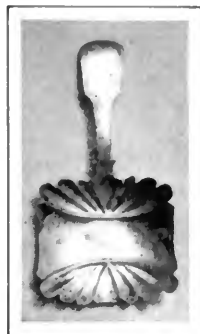
The "Puritan spoon" had a flat, oval bowl and a straight, square handle. Next came the "hind's foot," or *pied de biche* (pee-ay-deh-beesh'), with its oval bowl and flattened handle, notched and ending in three points slightly turned up. The "hind's foot" lasted until the end of Queen Anne's reign. In 1650 the "rat-tail" appeared, the tail, a continuation of the handle, tapered off and soldered on the back of the bowl.

Occasionally in old inventories we come across a "silver meat fork"; but individual forks were unknown until late in the seventeenth century. The first forks were two-pronged and three-pronged. The four-pronged

*From the French *tranche*, (trons) a slice, descriptive of the slice of bread which was the primitive plate.

fork appeared about 1726. The fact that Madame Blanche Sauzeau (so-zo) of New York had six forks in 1690 shows that this very elegant implement had early become known in the New World.

In an age when forks were not in general use and people ate with their fingers the circulation of the ewer and basin after every course was a necessity in wealthy homes. The ceremony of carrying round the dish and ewer was regulated by strict etiquette. The water, perfumed with rose, was poured from the ewer into the basin and handed to the host and then to each guest in turn. Another servant followed with a "fair white napkin." The silver-smith lavished his best art upon the ewer and basin. The helmet-shaped ewers of the Stuart period were often exquisite examples of *repoussé* work, completely covered with masques, strap-work, and foliage and figures of Renaissance design.



TEA-CADDY SPOON
English, Nineteenth
Century



TEA-CADDY SPOON
English, Nineteenth
Century

THE PUNCH BOWL

Toward the end of this period a new article—the punch bowl—made its appearance.

Punch was introduced into England at the end of the seventeenth century. The name is of Hindustani origin, meaning *five*, explanatory of the five ingredients,—spirit, sugar, water, lemon, and spice. The London silversmiths quickly made a splendid bowl for brewing the fashionable drink; and it was not long before all homes of wealth, colleges, clubs, and societies (in the Colonies as well as in England) had their massive punch bowl.

The first bowls were fluted and stood on a gadrooned base. Large ring-handles fell from a lion's head on each side. The model, dated 1702, belonging to the Vintner's Company of London, is occasionally found in American families. This affords another proof that the American Colonists possessed rich treasures.

This kind of punch bowl was usually accompanied by a scalloped, or battlemented, rim, called Monteith, as it is supposed to have been invented by a Scottish gentleman doubly famous for his scalloped coat and his making of punch. The Monteith was placed on top of the empty bowl and the glasses

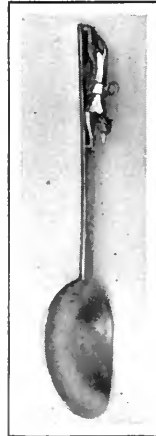


TABLE-SPOON, English, date 1777; "PURITAN" SPOON, English, made by Stephen Venables, date 1652, the greyhound is a later addition; "RAT-TAIL" SPOON, English, date 1701



TEA-SET, made by Paul Revere

arranged in the scallops with their bases turned outward. The bowl was placed before the host with the punch-ladle and ingredients. The glasses were taken out of the Monteith and the rim lifted off. When the punch was made, the Monteith was replaced on the top of the bowl and the beverage ladled out by the host into the glasses. Punch bowls with Monteiths of the Queen Anne period now sell for thousands of dollars. When china became a craze, the porcelain punch bowl appeared, and, in the course of time drove the great silver Monteith out of favor. The silver bowl appears in American inventories from Salem to Charleston. A few splendid examples dating from the opening years of the eighteenth century still exist.

The native silversmiths also made punch bowls all through this century. The most famous is the one made by Paul Revere for the Sons of Liberty. It appears on page 10. The names of the fifteen Sons of Liberty are engraved round the rim. One side bears the inscription "To the memory of the glorious Ninety-two members of the Honourable



COFFEE-POT

Made by Charles Hatfield, London, date 1739



MOTE SKIMMERS

English, Eighteenth Century

House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay, who,

undaunted by the insolent measures of villains in power, from a strict regard to conscience and the Liberties of their constituents, on the 30th of June, 1768, Voted Not to Rescind." The other side is inscribed "No. 45: Wilkes and Liberty," in reference to John Wilkes, who was defending constitutional government in England, one of his chief attacks having appeared in his paper, the North Briton, issue No. 45.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SILVER

Generally speaking, eighteenth century silver followed the same forms and ornamentation as furniture. The heavy styles of



TEA-POTS, made by Paul Revere



TEA-POT

English, George III period, date 1769

Queen Anne, merged into the Georgian, in which the models and decorations of the Regency with its delicate curves, the more ornate Louis XV with its riotous curves, rock-and-shell, or *rocaille* (roe-kei), and its Chinese fantasies, as interpreted by Chippendale and his followers in furniture, found the same expression in the work of the silversmiths. The straight lines and charming ovals of the succeeding Neo-Classic fashion of the Louis XVI

period were so closely followed that much of the silver looks as if it had been designed by Heppelwhite and Sheraton. The Adam brothers did, in fact, design both gold and silver plate.

Potters were even closer to the silversmiths than cabinet-makers. Many forms and decorations that Whieldon, Wedgwood, Flaxman, and other famous potters and designers made popular were copied in silver.

The first silver tea-pots were imitations of Delft and Chinese importations, and the first tall coffee-pots and chocolate-pots seem to have been inspired by the models that Whieldon had made popular in Staffordshire ware.

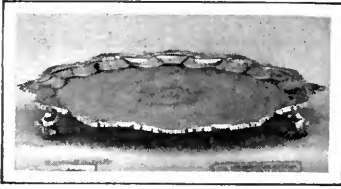
The eighteenth century was a glorious period for silversmiths. Every imaginable article, both large and small, was made, and with exquisite workmanship. Great dinner services became so fashionable that many families had their plate melted down to make them. To this period also belongs the elaborate centerpiece, the *épergne* (ae'-payrn) which gave Paul Lamerie (Lamurree) and others full scope for design and skill. Ornate *épergnes* were made in the "Chinese Chippendale" style, with pagodas, rockwork, Chinese mandarins, and strange branching trees to hold the beautifully wrought trays, dishes, and baskets for sweetmeats and fruits.

A charming style came into vogue about 1770, when silver was pierced and saw-cut in floral patterns and graceful festoons, so



TEA-CADDY

Made by Paul Lamerie, London.
Date 1745



SALVER
Made in London, date 1776



PIERCED CAKE BASKET
Made by John Eastt, London,
date, 1748

through many round and octagonal forms until it finally culminated in the favorite oval, which began to be popular at the time of the Revolution.

About this time the Classic taste introduced the tea-urn, which for a time drove the tea-kettle and stand away. Its life was short.

Caddy is a modified form of the Malay word *kati*, or *catty*, for a pound. It was chosen as the name for the little box in which the expensive tea was kept under lock and key. At first



PIERCED OVAL SUGAR BASKET
Sugar basin, with ruby glass lining.
late Eighteenth Century, English

open-worked and so delicate that a glass lining was necessary. Sugar-bowls, cake-baskets, bread-baskets, sweetmeat-dishes, salt-cellar, mustard-pots, canisters, and muffineers of this style, lined with blue glass, are now eagerly purchased by collectors.

THE TEA EQUIPAGE

The eighteenth century brought the tea-service. The handsome tea-pot, tea-kettle and stand, cream-jug, sugar-bowl, and tea-caddy, all placed on the large salver with a deep molding or "pie-crust" edge, constituting a splendid "tea equipage," undoubtedly had much to do with making tea popular.

The Queen Anne tea-pot, melon, or gourd-shaped, went



DUTCH BEAKERS
Seventeenth Century

the tea-caddy was a bottle-shaped canister; but it gradually became much like a Sheraton cabinet in shape with delicate chasing resembling in style the inlay of the Sheraton school. The tea-caddy was inclosed in a shagreen box, lined with velvet and ornamented with silver handles, key-plate, and corner-pieces. Later, deft cabinet-makers produced exquisite little boxes inlaid with satinwood for holding the tea-caddy.

THE CASTER, CRUET-STAND, ETC.

The tall caster, with its perforated top used for sprinkling pepper, salt, sugar, or spice, and the smaller caster known as muffineer, used to sprinkle salt on hot buttered muffins, though not new to the eighteenth century, went through many new forms which appeal to the collector. Another article, dating from Queen Anne's



SAUCE BOATS, made by Paul Revere

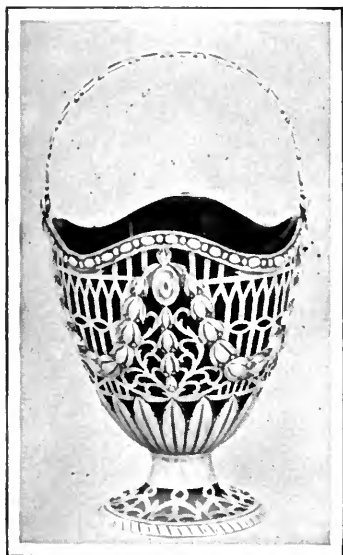
day, is the cruet-stand. For a hundred years the silversmiths bestowed their art upon it; but it is now obsolete except for the collector. Small teaspoons date from this period; table and dessert spoons also came in; forks ceased to be a novelty; and silver knives became popular, as well as knives with silver blades and mother-of-pearl handles.

The mustard pot of perforated silver, lined with glass, was also an addition to the Eighteenth Century table. The lid was cut out to make room for the long-stemmed spoon which was shaped like a ladle.

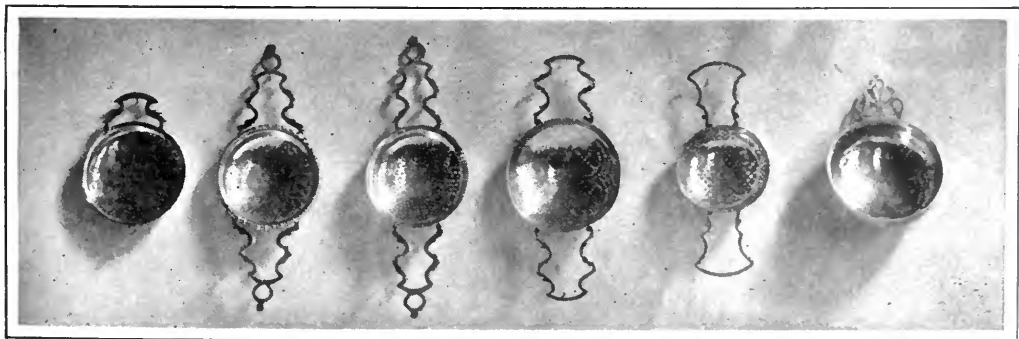
The late Eighteenth Century was prolific in baskets of charming design. There were bread-baskets, cake-baskets, fruit-baskets, sweetmeat or confiture-baskets; and baskets, or basins, lined with ruby or sapphire glass, that were to be used for lumps of sugar, or whipped cream.

At this period sugar trays were first made; a favorite form ended in shells. Quainter ones were in the form of a bird, the rivet of the beak blades forming the eye, and the long feet, scissor-like handles. In the late Georgian period the tongs were made like spoons, ending in ovals or shells.

Among the novelties of the Eighteenth Century were the "coasters" or decanter stands,



PIERCED SUGAR-BASKET, LINED WITH GLASS



STRAINERS, made by Paul Revere



PUNCH BOWL

Made by Paul Revere for the Sons of Liberty, known as the "Liberty Bowl"; a "Trencher Salt" by the side, of the same type as on page 4

important in the days when the cloth was removed at dinner and the decanters were sent "coasting" down the table. These consisted of pierced rails of silver in geometrical or floral patterns around a mahogany base, the under side of which was lined with green baize to prevent the polished mahogany from scratches. Coasters were made in sets.

CANDLESTICKS

Even if there were not many examples surviving, inventories would tell us our ancestors possessed handsome candlesticks and candelabra. The former were made as fluted columns resting on square bases; then the baluster form of Queen Anne days lasted until the florid rococo designs appeared. These, in turn, were driven away by the Classic taste; and the tall Corinthian column held its own for many years. As a rule, candlesticks were made in pairs. The candelabra, with three, five or six branches, followed the same styles. Snuffers were a necessity and appeared with the characteristic ornamentation of the periods. They were placed in a stand, or laid on a tray. One of the latest trays was shaped like a canoe with beaded edge. The bedroom candlesticks consisted of a short nozzle placed in a kind of saucer with handle pierced for carrying the sharply-pointed extinguisher.

ECCLESIASTICAL SILVER

Some of the oldest silver in America is owned by the churches. It may be said here that a church service consists of flagons or tankards, chalices with covers, paten and alms-basons and a baptismal bowl and spoon. Queen Anne presented many services to American churches through the Colonial governors, some of which are still in use. St. Anne's, Annapolis, owns a superb service bearing the Royal Arms and the date letter 1695; and Georgian silver is owned by St. John's, Portsmouth, N. H., and other churches, including Trinity, New York. King's Chapel, Boston, owned a service presented by William and Mary in 1694, which, on the arrival of a new service in 1772, was divided between Christ Church, Cambridge, and St. Paul's, Newburyport.

King's Chapel, Boston, is very rich in old silver. The Dutch Church, at Sleepy Hollow, near Irvington, owns two ancient beakers, and Trinity Church, New York has a fine collection of



ENGLISH TEA-URN
In Adam style, date 1773

silver by famous English makers, including two flagons, two chalices, two patens and an alms-bason made by Francis Garthorne in 1709 and an alms-bason made by Thomas Hemming in 1776.

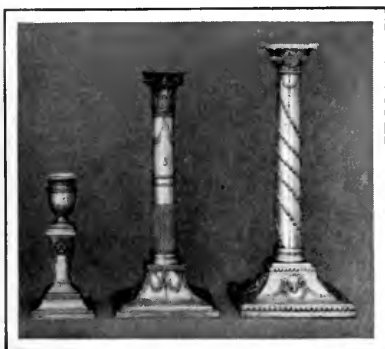
TWO TYPICAL INVENTORIES

During the Revolution many people buried their family silver, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that so much still exists in aristocratic families. A box of silver worth £1500, owned by Mrs. Hugh Wallace and captured by the British near Hackensack, New Jersey contained: One tea-urn, one *épergne*, one very large bowl, four candlesticks, one large pudding-dish, two large salvers, three small salvers, one large tankard, one coffee-pot, one pitcher, one cruet-stand, four long-handled spoons, four scalloped spoons, six dozen table-spoons, one dozen dessert-spoons, one sugar-dish, one funnel, one fish-trowel, six salts, two mustard-pots with spoons, six skewers, two milk-pots, one tea chest with canisters, one sugar-tongs, four labels for bottles, four tumblers, four rummers, one large soup-ladle, one marrow-spoon.

If we compare this list with the possessions of a Boston lady in 1636, which consisted of four silver spoons (one with a gilt head), a great silver porringer, a silver tankard, two silver "wine bowls" weighing 39 oz., a gilt salt, two gilt "wine bowls," one silver beaker, one beer bowl, two saucers, a silver salt, four gilt spoons, ten silver spoons "with Apostles gilt," and one caudle-cup weighing 34 oz., three-quarters gilt, we shall have no hesitation in asserting that Americans owned handsome silver at all periods of our history.



COFFEE-POTS
Made by Paul Revere



CANDLESTICKS OF CLASSIC
DESIGN

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLISH PLATE:

Ecclesiastical and Secular, from the Earliest Examples to the Latest of the Georgian Period. 2 vols., London, 1911. By Charles James Jackson

OLD ENGLISH PLATE

6 editions, London 1878-1899. By W. J. Cripps

OLD FRENCH PLATE

2 editions, London, 1880-1893. By W. J. Cripps

OLD LONDON SILVER By Montague Howard
New York and London, 1903.

OLD PLATE

New York, 1903.

By John H. Buck

AMERICAN SILVER:

The Work of Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Silversmiths exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts, 1906.

By R. T. H. Halsey and John H. Buck

CHATS ON OLD SILVER

London and New York, 1911.

By E. L. Lowes

CHATS ON OLD SILVER

London, 1915.

By Arthur Hayden



The daily mail of The Mentor is full of heartbeats, and not infrequently it has a big thrill in it. Scarcely a letter comes to my desk that does not sound a note of warm, friendly appreciation of The Mentor service.

Yesterday brought us two letters from prominent lawyers of the South (one in Alabama, the other in Virginia).

"I am so much pleased with my Mentors that I would not dispose of them at five dollars per copy if others could not be procured," writes the first. "I do not believe that I have ever taken more interest in anything than I have in The Mentor" is the cheering assurance of the second. "I think" he adds "that The Mentor is simply incomparable, I do not know of anything which is so informing and helpful at such a small expenditure of time and labor." Today we find in our mail a letter that has a fine flavor of its own: "I am a nine-year-old boy. I suppose you think I am a man. I am very pleased with the Mentors. I find them very interesting."

Some time ago a letter came in that gave us one of our real thrills. Look at the envelope reproduced on this page—also the signature of the writer. The envelope contains the stamp of the field censor and is covered with muddy finger marks. Sergeant Bell's letter runs as follows: "Dear Sir: Please send me a copy of The Mentor...and I will as soon as possible send you twelve shillings and sixpence (for subscription). I would esteem it a great favour if you would send one to me. Perhaps your offer does not include Europe. It would be a very interesting

book to receive, as one could then keep posted on all the great events of the world."

What grips one hardest is that last sentence. To think that an officer on service in the very center of the most stupendous event in the world's history should be concerned about keeping "posted on all the great events of the world!"

The reader may take it for granted that we lost no time in sending Mentors to Sergeant Bell, and in assuring him that he could not spend his precious twelve shillings and sixpence nor any smallest part of that sum in buying Mentors. We wrote him: "Your letter came as a very

gratifying surprise to us here, for we were not aware that information of The Mentor had reached the war zone. We are sending you several of the back numbers of The Mentor—not for any remuneration but with our compliments and our heartiest good wishes. You cannot buy Mentors of us. We are glad to give them to you. We are placing your name on our list today.

"We hope that the numbers we are sending will interest you. You will find on the third cover a list of the Mentors that have appeared. They are varied in subject, and there are a great many of them. If you want any of them, you have only to say so. It would give us great satisfaction to know that The Mentor was doing something to interest and entertain the men at the front.

We hope to hear from you again."



*Sincerely Yours,
St. George Bell Sergeant
France 10th Highland Light Infy.
British & Foreign*

W.D. Moffat
EDITOR

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June 1. SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. By William Winter, Poet and Critic. June 15. HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW
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THE MENTOR

SHAKESPEARE'S
COUNTRY

By WILLIAM WINTER
Poet and Critic

DEPARTMENT OF
TRAVEL

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 8

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Stratford Impressions



IT is the everlasting glory of Stratford-upon-Avon that it was the birthplace of Shakespeare. Situated in the heart of beautiful Warwickshire, it nestles cosily in an atmosphere of tranquil loveliness, and it is surrounded by everything that gentle rural scenery can provide to soothe the mind and to nurture contentment. It stands upon a plain, almost in the center of England, through which, between low green hills that roll away on either side, the Avon flows, in many capricious windings, to the Severn, and so to the sea.



THE golden glory of the setting sun burns on the gray spire of Stratford church, and on the ancient graveyard below,—wherein the mossy stones lean this way and that, in sweet and orderly confusion,—and on the peaceful avenue of limes, and on the burnished water of silver Avon. The tall, pointed, many-colored windows of the church glint in the evening light. A cool, fragrant wind is stirring the branches and the grass. The songbirds, calling to their mates or sporting in the wanton pleasure of their airy life, are circling over the church roof or hiding in little crevices of its walls. On the vacant meadows across the river stretch away the long, level shadows of the stately elms.



IT is an accepted tradition in Stratford-upon-Avon that the bell of the Guild Chapel was tolled on the occasion of the death and also of the funeral of Shakespeare.

Sweet bell of Stratford, tolling slow,
In summer gloaming's golden glow,
I hear and feel thy voice divine,
And all my soul responds to thine.

As now I hear thee, even so
My Shakespeare heard thee, long ago,
When lone by Avon's pensive stream
He wandered in his haunted dream.

* * * * *

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

By WILLIAM WINTER

Poet and Critic



Warwick
Castle

Cæsar's
Tower
from the
Lawn

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL · JUNE 1, 1916



MENTOR GRAVURES—WARWICK CASTLE · KENILWORTH CASTLE
CHARLECOTE · THE CHURCH AND THE RIVER, STRATFORD · THE
SOUTH CHAPEL AND THE SITE OF NEW PLACE, STRATFORD · THE
VILLAGE OF SHOTTERY



THE Shakespeare* Country, Warwickshire, is situated nearly in the center of England, and the birthplace of Shakespeare, Stratford-upon-Avon, is situated in the southern part of Warwickshire. A pleasant way in which to enter the Shakespeare Country is to travel by rail from London to Warwick, and then drive from Warwick to Stratford. There are two roads for the drive, one twelve miles long, the other eight. Both are agreeable; but the longer is the better, because more can be seen by the way. The traveler is wise who lodges for a few days at Warwick, in order to visit Warwick Castle, St. Mary's Church, the ancient Gates, and the hospital for twelve aged men founded in 1571 by Queen Elizabeth's favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (the scene of Hawthorne's singular posthumous romance, "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret"), and incidentally to make excursions northward to Kenilworth and Coventry.

All those places, in themselves interesting, are associated with the Shakespeare Story, and a view of them gradually imparts to the observer's mind a sympathetic comprehension of the environment in which Shakespeare was born and reared. The face of the country has, of course, been changed since his time, because little villages, fine villas, fertile farms, spacious parks, and blooming meadows now exist where once there was a woodland called the Forest of Arden (the indubitable forest, memories of which colored Shakespeare's fancy when he wrote "As You Like It"), extending for many miles northward and westward from a point near Stratford and along the river Avon. Some things survive, however, which can be seen much as the poet saw them more than 300 years ago.

* There are 4,000 variations in the spelling of the name "Shakespeare." An entire book has been made up on the subject.
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KENILWORTH AND WARWICK

When Shakespeare saw Kenilworth Castle he did not, indeed, see it as it now is, a picturesque mass of ruins,—the wreck made by Cromwell's soldiers about 1643-45,—but as a stately structure, at once a fortress and a palace. Warwick Castle, on the contrary, was the same imposing structure to him that it is to the observer of today. In the modern part of that castle now the visitor is shown a sumptuous collection of paintings, including Van Dyck's famous equestrian portrait of King Charles I, and such suggestive relics as the helmet and the death-mask of Cromwell; but those things impress the mind much less than does the building itself. That Shakespeare entered the Castle is not known; but that he saw it cannot be doubted, for Cæsar's Tower—one of the older parts of it—which dominates the region around Warwick now has been grandly conspicuous there for more than 400 years, and in the poet's time it must have been familiar to all inhabitants of Warwickshire. Kenilworth, Coventry, and Warwick figure in some of his historical plays, and his particular knowledge of all the surroundings of Stratford, and, indeed, of the whole of central England, through which the Wars of the

Roses raged, is manifested in those dramas. He had ample opportunity of acquiring that knowledge.

The first twenty-one or twenty-two years of his life were passed by him in his native town. The next twenty-seven years he passed in London, visiting Stratford once a year. In his closing years, from about 1613 to his death in 1616, he dwelt in Stratford, in his house called New Place, bought by him in 1597, where he died. The traveler who visits the Shakespeare Country, viewing it exclusively with reference to its associations with the poet, should bear in mind these divisions of time. The larger part of Shakespeare's work was done in London. It is mostly as a youth, though a little as a veteran, that personally he is connected with Stratford.



CLOPTON BRIDGE, STRATFORD



THE MILL, GUY'S CLIFF NEAR WARWICK

The name is derived from Guy, Earl of Warwick, who once lived as a hermit, in a cave below the house, and was buried there



THE RED
HORSE
HOTEL.
STRATFORD-
UPON-AVON



Below
WASHINGTON
IRVING PARLOR
IN THE RED
HORSE HOTEL

BLACKLOW HILL AND GUY'S CLIFF

In the course of the drive from Warwick to Stratford (either way) the traveler passes Ganserslie Heath and Blacklow Hill, places said to be haunted. On Blacklow Hill the corrupt Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, unworthy favorite of that weak king, Edward II, was beheaded, June 20, 1312, by order of Guy, tenth Earl of Warwick, whom he had opposed and maligned, calling him "the Black Dog of Arden," and some of the peasantry of the neighborhood entertain to this day an old superstitious notion that dismal bells have been heard to toll from that hill at midnight. The scene of Gaveston's decapitation is marked by a monument. Another place of interest to be seen in the course of the drive is Guy's Cliff, a secluded residence, beside the Avon, traditionally associated with an ancient, fabled Guy, Earl of Warwick, who, after performing prodigies of valor, retired to that place and lived and died a hermit. Camden, the antiquary, Shakespeare's contemporary, whose "Britannia" (1586) he probably knew, thus happily describes it:

"There have ye a shady little wood, cleere and cristall springs, mossy bottomes and caves, medowes alwaies fresh and greene, the river rumbling here and there among the stones with his streame making a mild noise and gentle whispering, and besides all this. solitary and still quietnesse, things most grateful to the Muses."





**CHARLECOTE
HOUSE**

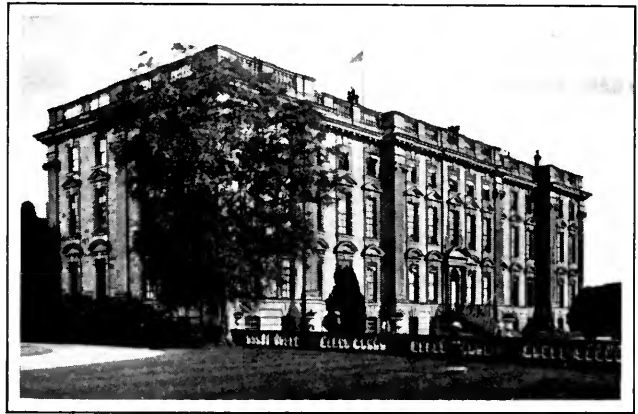


**Below
STONELEIGH
ABBAY**

This fine mansion, the seat of Lord Leigh, was erected in the eighteenth century, and occupies the site of a Cistercian Abbey, of which a gateway still remains

THE BEAUTY OF SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

Those quaint words convey a just impression of the beauty of the Shakespeare Country. Its physical aspects are charming; its inhabitants and its products are characteristic; its historic associations are diversified and impressive. It is entirely worth seeing for its own sake, and it richly rewards the visitor who explores it in a sympathetic spirit and a leisurely way. But the great glory of Warwickshire consists in the fact that it was the birthplace of Shakespeare; the scene of all his youthful experience, his education, his courtship of Anne Hathaway (whose dwelling yet remains), his marriage, the birth of his three children, his death, and his burial.



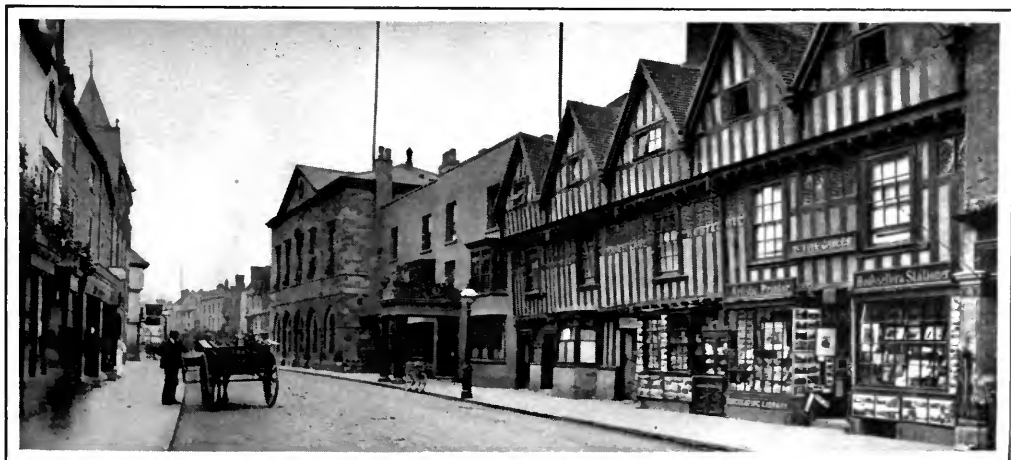
A VISIT TO STRATFORD

I could never forget the emotion with which my mind was thrilled when first I took the drive from Warwick to Stratford (1877), and alighted at the old Red Horse Hotel. The day had been one of exceptional beauty. The long twilight had faded, and the stars were shining when that night, for the first time, I stood at the door of the birthplace of Shakespeare, and looked on its quaint casements and gables, its antique porch, and the massive timbers that cross its front. I conjure up the vision now, as I saw it then. I stand there for a long while, and feel that

I shall remember these sights forever. Then, with lingering steps, I turn away, and, passing through a narrow, crooked lane, I walk in the High Street, and note at the end of the prospect the illuminated clock in a dark church-tower. A few chance-directed steps bring me to what was New Place once, where Shakespeare died, and there again I pause and long remain in meditation, gazing into the inclosed garden, where, under screens of wire, are fragments of mortar and stone. These—although I do not know it—are the remains of the foundations of Shakespeare's house. The night wanes, but still I walk in Stratford streets, and by and by I am standing on the bridge that spans the Avon, and looking down at the thick-clustered stars reflected in the dark and silent stream. At last, under the roof of the Red Horse, I sink into a troubled slumber, from which soon a strain of celestial music, strong, sweet, jubilant, and splendid, awakens me in an instant, and I start up in bed,—to find that all around me is as still as death; and then, drowsily, far off, the bell strikes three, in that weird, grim, lonesome church-tower which I have just seen.

THE RED HORSE HOTEL

Many times since that first night at Stratford I have rested in the old Red Horse, and nowhere, in a large experience of travel, have I found a more homelike abode. It is a storied dwelling, too; for it was an inn when Shakespeare lived. It is believed to have been known to those old poets Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson; Betterton is said to have lodged in it when he visited Stratford, to glean information about the great dramatist of whose chief characters his age esteemed him the supremely best interpreter; Garrick knew the house when he was in Stratford in 1769 to conduct the Shakespeare Jubilee; and in later years it has harbored scores of renowned persons from every part of the world. Washington Irving, revered as the father of American literature, was a lodger there in 1817, and wrote about it in his companionable "Sketch Book," and the parlor that he then occupied has ever since borne his name and



THE TOWN HALL AND THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

been embellished with picture and relic commemorative of his visit. The pilgrim loses much benefit and pleasure by carelessly speeding through the Shakespeare Country, as many excursionists do. It is far better to repose in the Red Horse, or some other cozy retreat, and spend many days in rambling about the neighborhood. To the lover of the works of Shakespeare the experience is one of the most profitable that life affords.

STONELEIGH AND CHARLECOTE

In driving from Warwick to Stratford the traveler obtains a distant glimpse of Stoneleigh Abbey, one of the fine baronial homes of England, the residence of Lord Leigh, and at a certain stile, near Charlecote House, the carriage is halted, so that the spacious park of Charlecote can be crossed on foot by a passenger who may wish to see the place where, as legend has long affirmed, Shakespeare killed the deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, thereby incurring enmity and punishment. The story lacks proof. No deer were kept by Sir Thomas at Charlecote,—though now they are numerous there,—but they were kept by him at Fullbrook, a park that he owned, not very far from Charlecote, and it is not impossible that Shakespeare and his comrades, in the wildness of frolicsome youth, did poach upon his preserves. Tradition, in all old English country places, has, when tested, often been found entirely worthy of credence.

STRATFORD OLD AND NEW

The Stratford of the sixteenth century, though then nearly 300 years old, was merely a village. The houses were chiefly of the one-story kind, made of timber. The inhabitants were in number about 1,400: indeed, the whole population of England was not so numerous as that of London is now. If Shakespeare could revisit his old haunts, though he would see the same green, rose-decked, and poppy-spangled

A ROOM
IN THE OLD
GRAMMAR
SCHOOL,
AT STRAT-
FORD-UPON-
AVON





NEW PLACE
GARDENS
STRATFORD-
UPON-AVON

Where
Shakespeare's
house
stood



Below
NEW PLACE,
STRATFORD-
UPON-AVON
The last
residence of
Shakespeare.
Only the site
now remains

countryside that once he knew, and hear the ripple of the Avon softly flowing between its grassy banks, he would miss many objects once familiar to him, and he would be conscious of much change,—in many ways for the better. Yet there are the paths in which he often trod; there is the school in which he was taught; there is the



From an Old Drawing

garden of the mansion that he once owned, and in which he died and there is the ancient church that enshrines his tomb.

The Birthplace, as it is now designated, is a two-story cottage made of timber and plaster, with dormer windows in its sloping, attic roof. It was originally a finer house than most of its neighbors. Its age is unknown. John Shakespeare, William's father, bought it in 1556 and occupied it till his death, in 1601, when it became William's property by inheritance. By him it was bequeathed to his sister, Joan, Mrs. William Hart. It has passed through many ownerships and has been materially changed; but parts of it remain as originally they were, particularly the room on the ground floor, in which there is a large fireplace, with seats in the brick chimney jambs, and also the one immediately above it, the best room in the house, in which, according to ancient tradition, the poet was born. In that room there is a chair, of the sixteenth century.

The original window remains, a threefold casement, containing sixty panes of glass, on which many visitors have scratched their names with



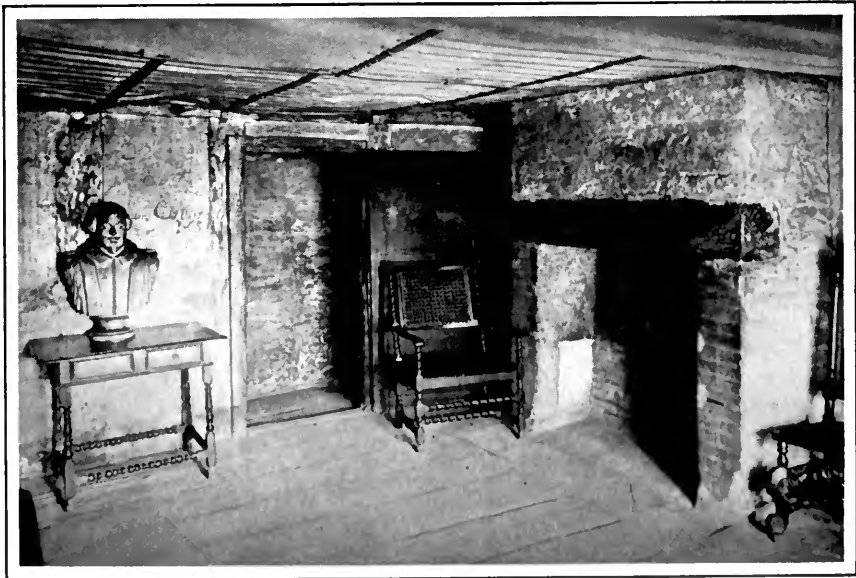
THOMAS NASH'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON
Nash was the husband of Shakespeare's only granddaughter.
The house stands next to New Place

Booth, are inscribed on the chimney-jamb at the right of the fireplace. Booth was specially requested to write his name there, "high up." That jamb is called "The Actors' Pillar."

The Birthplace was purchased for the nation in 1847—the American museum and circus manager P. T. Barnum having alarmed England by proposing to buy and remove it to America. New Place and Anne Hathaway's Cottage, at Shottery, about a mile west of Stratford, have since then been purchased, and those properties are now administered as a trust for the public.

New Place, the finest mansion in the town when Shakespeare bought it, was destroyed in 1759 by order of Rev. Thomas Gastrell, its owner at that time, who had been annoyed by many visitors, thronging to see his

diamonds. No writing, on window or walls, is permitted now; but in earlier times it was allowed, and it was customary. Sir Walter Scott scratched his name on the window,—"W. Scott." Byron wrote on the ceiling, which is low, as also did Thackeray. Byron's name has disappeared. Dickens wrote on one of the walls. The names of many actors, including those of Edmund Kean and Edwin



ROOM
IN WHICH,
ACCORDING
TO
TRADITION,
SHAKES-
PEARE
WAS
BORN

house and to sit under a mulberry tree in his garden, believed to have been planted and reared by Shakespeare. The tree was cut down by Mr. Gastrell; but a reputed "grandson" of it is growing there now. Nothing remains of the building except its foundation, long buried, but later exhumed, and now carefully preserved. The house was situated directly opposite the Guild Chapel, a relic of the thirteenth century, and one of the most venerable and pictorial of the towered churches of England. Shakespeare hired two sittings in that church, and when he lived in New Place he must have seen it almost continually. Next to the church is the Grammar School, established in 1482, which there is every reason to believe he attended in his boyhood. The building has been tastefully "restored" to its original condition: the schoolroom has not been altered.



THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S MOTHER
The Mary Arden Cottage at Willmote, a little village near Stratford

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

The Hathaway Cottage, to which the flower-bordered path is an ancient "right of way," through gardens and meadows that Shakespeare must often have traversed, is an exceptionally fine specimen of the timber-



ANNE
HATHAWAY'S
COTTAGE.
SHOTTERY:
FROM THE
BROOK.

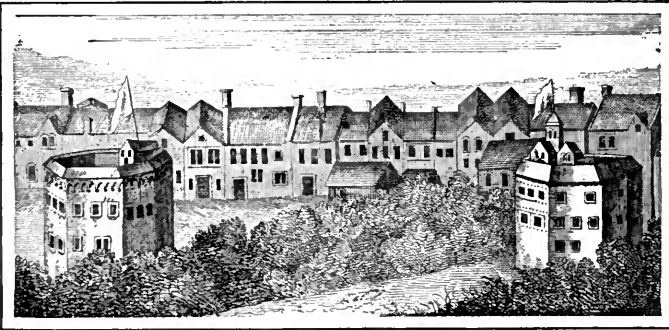
crossed, thatch-roofed dwelling of the Tudor period. It stands in a large garden, is shaded by tall trees, and is prettily clad with woodbine, ivy, wild roses, and maiden's blush. In one of the upper chambers a large, antique, carved four-post bedstead is shown, as having been used by Anne Hathaway. It is possible that William and Anne lived in that

cottage immediately after their marriage, which occurred in 1582. He was eighteen, she was twenty-six. The bond (a document required in those days to obtain authorization of wedlock) is preserved and may be inspected in the Edgar Tower at Worcester, where I saw it in 1889. The actual record of their marriage is supposed to have perished in a fire (before 1600) which, consuming the church of Ludington, a village near Shottery, destroyed the registers of that parish.

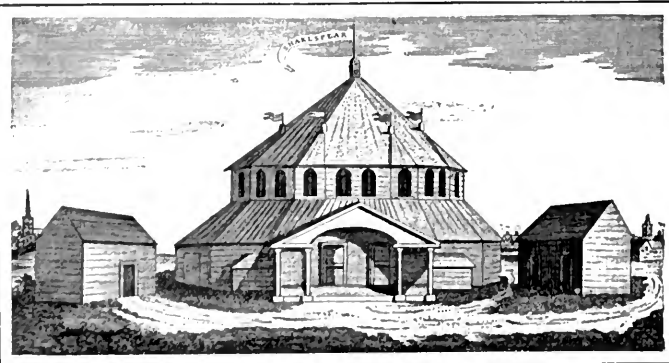
Shakespeare was poor, when (1585) he went to London, and I venture the conjecture that when he returned to Stratford he found his wife and children dwelling at either the Hathaway Cottage or the home of his friends Hamnet and Judith Sadler, after whom his latest born children, Hamnet and Judith, twins, were named. The Hathaway Cottage seems vitally associated with him, as is still another old timbered house, the



From an Old Drawing
THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN
At Stratford-upon-Avon



From an Old Drawing
THE BEAR GARDEN AND THE GLOBE THEATER IN LONDON
The first named at the extreme left of the picture and the second at the extreme right



From an Old Drawing
THE JUBILEE BOOTH
At Stratford-upon-Avon

home of his mother, Mary Arden, which may be seen on the outskirts of the village of Wilmcote, situated about four miles northwest of Stratford,—an easy, pleasant walk.

THE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT

Indeed, there is scarce an end to the variety of pleasant walks feasible in the Shakespeare Country, and I have found it specially suggestive of agreeable thoughts and feelings to stroll in many directions and for many miles around Stratford, and to fancy the presence of Shakespeare himself rambling, as probably his custom was, over all the countryside. How else could he have gained the minute knowledge that is manifested in his plays of Warwickshire names, localities, characters, customs, and the many peculiarities of foliage and flower that distinguish the Warwickshire clime? The "palm" that *Orlando*

finds in the Forest of Arden in "As You Like It" is not an oriental palm, but a tree so named that grows now and has always grown on the banks of the Avon. "Christopher Sly, of Burton Heath" and "Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot" are types of Warwickshire peasantry, which no doubt Shakespeare saw. Barton Heath and Wincot are places not distant from his home.

To trace the course of Shakespeare from his birth to his death, is to gain knowledge and wisdom. It is wisely written by the poet Tennyson that "Things seen are mightier than things heard."



THE AVENUE TO THE CHURCH
Stratford-upon-Avon

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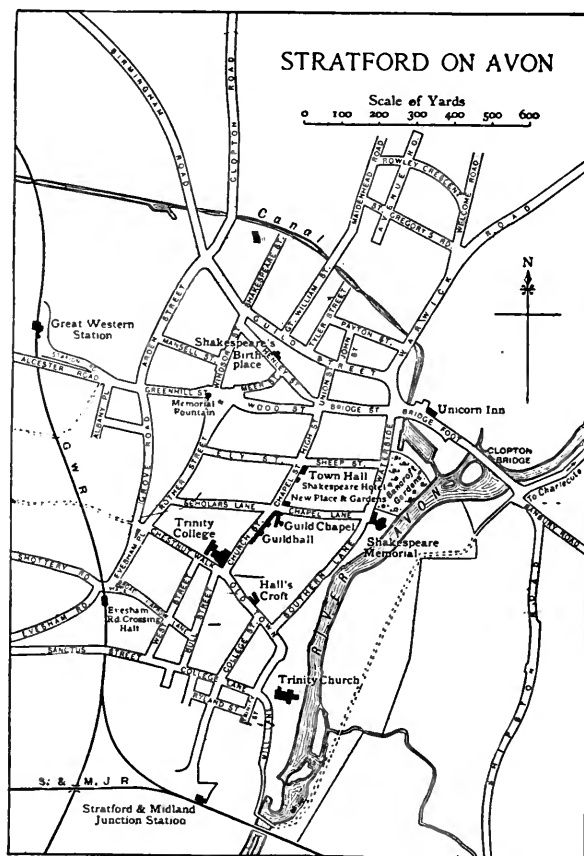
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The saying goes in theatrical circles that Shakespeare "doesn't pay." And yet the editions of Shakespeare outnumber those of any other book except the Bible, and many new editions appear each season. It seems then that though we read Shakespeare we do not go to see his plays performed. Apparently it pays a publisher to place Shakespeare on the shelf, but it does not pay a producer to place him on the stage.

★ ★ ★

I cannot accept this statement without qualification, for I have known years—not far back—when Shakespeare was a regular and profitable feature of the stage. My knowledge of Shakespeare on the stage began with Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Henry Irving, John McCullough, Salvini and the famous women, Modjeska, Ellen Terry, and others who were their associates in dramatic art. In recent years I have listened to Mantell, Mansfield, Sothorn and Marlowe. I have seen some of these players many times in their favorite roles. I am sure that there are few modern plays compelling enough in interest to draw one to see them more than a half dozen times. But it was a common thing a few years ago to hear people say that they had seen Booth or Irving a dozen times in a single role.

In those days Shakespeare was played not only with profit by the great stars, but by stock-companies as well. Augustin



Reproduced from W. H. Hutton's "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country." Published by The MacMillan Co.

Daly, during several successive, and successful, years produced the Comedies with his strong company. And these were not gala performances. They were steady going attractions. In reckoning stage successes today, we consider a run of 100 nights a matter for celebration. In his time, Edwin Booth played "Hamlet" for 100 nights in succession in one New York theater, and Irving played "The Merchant of Venice" for the greater part of a whole season. Runs of a single play of Shakespeare

for several weeks were not uncommon.

But still they say today that Shakespeare on the stage does not pay. That means, of course, that we folks of today do not go to hear Shakespeare. Why don't we go? We did when Booth, Barrett, Irving and Salvini played. And if Henry Irving should bring us today a production of *The Merchant of Venice* such as he made familiar to the theater-goers of his time, Shakespeare would pay again. If we do not go to hear Shakespeare played it is because we want Shakespeare only when it is produced and played *as well as Shakespeare reads*. When a man of genius and imagination gives us Shakespeare as "big as we find him in his plays," we will surely go to hear him on the stage today—as our parents did in former days, and as we did yesterday.

A. S. Moffat
EDITOR

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June 15. HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND. *By Mary H. Northend.*

July 1. THE WEATHER. *By C. F. Talman, of the United States Weather Bureau.*

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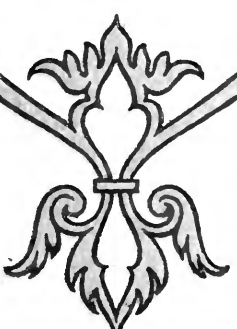
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THE MENTOR

HISTORIC GARDENS
OF NEW ENGLAND

By MARY H. NORTHEND



DEPARTMENT OF
NATURAL HISTORY

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 9

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Colonial Garden-Makers



AFTER weeks of travel across an unknown sea, to an equally unknown world, the group of Puritan men and women neared their Land of Promise; and their noble leader, John Winthrop, wrote in his Journal that "we had now fair Sunshine Weather and so pleasant a sweet Aire as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the Shore like the Smell of a Garden."



ASMELL OF A GARDEN was the first welcome to our ancestors from their new home; and a pleasant and perfect emblem it was of the life that awaited them. They were not to become hunters and rovers; they were to settle down in the most domestic of lives, as tillers of the soil, as makers of gardens.



WHAT must that sweet air from the land have been to the sea-weary Puritan women on shipboard, laden to them with its promise of a garden? For I doubt not every woman bore with her across seas some little package of seeds and bulbs from her English home garden, and perhaps a tiny slip or plant of some endeared flower; watered each day, I fear, with many tears.



AND ere long all had dwelling-places, were they but humble log cabins; and pasture lands and commons were portioned out; and in a short time all had garden-plots, and thus, with sheltering roof-trees, and warm firesides, and with gardens, even in this lonely new world, they had *homes*.

—ALICE MORSE EARLE.

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND



MENTOR GRAVURES

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GARDEN

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GARDEN

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GARDEN



THE GREEN ARBOR
IN THE PERRY
GARDEN



MENTOR GRAVURES

THE MOULTON
GARDEN

THE DERBY
GARDEN

THE WENDELL
GARDEN



This was made when
the house at Newburyport,
Mass., was built, about 1750

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY
JUNE 15, 1916



"God Almighty first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man. Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection."
—Lord Bacon.

WHEREVER the early explorers and colonists approached the shores of America, from the sandy beaches of Florida to the rock-bound coast of New England, they were greeted with the sweet fragrance of flowers and shrubs and trees. Barlow, one of the commanders of Raleigh's expedition, wrote of that landing: "We smelt so sweet and strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden. The woods were not such as we find in Europe, barren and fruitless, but the highest and reddest cedars, pines, cypresses, and many others of excellent quality. Of grapes we found such a plenty climbing over every shrub and tree and down to the very water's edge, I think in all the world there is not the like in abundance." Similar accounts of the New World were sent from every point the wanderers touched—a verdant, blooming land indeed!

As the wilderness was cleared before the encroaching settlements, fruit and vegetables were planted in the enclosures about the houses. The urgent call of necessity to stock the larder and to earn a livelihood, left

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

the colonists no time for the cultivation of purely ornamental flowers. But it is more than probable that many of the earliest gardens harbored a slip or tender seedling of some cherished bloom that wives and daughters brought with their household goods, to remind them of their old homes beyond the sea. As living became easier, more time could be devoted to the cultivation of flowers.

HERB AND KITCHEN GARDENS

The intolerant religion of the Puritans forbade the indulgence of joy and gaiety in gardens, as in all things else. Orchards, small fruit and vegetable gardens were planted, and the herb garden near the kitchen was the especial care of housewives. But a garden wherein nothing grew that was not useful might at the same time boast many lovely flowers. On the earliest lists of sweet and bitter herbs for the stew-pot and the medicine-chest were thyme, pennyroyal, marjoram, anise, marigold, feverfew, coriander, rosemary, rue and lavender. There were also barberries, and roses for distilling. These alone afforded a wealth of fragrant bloom and delightful color. The oldest gardens, therefore, must have been very pleasant plots indeed. There was little plan to them. The plants were generally grown on each side of a straight walk.

EARLY FLOWER GARDENS

After a time the bit of ground before the house, which was set back from the street within a picket fence, was taken in charge by the housewife and spaded and raked and planted with flowers valued solely for



A CLUMP OF PEONIES
In the Low Cabot Garden



A JUMBLE OF FLOWERS
At "The Lindens," Danvers, Mass. This was at one time the headquarters of General Gage

their beauty and rarity. Occasionally along some village street we still find traces of these old front door-yards. They were the "company" gardens, planted for show, trim, dignified little beds of flowers behind their stiff box-wood edgings, and damp in the shade of the heavy elm, or cedar, that guarded the entrance. The little square plots, divided with geometrical precision, bordered the entrance walk or displayed neat patterns beneath the windows. Here grew lilies-of-the-valley, blue and yellow flags, pinks and periwinkles, larkspur and tulips. In the sunny spots



THE SALTONS- TALL PERGOLA

A quaint and unusual pergola at Salem, Mass. At one time it was known as the Green Arbor



nestled the spring bulbs; a white, or purple, lilac nodded over the fence; and the strawberry shrub and the snow-ball bush adorned the corners.

When the struggle of pioneer days was over and an era of wealth and affluence followed, people began to beautify their homes and surroundings. Part of the land near the house was reserved for pleasure-grounds and was enclosed with high fences. There was no pretence at elaborate design in the planting of the flowers; but occasionally we find old gardens where box-bordered beds in squares, or circles, are placed on each side of the central path. Of flowers and shrubs there was great variety. Against the white fence the stately hollyhock nodded its bloom to greet the bright phlox; and the blue larkspur made pleasant harmony against a border of spicy Scotch pinks, foxgloves, Sweet Williams, Canterbury Bells, wall-flowers, rockets, candy-tuft, Crown Imperial, and the beloved oldtime "Piny" (peony). Frequently, a gravel-path, bordered on either side by box, led to a summer house, or green arbor, in the rear.

Over the summer house the broad-leaved Dutchman's Pipe, clamored to mingle with the pink moss rose and the delicate white and yellow

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

Scotch roses. The latter, lasting after many other flowers had ceased to bloom, seemed like a dash of golden sunshine in the fading colors of the garden.

The summer house was usually a simple little building of latticework; but, sometimes, it was more substantial and elaborately decorated and carved. Here the fair hostess and her friends used to come on summer afternoons to rest and chat over a cup of tea and look out upon the beauties of the garden.

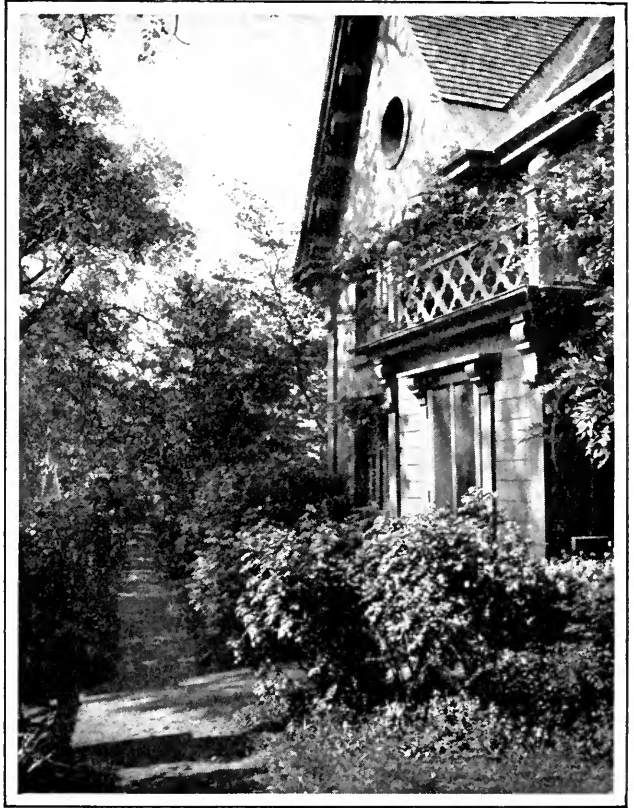
In the designs of many of these old New England gardens Dutch influence is evident. It is hard to tell whether it came through England in the days when that country was copying the ideas of

Holland, or whether it was brought directly from New Amsterdam.

Dutch taste demanded regular, even divisions of the ground into squares and circles, squares within the squares, and squares about a circle, oblongs and ovals. These gardens were enclosed in open fences of lattice, or wood, or iron-work. The flower-beds were neat, precise and orderly. Each variety of flower was usually grown in a bed by itself and kept exact and neat within the border.

GARDENS IN THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

In the Southern Colonies there was a different type of garden. The Southern colonists were, generally speaking, men of rank and wealth, sons of gentlemen and lords; and they lived, not in towns and villages, but on great plantations. There were few cottages with tiny gardens. Manor houses and park-like enclosures appeared in the earliest days. The pleasure-grounds were fashioned somewhat after the Elizabethan style which prevailed when the Colonists left England, and, as a rule, they were planned by the architect who designed the house. Thus house and garden were parts of an elaborate design, balancing each other in harmony. If the house was square, or oblong, the garden enclosure followed the lines



THE OLD PICKERING HOUSE AND GARDEN

The home of Colonel Timothy Pickering. It was built in 1651, and is one of the landmarks of Salem, Mass.

of the house. Terraces and broad steps led from one level to the next; and straight gravel, or grass-paved, walks, intersecting at right angles, divided the grounds into rectangular plots. These spaces were filled with grass, or box-bordered "knots" and mazes. The terraces, supported by grass banks or low walls, afforded pleasant promenades from which to view the whole. Shaded walks, and walks between high and neatly clipped hedges passed through "green galleries" and bowers. Some of these bowers were merely rude supports for training vines; others were pergolas of white posts and cross beams that formed an archway sometimes twenty feet wide and a hundred long.

QUAKER GARDENS

The gardens of the Quakers in Pennsylvania had an individuality of



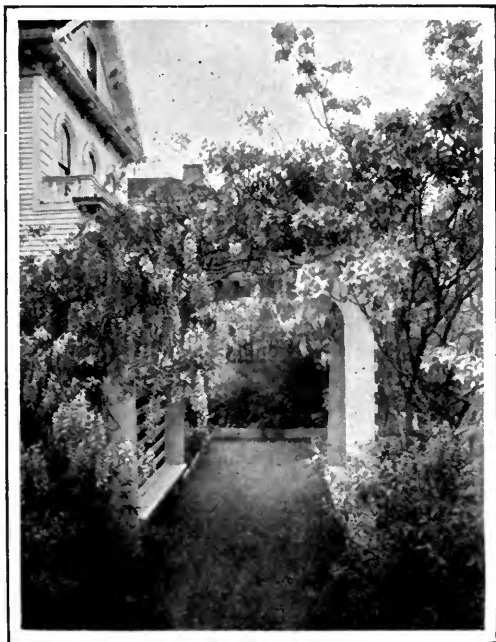
THE NICHOLLS ARCH

In the Nicholls Garden at Salem, Mass. This is a genuine old-fashioned garden

their own. Towns were laid out so that each house might have ample room for a garden; and it was required that the garden should be placed in the center of the lot so the effect of the whole might be that of a green park. In front of the houses double rows and avenues of trees were planted to follow the line of the long, low buildings. Behind them were the gardens and pleasure-grounds screened by high walls and fences. Some of the most beautiful gardens of the New World were planted in these broad, peaceful estates of the Quakers. Old-fashioned flowers and shrubs grew in profusion, carefully confined within their borders and trained to obey their mistress's will.

SHOW GARDENS OF BOSTON

It is a long leap from the little beds of transplanted wild flowers



AN OLD TIME PERGOLA OVERGROWN WITH WISTERIA

In the garden of Miss Susan Osgood

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

that thrived beside the log cabins of the Massachusetts settlers, to the gorgeous peristyled gardens of the Twentieth Century that adorn the North Shore today. One of the first accounts of early American gardens was given in 1672 by John Josselyn, who made a study of New England flowers and plants. These first gardens consisted, as we have seen, of simple little beds laid out in woodland clearings close by the simple houses.

Here flowers from the woods became acquainted, and seeds and plants that had been brought from England. Even in the early days of the

country's history there were a few rich homes. The Governors of all the colonies lived well and, doubtless, had plenty of flowers to beautify their grounds. As the country prospered, rich homes and gardens increased. By the middle of the eighteenth century show-places abounded in New England, particularly in Massachusetts, the parent State. Boston, of course, was famed for its gardens. That of the Hancock Mansion is often quoted. It was a carefully tended garden. Tulips, hollyhocks, jessamine besides curious plants beautified the place. But the Hancock, like many of the other fine gardens of Boston, is no longer in existence.

FAMOUS SALEM GARDENS

The old-fashioned garden of New England reached its highest development in Salem, Massachusetts. John Endicott, the first



FLOWERS OF OLDEN TIME

In the garden of Indian Hill, West Newbury, Mass. Originally this garden contained only white flowers, but other colors have been added.



AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

This garden of Mrs. Charles Perry, at the Knapp Estate, Newburyport, Mass., was laid out about 1800

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

governor of the colony, has been termed the pioneer of garden culture in New England. On his extensive grounds (now in Danvers) he planted the daisy imported from England known today as the white weed, and the Dyer's weed, or Woad Waxen. The latter spread and flourished until it became a menace to the farmer, covering the hillside with brilliant yellow flowers.

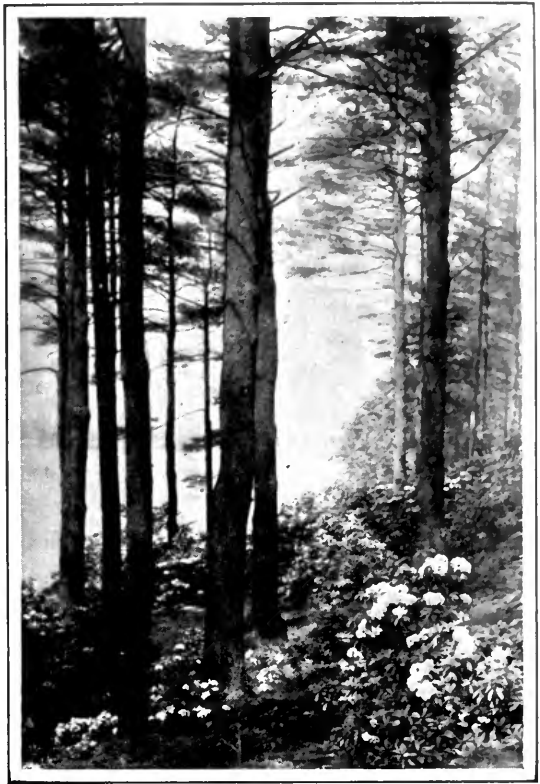
When General Gage took up his headquarters at Danvers, in the old Hooper house, now known as "The Lindens," there was a beautiful garden at the rear. This was reached through a one path walk, which ended in a summer-house at the farther end. This garden within the last few years has been restored to its original design, and is today bright with many descendants of the same flowers that were there when General Gage enjoyed it.

A hundred years ago, Joseph Cabot laid out at the rear of his house, built in 1748, one of Salem's most wonderful gardens. He imported from Holland thousands of bulbs. During the tulip season it was visited by hundreds of persons. This became a festive time in the historic town. In all New England there was never a more beautiful display than the thousands of tulips that were in blossom here in the Spring.

The old Saltonstall garden hidden behind a high wall, as were most of the Salem gardens, is reached through an archway covered with vines. It still retains the old time box borders. The central feature is a green arbor of peculiar design that stands midway down the garden path. Here grow wonderful peonies, many of which are the original plants.

The design of the Hoffman garden, which was laid out in the early part of the nineteenth century, has been kept by the present mistress, who loves the flowers no less than the first owners who planted them. In the garden the first camelias were grown, one of the plants being still alive and showing every season an abundance of bloom. There were gorgeous specimens of the New Holland acacia and the smilax which has grown for the first time in New England.

Joseph Peabody, whose vessels at one time circumnavigated the globe, bought an estate in Danvers about 1812. In front of the house his son,



WILD LAUREL

On the estate of Frederick S. Mosely, at West Newbury, Mass.
This natural garden is over one hundred years old

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

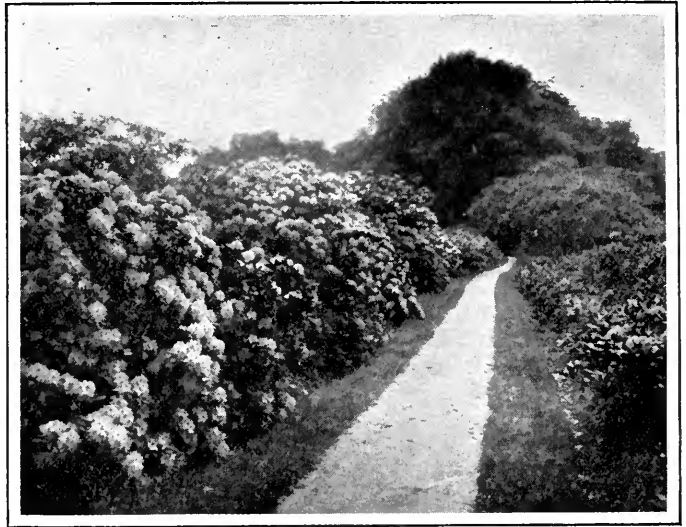
Francis Peabody, laid out a charming garden, for which he designed a unique summer-house. Just beyond is another famous garden—that of Elias Haskett Derby.

The Derby garden was one of the most famous in New England. It was noted for its rare fruits and flowers, and for a lily pond which was an unusual feature in those days. Many rare bulbs and plants were imported. Here blossomed the first night-blooming cereus, the *Cereus Grandifloris*, not the flat leaved cactus commonly called by that name. This garden was formal in its arrangement. One of the summer-houses, the work of McIntyre of Salem, is particularly beautiful. A singular feature of this garden was a thatched hermitage concealed beneath a weeping willow. Within, a pallet of straw, some broken furniture and the life-sized effigy of a man appearing to read from a prayer-book afforded a surprise to the visitor.

Another famous Salem Garden was laid out in 1822 by Robert Manning, one of the most enterprising and successful fruit cultivators in America. Hawthorne loved to come here and wander up and down the box-bordered paths, drawing inspirations for many a story from the trees and flowers. The orchard contained two thousand fruit trees.

GARDENS OF NEWBURY

One of the horticulturists who did much to improve Salem gardens was George Huessler, a German, who had served his apprenticeship in gardens of the German nobility. His first work was done in Newburyport for John Tracy, who had a fine residence on High Street. A feature of this garden is its flagging of large irregular stones, now moss grown, which form a court-yard just back of the house. The box-bordered posy beds are filled with the same kind of flowers that were planted when the garden was first laid out. The grounds were laid out in terraces. Many



A FINE ROW OF RHODODENDRONS
On the estate of Charles Sargent at Brockton, Mass.



SUN-DIAL AT "THE LINDENS"
The Francis Peabody Mansion,
Danvers, Mass.

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

of the flowers were cultivated in hot beds that covered part of the grounds. Baron de Talleyrand speaks of it in his second volume of travel. More famous is the garden at Indian Hill, West Newbury. The estate on which this garden is situated was the last tract of land conveyed by the Indians to the town of Newbury. This was assigned by the Indian called "Great Tom" in 1650, and since that time it has been occupied by the Poore family.

This garden was laid out in terraces, and it was originally known as the "White Garden," for nothing was allowed to grow there but white flowers. The owner had a particular fondness for white, and cultivated, as well as white flowers, a flock of white pigeons, a flock of white sheep, and a herd of white cattle. In this garden grew the white candytuft used for edging, the narcissus, the snowflake, and the Star of Bethlehem. The deutzia and spiraeas also flourished. Today we find there all the old-fashioned flowers popular a century ago. The same gardener laid out the Moulton gardens in Newbury.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GARDENS

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has always been celebrated for its gardens. The Ladds, the Sherburnes, the Wendells, the Wentworths and other families took pride and pleasure in their flowers. The garden of the Barrett-Wendell house, built in 1798, belongs to a later period than the mansion; but, though not "Colonial," is still "old-fashioned" and quaint.

Martha Hilton, the little serving-maid, who married Governor Bennington Wentworth in the old Wentworth house at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, doubtless loved the garden that belonged to the estate. This is simple in plan and contains the same kinds of flowers



ENGLISH SUN-DIAL

Brought from England to the garden of Mrs. J. C. Rogers, at Oak Hill, Peabody, Mass.



THE STARK GARDEN

At Dumbarton, Mass. This garden has been kept practically as it was in the days of Molly Stark

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

that grew in the gardens of the Colonial days.

Here cinnamon pinks were a feature of the border. Behind them bloomed masses of bachelor buttons, four o'clocks, poppies, and Sweet William. Under the trees, ferns, lilies-of-the-valley, and rockeries, filled with wild flowers transplanted from the woods, beautified the shady place.

Another famous New Hampshire garden was the one planted by Sir Henry Franklin for Agnes Surriage at Hopkinton. Tradition says the first lilacs known to New England were seen here. Records of many flowers imported, among them daffodils and tulips, show how people of that day loved to cultivate flowers. Like Martha Hilton, Agnes Surriage began life as a servant and captivated the fancy of a wealthy gentleman of fashion. Unfortunately, this garden is now only a memory.



WHITTIER'S GARDEN

In this garden at Oak Hill, Danvers, Mass., the poet loved to walk and muse. The fountain in the center was a gift from him to Mrs. Johnson, who lives there now



EMERSON'S GRAPE ARBOR

In the background may be seen the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Concord, Mass.

TOPIARIAN GARDENS

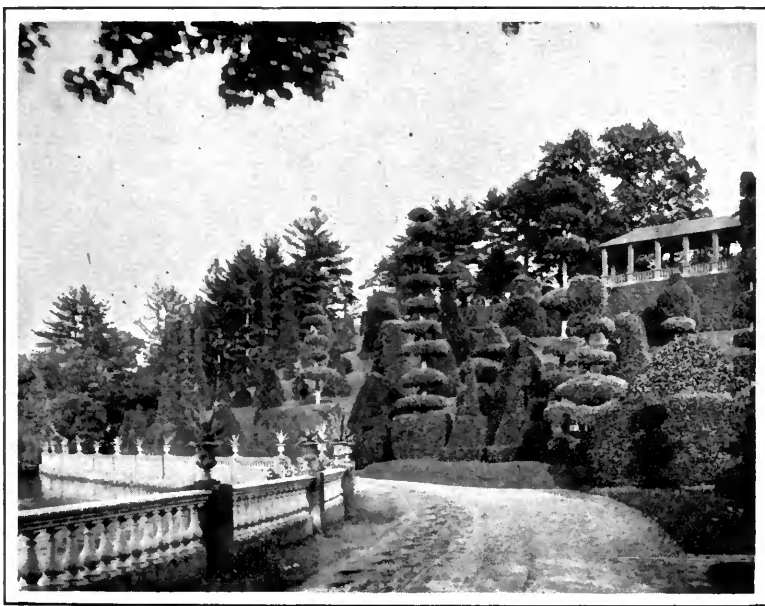
At the close of the seventeenth century tree-sculpture became the fashion in England. Trees and shrubs were cut into all kinds of grotesque shapes according to the whims of the topiary, as the tree-sculptor was called. Topiarian culture was also practiced in American gardens of the period, particularly in the Southern States, where box was chiefly used. A good example of this style of gardening is exhibited at Wellesley by Mr. Hunnewell, who conceived an idea many years ago of laying out his estate as an Italian garden in which topiary effects would be the charm. The gleaming marble steps make a fine contrast with the green of the trees. "It was after a visit to Elvaston, nearly fifty years ago," Mr. Hunnewell writes, "that I

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

conceived the idea of making a collection of trees for topiary work, in imitation of what I had witnessed at that celebrated estate. As suitable trees for that purpose could not be obtained at the nurseries in this country, and as the English yew is not reliable in our New England climate, I was obliged to make the best selection possible from such trees as had proved hardy here—the pines, spruces, hemlocks, junipers, arbovitae, cedars and Japanese retinosporas. The trees were all very small and for the first twenty years their growth was shortened twice annually, causing them to take a close and compact habit, comparing favorably in that respect with the yew. Many of them are now more than forty feet in height and sixty feet in circumference, the hemlocks especially, proving successful.” This, of course, is not an old garden but it is interesting enough to be considered in this article.

Everyone loves a garden. An old writer remarks: “There is not one of woman born without a sense of pleasure when he sees buds bursting into leaf; earth yielding green shoots from germs in its warm bosom; white

fruit blossoms tinted with rose blushes, standing out in clumps from slender branches; flowers courting the look by their varied loveliness and smell; large, juicy apples bowing down the shoots from which they spring; plants of giant growth with multiform shrubs beyond; and hollyhocks towering like painted pinnacles from hidden shrines.”



THE WALK AND THE FANTASTICALLY TRIMMED TREES
At Wellesley Gardens, Wellesley, Mass.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

OLD TIME GARDENS *By Alice Morse Earle*

Colonial gardens, old-fashioned flowers, flowering trees and fruit trees, and much quaint flower lore and quotations from old writers.

SUN-DIALS AND ROSES OF YESTERDAY *By Alice Morse Earle*

This is a companion volume to the above. It contains much interesting information.

AMERICAN GARDENS *By G. Lowell*

This is a collection of choice plates depicting beautiful gardens, with introduction and sketch-plans of the gardens represented.

HISTORIC HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND *By Mary Harrod Northend*

A beautifully illustrated book describing private ancestral homes, architecturally interesting and of historical note.

We have heard again from Sergeant Bell. You remember that we printed a letter a month ago that we had received from the trenches in France. The writer was an officer in the 10th Highland Light Infantry, and he asked for The Mentor. We sent it to him. Now he writes in acknowledgment of it:

"Very many thanks for sending me the copies of The Mentor. In this trench warfare we have, of course, some time to ourselves which, during the winter, is spent mostly in reading.

"A few old magazines, papers, etc., generally, find their way to the zone of hostilities. I said to myself, why read stuff that will be of no use to you? That's the reason that I wrote you the letter requesting a few copies of The Mentor.

"I can safely say that The Mentor has afforded me much pleasure. To me everything that one learns from The Mentor is imprinted firmly in the mind by the beautiful gravures.

"About myself. I have been in and out of the trenches now for over ten months. During that period I have never even had a day's illness. Was at Loos and Ypres, but was lucky enough not to get hit at all.

"The weather here has been very bad this last three weeks past. Thanks to our being well clothed and well fed, we do not feel it too much.

"Will now close with best wishes from your readers here.

"Sincerely yours, H. George Bell."

★ ★ ★

We have often been asked for an index. After having issued more than 100 Mentors, we decided that it was time to make one. The work was assigned to an expert who had indexed many books in the course of years. But The Mentor was a new experience. When the work was not completed on the date arranged, I made inquiry and got the following letter:

★ ★ ★

"Blame me not for the delay. The conditions are extraordinary. I do not suppose anyone, even the editors, have taken in The Mentor, as a whole, as I have in the past two weeks. My brain is fairly loaded with the condensed information that I have absorbed. Perhaps it might interest you to know some of the features

of your extraordinary publication as they appear to the indexer. The first thing that impressed me when I began the work was the unique and original character of The Mentor. It is neither a magazine nor a book. It is an entirely original product and a novel one for an indexer.

★ ★ ★

The Mentors are separate units, each one treating a single subject and having a paging of its own. Yet there is a unity about the whole Mentor plan because the numbers are related to each other as part of one broad scheme. The information in The Mentor is condensed and every sentence is important. The articles are written by authors of experience and authority and they waste no words. Accordingly, the indexer has to watch every phrase carefully to make sure that no points are missed. Then, too, The Mentor covers a very wide range of topics, and it is important that the index should give a reader all the different references to a topic that can be found in the various numbers. And, finally, a contributing cause to the delay has been the fact that The Mentor is very enticing to the indexer. I have found in the course of years of experience that I could, in many cases, skim pages very rapidly and yet get all that was necessary for an index. In the case of The Mentor I have found the material so closely woven and the information so compact that I have paused many times in the course of the work to read a page. This is especially true of your monographs on the backs of the pictures. Before I had gone long in the work I found it best to read the monographs through completely for their own sake before I indexed them. And so you must blame The Mentor if I have taken more time than was contemplated. The index will be finished in a few days—and when it is *I shall be sorry.*"

★ ★ ★

The work has been well done and the index is now ready. It covers the numbers from 1 to 107 and is uniform in size and style to The Mentor. Copies will be sent to any address upon receipt of twenty-five cents. Better get this index. It will add to the value of your Mentor file.

W.D. Moffat
EDITOR

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IN ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, HISTORY, NATURE, AND TRAVEL

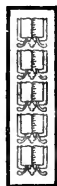
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Members who desire to procure complete Mentor Libraries or special sets of The Mentor devoted to their favorite subjects will be interested in the announcement on the back cover of this issue. We suggest that you send for your sets at once.

NUMBERS TO FOLLOW

July 1. THE WEATHER. *By C. F. Talman, of the United States Weather Bureau.* July 15. AMERICAN POETS OF THE SOIL. *By Burges Johnson, Associate Professor of Literature, Vassar College.*

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JULY 1 1916

SERIAL NO. 110

THE MENTOR

THE WEATHER

By C. F. TALMAN
Of the United States Weather Bureau

DEPARTMENT OF
SCIENCE

\$3.00
PER YEAR

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Old Probabilities



SHALL tomorrow's weather be fair or foul? Blow wind—blow moistly from the South, for I go afishing. "Nay, good friend," exclaims the golfer, "the day must be dry and the wind in the west." The farmer moistens his finger and points it toward the sky. "Rain, come, quickly, for my crops," is his prayer. But the maiden's voice is full of pleading: "Let the sun shine tomorrow that my heart may be light on my wedding day."



AND so, through the days and seasons, humanity with all its varied needs, turns anxiously, entreatingly to Old Probabilities. And how is it possible for him to satisfy the conflicting demand? He may, on the same day, please the farmer in the West, the fisherman in the South, the golfer in the northern hills, and the bride in the eastern town. But how can he suit them all in one locality on a single day? Old Probabilities is willing and he loves humanity, but his powers and privileges are limited. There are those who say that it is due to the kind endeavors of Old Probabilities to satisfy everybody that our weather has at times become so strangely mixed.



OLD Probabilities is a gentle family name and came out of the affection of the people. The name was a matter of pleasantry. It was given to the Chief of the United States Weather Bureau when the department was first established by Congress, and its source lay in the phrase, "It is probable," with which all the weather predictions began. But Old Probabilities, genial prophet and lover of his fellow men, is passing away, for the officer who organized the Weather Bureau became in time displeased with the name and changed the form of the daily prediction so as to read, "The indications are." The phrase is formal and severe. There is naught but cold comfort in it. Our hearts turn back fondly to Old Probabilities and his friendly assurance: "It is *probable* that tomorrow will be fair."



Chickamauga Park, Tenn., in an Ice Storm

THE WEATHER

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

Librarian of the U. S. Weather Bureau



THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE · JULY 1, 1916

MENTOR GRAVURES

CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE U. S. WEATHER
BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D. C.
A SIMPLE WEATHER STATION
A MAJESTIC CUMULUS CLOUD

THE OBSERVATORY ON MONTE ROSA
LAUNCHING A METEOROLOGICAL KITE
THE EFFECTS OF SNOW AND ICE—
THE CAMPUS, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

IT is easy to lay too much stress upon the unimportant aspects of weather. It furnishes a bit of conversation over the teacups; it accentuates the twinges of rheumatism; it spoils a holiday. All this, however, is mere byplay.

The real work of the weather—the work that explains the existence of costly weather bureaus, such as the one upon which our Government spends more than a million and a half dollars annually—is momentous beyond calculation. Consider such facts and figures as these:

The head of the British Meteorological Office recently declared that bad weather costs the farmers of the British Isles about one hundred million dollars a year. In our own country it has been estimated that a difference of one inch in the rainfall occurring during July in six States means a difference of two hundred and fifty million dollars in the value of the corn (maize) crop. The world over, the damage wrought by hailstorms is said to average about two hundred million dollars a year. In the city of Galveston a single hurricane once destroyed twenty million dollars' worth of property and six thousand human lives. Thus we might proceed indefinitely.

The fact is that man's welfare is conditioned to an enormous extent and in an endless variety of ways by the vicissitudes of the atmosphere;

hence the study of weather—meteorology—is one of the most important of sciences. It is also one of the most strikingly neglected!

At the office of the Weather Bureau in Washington there is a meteorological library of some thirty-five thousand volumes. But meteorological libraries are rare; meteorological books are scarce in other libraries; and meteorologists are so uncommon that whoever declares himself one is likely to be asked, "What is a meteorologist?"

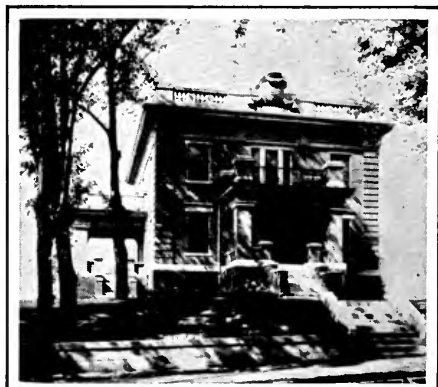
The "meteors" studied by the meteorologist are not shooting stars, but the phenomena of the atmosphere,—rain and snow, cloud and fog, wind and sunshine, and whatever else enters into the composition of weather and climate.

THE ATMOSPHERE

The ocean of air in which human beings live, even as deep-sea fishes live at the bottom of the liquid ocean, is called the *atmosphere*. Unlike the liquid ocean, it diminishes rapidly in density from the bottom upward. At an altitude of three and one-half miles it is only half as dense as at sea-level. This is higher than the highest permanent habitations of man. Mountain-climbers and balloonists have attained greater altitudes; but above a level of about five miles the air is too greatly rarefied to support life. Balloonists who ascend still higher must carry a supply of oxygen with them. A little above the ten-mile level the air is only one-eighth as dense as at sea-level. The atmosphere extends at least 300 miles above the earth, at which height its density is computed to be only one two-millionth as great as at sea-level.

The weather with which human beings are concerned may be said to extend upward seven or eight miles; *i.e.*, to the level of the higher clouds. The layer of the atmosphere lying between sea-level and the upper cloud level has certain characteristics that distinguish it from the air above it, and is known as the *troposphere*.

The heating of the atmosphere by the sun is the beginning of all weather, and the temperature of the air is the most important weather element. As soon as we begin to study atmospheric temperature, we encounter a paradox. The heat of the air is all derived from the sun



STATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU

Showing two extreme types: one, an office on the twenty-ninth floor of the Whitehall Building, New York City, with instruments installed on the roof; the other, an independent observatory building, with free exposure on all sides, at St. Joseph, Mo.

THE NEW IDEA IN WEATHER
OBSERVATORIES

The Observatory of the Ebro (Spain), founded by Spanish Jesuits, is devoted to studying the interrelations of sun, earth and air. Its admirable equipment includes apparatus for the direct and spectroscopic study of the sun, for measuring solar radiation, atmospheric electricity, earth currents, terrestrial magnetism, and earthquakes; besides the ordinary routine of a meteorological observatory. The results of all these observations are published side by side, to facilitate comparison



(except a minute quantity from the interior of the earth, and an infinitesimal quantity from other heavenly bodies), and it would therefore seem at first glance that the upper layers of the atmosphere should be warmer than the lower. Experience proves the reverse to be the case. A mountain overgrown with tropical vegetation on its lower slopes is, if high enough, crowned with eternal snows. A thermometer carried upward in the air shows under average conditions a fall of temperature of one degree (Fahrenheit) for every 300 feet of ascent. This fall of temperature with ascent continues to the upper limit of the troposphere, where the average temperature is something like 70 degrees below zero.

Above the troposphere is a region called the *stratosphere*, or *isothermal layer*, in which an ascending thermometer shows irregular and generally small changes of temperature—not infrequently a rise of temperature with ascent. The exploration of the stratosphere is one of the most fascinating fields of meteorological research, but lies somewhat beyond the scope of an essay on weather. It is carried out chiefly with the aid of small free balloons, some of which (sounding balloons) bear self-registering thermometers and other instruments, while others (pilot balloons) bear no instruments, but show by their movements the drift of the air currents. The greatest altitude ever attained by a sounding-balloon was 21.8 miles; by a pilot-balloon, 24.2 miles. The branch of meteorology dealing with the study of the upper air is called *aërology*.

Reverting to the temperature of man's environment, the reason why the atmosphere is warmest at the bottom is this: The sun's rays come to



The Argentine meteorological station in the South Orkneys. Once a year an expedition is sent from Buenos Aires to relieve the staff of four observers. This is the southernmost permanently inhabited spot on the globe; and it has not even wireless communication with the rest of the world

A LONELY OUTPOST ON THE VERGE OF THE ANTARCTIC

us from outer space in the form of vibrations in the ether, and warm the air to only a slight extent in passing through it. They are absorbed by the ground, and converted into heat waves. The air is then warmed by contact with the warm ground. Lastly, the warming of the lower air gives rise to air-currents, which distribute the heat through the atmosphere.

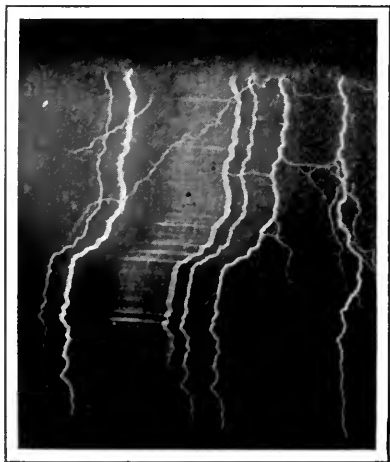
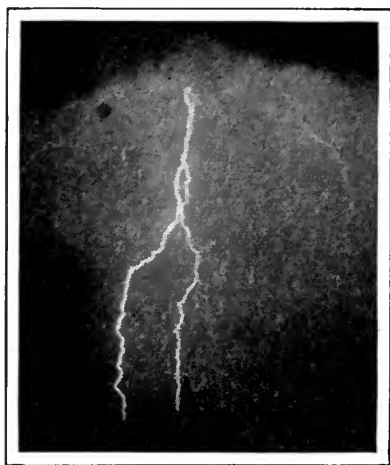
BAROMETRIC PRESSURE

If our weather were uniform, it would furnish little matter for conversation; in fact, would hardly be weather at all. Changeableness is the salient feature of weather, and to understand weather changes one must know something about barometric pressure.

Like all other forms of matter, the invisible air has weight. At sea-level

it exerts a downward pressure averaging 14.7 pounds to the square inch. Atmospheric pressure is measured by means of an instrument called the *barometer*, in which the weight of the air is balanced against a column of mercury. As the height of the mercurial column varies with the pressure of the air, and is taken as the measure of the latter, we follow the practice of expressing pressure (a force) in linear units (inches or millimeters). This practice is retained even in the use of the aneroid barometer, which contains no mercurial column. Hence, when we say that the average barometric pressure at sea-level is 29.92 "inches," we are really expressing in a roundabout way the weight of the air at that level.

Barometric pressure not only varies somewhat regularly with altitude—diminishing as we ascend—but also less regularly from place to place in a horizontal direction, and from time to time at a given place. In studying the weather meteorologists frequently wish to compare the barometric pressures prevailing at a certain time at a number of places lying in the same horizontal plane. Given a system of meteorological stations scattered over a certain territory, the first step is to secure simultaneous readings of the barometers at these stations. Then, if the stations are at various altitudes, as they commonly are, corrections must be applied to the readings to reduce all to a common plane; the plane adopted for this purpose is sea-level. Since most stations are *above* sea-level, and since



Courtesy of U. S. Bureau of Standards and Popular Science Monthly.

HOW THE CAMERA ANALYZES LIGHTNING
The same flashes photographed with (a) a stationary camera, and (b) a camera revolving on a vertical axis. One of the flashes is seen to have consisted of several successive discharges along an identical path

atmospheric pressure diminishes with altitude, reduction to sea-level generally involves applying an *additive* correction.

THE WEATHER MAP

Now please attend carefully to what follows; because I am going to attempt to put into a minimum number of words the essential facts concerning the *weather map*, the best clue to weather mysteries yet devised by man.

At about 200 stations of the Weather Bureau, distributed over the United States, the barometer and other meteorological instruments are read twice a day; *viz.*, at 8 A. M. and 8 P. M., eastern standard time. The readings are promptly telegraphed in cipher to Washington, where they are entered on a map.

The barometer readings at the different stations, reduced to sea-level as just explained, will vary, say, from 29 to 31 inches. Lines, called *isobars*, are now drawn through places having the same pressure; the intervals between the lines corresponding to differences in pressure of one-tenth of an inch. Lines (*isotherms*) are also drawn to connect places having the same temperature, a little arrow at each station shows the direction of the wind at that point, and various other symbols are used to facilitate the interpretation of the map; but the isobars are more important than anything else.

Here is the weather map for the morning of January 9, 1886. The solid curved lines are isobars, representing barometric pressures ranging all the way from 28.7 to 30.8 inches. It will be seen at a glance that these lines tend to assume roughly circular forms, inclosing regions where the pressure is lower or higher than the average. Moreover, the little arrows (which "fly with the wind") show that the winds round a



CIRRO-STRATUS

The appearance of this cloud precedes by a day or so the arrival of rainy and stormy weather

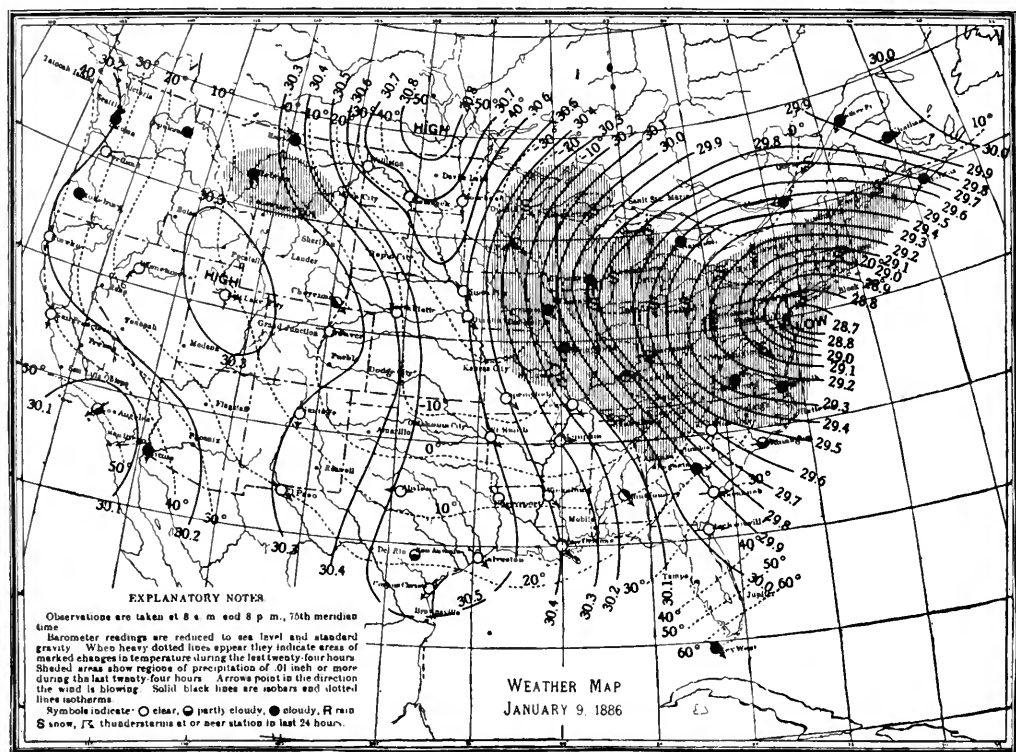


ALTO-CUMULUS



FAIR WEATHER CUMULUS

This cloud marks the summit of an ascending air current, and appears toward midday or early afternoon in the warm season. When the air rises powerfully to great heights, cumulus is built up in mountainous masses and may become cumulo-nimbus, the thundercloud.



center of low pressure tend to blow in a direction contrary to that followed by the hands of a clock (in the southern hemisphere the reverse is true), but instead of blowing in circles are inclined somewhat inward toward the center. Round a center of high pressure (in the northern hemisphere) the typical circulation of the winds is exactly opposite ("clockwise," and inclined outward), though the accompanying map does not show this particularly well.

An area of low pressure, with its system of winds, is called a *cyclone*, or *low*. An area of high pressure, with its system of winds, is called an *anticyclone*, or *high*. Note that a cyclone is not necessarily a storm, though the one shown on this map, with its center not far from New York City, was a very violent storm, which, when this map was drawn, was sweeping up the Atlantic coast. (Popular usage applies the term "cyclone" to the tornado.) The strength of the winds in a cyclone depends upon the contrast in barometric pressure



ASCENT OF A SOUNDING BALLOON
The first made in the United States; at St. Louis, Mo., in 1904

between its center and its outer border. A cyclone with crowded isobars always has strong winds; when the isobars are widely spaced the winds are gentle.

These areas of low and high pressure, in addition to their movements about their centers, move bodily across the country, in a general west-to-east direction, at an average speed of over 500 miles a day. This double movement may be compared to that of a carriage-wheel, rotating and advancing at the same time. Most of our cyclones enter the country from the Canadian North-west—though many come from other regions—and nearly all of them pass off to sea in the neighborhood of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Their route across the country varies greatly, depending in part upon the season.

THE WEATHER IN CYCLONES AND ANTICYCLONES

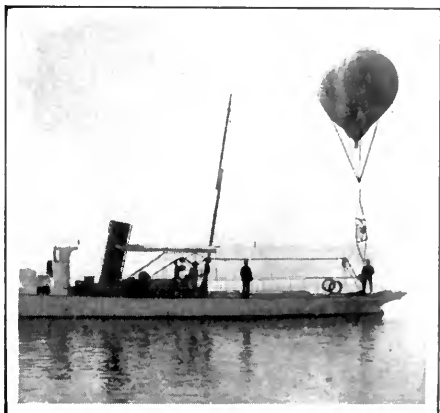
Barometric pressure is not an element of weather, in the ordinary sense of the term, since the fluctuations of pressure that occur in the human environment are entirely inappreciable to the senses. We have seen, however, that pressure is intimately related to wind, which is a weather element of much importance. In noting that systems of high and low pressure are constantly traveling across the country, and that they are accompanied by winds having fairly definite characteristics in relation to each, we have taken an important step toward bringing order out of the (to the uninitiated) chaotic sequence of weather. Obviously, a system of telegraphic weather reports makes it possible to keep close watch of these wind systems, and, from their locations on today's weather map, to form some idea where they will be tomorrow. Thus the weather forecaster is enabled to give notice of the imminence of those violent winds that destroy life and property at sea, and, to a less extent, on land. There is an element of uncertainty in such predictions—since storms, unlike railway trains, are not confined to fixed routes and regular schedules—but the practised forecaster acquires an instinct that helps him to forestall their vagaries.

Now what is true of wind is also true to a certain extent of the other elements of weather,—they bear typical relations to the distribution of atmospheric pressure. Cyclones are usually preceded by rising temperature



THE KITE HOUSE AT AN AEROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY

Some of the kites are much the worse for wear after flying in a storm



SENDING UP A METEOROLOGICAL BALLOON ON LAKE CONSTANCE
Between Switzerland and Germany

and accompanied by cloudiness and rain or snow; anticyclones are usually preceded by falling temperature and attended by fair weather.

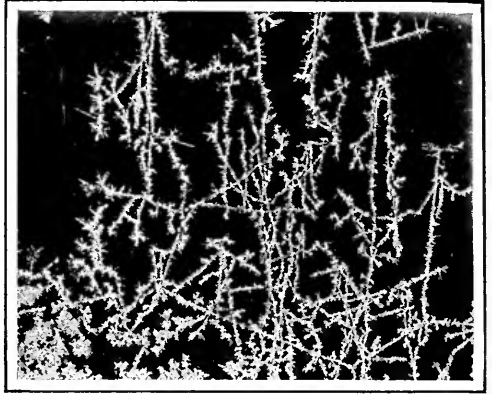
Referring again to the map of January 9, 1886, and following the course of the isotherms, or temperature lines, we see that abnormally cold weather prevailed over the Middle Western and Southern States. The isotherm of zero dips far south across northern Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee; while in the upper Mississippi and Missouri Valleys the temperatures were from 20 to 40 degrees below zero. These regions were, in fact, in the grip of a severe "cold wave," which had entered the country a day or two before, preceding the anticyclone here seen central north of Dakota. Cold northwesterly winds were sweeping over the Great Plains, and as far south as the Gulf.

The same map shows typical weather accompanying the cyclone central on the Atlantic coast. From the seaboard west to the Mississippi Valley rain or snow had fallen within the previous twenty-four hours (indicated by shading), and snow (indicated by S) was falling at the moment of observation at a majority of stations within this area. Elsewhere in the same region the weather was cloudy.



MARVIN RAIN AND SNOW GAGE

With trumpet-shaped wind-shield at top. In the middle is seen the cylindrical collector. This is removed and weighed with its contents to ascertain the amount of rain or snow that has fallen



HOARFROST

Minute crystals of ice deposited from the air. Under a magnifying-glass they show a variety of beautiful forms

The foregoing remarks indicate in a general way the significance of the weather map and the principles upon which scientific weather predictions are based. The endless procession of highs and lows brings to any place on the map constant alternations of heat and cold, storm and sunshine. The forecaster watches the procession, and draws his inferences as to what will happen in this or that part of the country within the next day or two (forty-eight hours is about the limit of his outlook). "Long-range" forecasting is still a thing of the remote future. Forecasts for a week in advance, are, indeed made by the Weather Bureau with the aid of reports from a chain of stations extending round the globe, but these are in very general terms.

In January, 1914, the Bureau began publishing a "daily weather map of the Northern Hemisphere." This publication is, at present, suspended on account of the war.

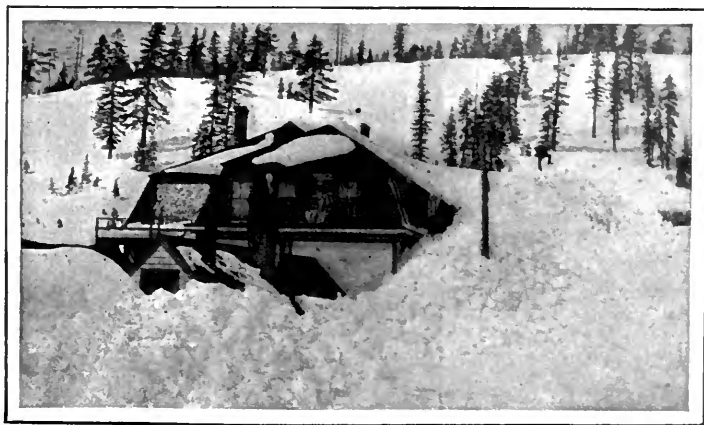
SOME WEATHER MISCELLANIES

It would require a book, rather than a brief essay, to describe all the vicissitudes of weather, and many books that attempt to do this have been written.* We have space here only to mention a few important features of the weather met with in our own country.

The southern and southeastern part of a cyclone, some hundreds of miles from the center, is a favorite breeding-ground for *thunderstorms* and *tornadoes*. Thunderstorms of the type known as "heat thunderstorms" also occur with no special relation to cyclonic centers in regions where the ground has been intensely heated. In either case the storm is built up by rapidly ascending air, which cools and condenses its water vapor, first into enormous clouds (*cumulo-nimbus*, or "thunderheads"), and then into rain, frequently accompanied by hail.



THE EFFECTS OF AN ICE STORM AT CANTON, N. Y.
March 25-27, 1913



SUMMIT HOTEL AT SUMMIT, CAL.

On March 18, 1911. A three-story building whose first story is buried under twenty-six feet of snow

It would be necessary to go to some length to explain the familiar electrical manifestations of the thunderstorm—some points, indeed, are not perfectly clear to meteorologists—but it should be stated that these are always the result, not the cause, of the storm. *Lightning* is an electrical discharge between cloud and earth, or cloud and cloud, and *thunder* is simply the violent sound-wave set up by the sudden expansion of the heated air along the path of the discharge,—the same acoustic phenomenon that accompanies an ordinary explosion.

A *tornado* (popularly miscalled a "cyclone") is an extremely violent vortex in the air, usually less than 1,000 feet in diameter. Besides its very rapid rotary motion, it has a

*See "Brief List of Meteorological Textbooks and Reference Books," 3d ed., by C. Fitzhugh Talman. For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. Price 5 cents.

progressive motion at a speed averaging forty or fifty miles an hour. Its position at any moment is marked by a black funnel-shaped cloud, which grows downward from



Courtesy of the Scientific American
A WATERSPOUT NEAR BEAUFORT, N. C.,
IN AUGUST, 1911

the sky and does not at all times reach the earth. A waterspout at sea is an identical phenomenon, though usually less violent. Along its narrow path the tornado demolishes everything,—wooden houses are blown to splinters, trees uprooted or stripped of their branches, structures of heavy masonry laid in ruins. Something like a hundred lives are lost each year in these storms, on an average, and one of them (St. Louis, May 27, 1896) destroyed thirteen million dollars' worth of property.

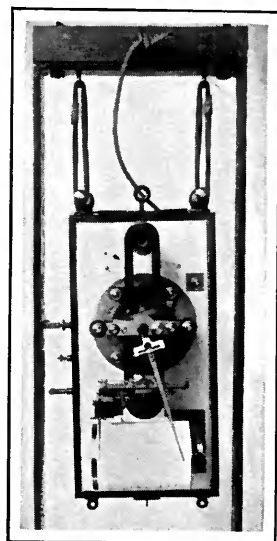
A *blizzard* is a high, cold wind, accompanied by blinding snow, which in winter sometimes blows out of the front of an advancing anticyclone, especially in our North-Central States. A similar wind, with or without snow, is called in Texas a *norther*.

A *chinook* is a warm, dry wind that descends the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains in Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, and flows north-eastward over the plains. Its effects are most pronounced in winter, when it brings about a very sudden rise in the temperature—in extreme cases as much as forty degrees in fifteen minutes! It causes snow to vanish as if by magic, and is appropriately nicknamed the "snow-eater."



IN THE WAKE OF A TORNADO

The tornado destroyed a house and barn, but left a path in the center with practically no harm done



THURPAIN'S THUNDERSTORM
RECORDER

Or *ceraunograph*. This is one of several instruments designed to register the natural electric waves, or "strays," which sometimes interfere seriously with the transmission of wireless telegrams. Strays are often generated by lightning discharges, near or distant, and this instrument therefore serves to give notice of an approaching thunderstorm

"*Cloudburst*" is merely a picturesque name for a very heavy shower; usually a thunder-shower.

West India hurricanes occasionally visit the United States, especially in the late summer and early autumn. These storms begin as violent cyclones of small extent (300 to 600 miles in diameter), usually somewhere east of the West Indies, sweep in a long curve across the Caribbean Sea, and then turn north,

either passing up along the Atlantic Coast or crossing the Gulf of Mexico into the southern United States. Soon after entering the temperate zone they increase in size and diminish in violence, but are still vigorous enough on reaching the Gulf or South Atlantic Coast to cause great devastation. Low-lying shores are often inundated by the immense waves they generate.

Cold waves are the rapid and severe falls in temperature that sometimes occur in winter, especially at the front of an anticyclone. Warnings of these occurrences, issued by the Weather Bureau twenty-four to thirty-six hours in advance, often result in the saving of millions of dollars' worth of merchandise susceptible to damage by freezing.

Frosts in the spring and autumn are also predicted with great success, to the immense advantage of farmers, market-gardeners, and horticulturists. The practice of smudging or heating orchards, now so widespread, is usually carried on under the advice of the Weather Bureau, which gives prompt notice to the orchardist when such precautions are in order. The bureau publishes charts showing the average and extreme dates of the last frost in spring and the first frost in autumn for all parts of the country.

A *fog* is a cloud resting on the surface of the earth. In the United States fog is commonest along the northern and middle parts of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. In the interior of the country, especially the western part, it is of rare occurrence, the average number of days a year with fog being less than ten.



LOOKING DOWN ON A SEA OF FOG FROM MT.
TAMALPAIS, CALIFORNIA

Lastly—weather fallacies are rife. *Indian summer* is merely a type of mild, hazy, heavenly weather that prevails intermittently during our long American autumns. The *equinoctial storm* is a myth; the climate has not “changed” anywhere within the span of a human lifetime (one year differs from another, but there is no progressive or permanent change); and the *moon* has nothing whatever to do with THE WEATHER.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

CLIMATE AND WEATHER *By H. N. Dickson*

AMERICAN WEATHER *By A. W. Greely*

WEATHER SCIENCE *By R. G. K. Lempfert*

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE WEATHER

Second edition.

By W. Marriott

METEOROLOGY

By W. I. Milham

The latest general textbook on the subject in English.

FORECASTING WEATHER *By W. N. Shaw*

ELEMENTARY METEOROLOGY *By F. Waldo*

Consult also the numerous publications of the United States Weather Bureau, which will be found in most public libraries.

****Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.**



"What is lightning and what causes it?" The question came to us a few days after we had made announcement of a "Weather" number of *The Mentor*. It was a natural question, for lightning is the most sensational of all weather phenomena. It has always had a fearful sort of fascination for humanity. To the ancients it came as a bolt of wrath from the hand of Jove. To the fire-worshippers it was a warning message. To parched travelers it was a bright promise, for it heralded the coming of rain. To the superstitious it was a signal flash from the spirit world. And to those of nervous temperament it was a highly disturbing phenomenon producing emotions varying from uneasiness and alarm to hysteria. The question then, "What is lightning and what causes it?" has an interest for all. I referred it to Mr. Talman, the author of the *Mentor* article on "The Weather." His reply follows.

* * *

"Not so many generations ago 'natural philosophers' thought that inflammable gases, exhaled from the earth, took fire spontaneously in the air, and that this was lightning. The idea also prevailed—and it is not yet quite extinct—that a stroke of lightning involved the hurling down from the sky of a mass of rock, called a 'thunderbolt.' In the eighteenth century people became quite familiar with the process of generating, by friction, a mysterious something called 'electricity,' which, when it passed from one body to another through a small layer of intervening air, produced sparks. Several philosophers noticed the resemblance between these sparks and lightning. It remained, however, for Benjamin Franklin to prove that lightning was really an electrical discharge on a large scale. The experiments by which he proposed to demonstrate this were successfully performed, first by others, in France, and then, by Franklin himself, at Philadelphia. With the aid of his famous kite he drew down from a thundercloud a little of the 'electrical fluid' (as it was then called), and produced tiny sparks from an iron key at the lower end of the wet kite-string.

"We do not even yet know what electricity is, but we know a great deal about the way it behaves and the effects it produces. There are two kinds of electricity, which we call *positive* and *negative*. A body is said to be *charged* when it has an excess of either kind, and the two kinds have a tendency to unite and neutralize each other's effects. Thunderclouds become heavily charged with electricity. We are not quite sure how this happens, but it is now commonly believed that the strong uprising currents of air that occur in the storm, in the process of breaking up the water-drops in the cloud also separate positive from negative electricity; leaving the former in excess in the part of the cloud next to the earth, and carrying the latter far aloft.

"By a process called 'induction' the positive charge in the cloud draws an excess of negative electricity to the surface of the ground underneath. The stronger the contrast between these opposite charges, the harder they try to break through the interposing barrier of the air (which is a poor conductor of electricity) and to neutralize each other. At length they succeed in doing so. A powerful stream of electricity flows for an instant between cloud and earth. Its passage heats the air and makes it luminous—just as the passage of an electric current heats the filament of an electric lamp and makes it luminous. This is lightning.

"These discharges occur not only between the clouds and the earth, but also, and probably more often, between clouds charged with opposite kinds of electricity.

"The sudden expansion of the heated air along the path of the discharge affects our ears just as does the sudden expansion of the air at the mouth of a gun when it is fired. In each case a wave is sent through the air in all directions from the place of disturbance, and our ear-drums are set in vibration. That is thunder."

* * *

Take courage then, you timid ones, who wince in the lightning's flash and tremble under the thunder's roll. Thunder is simply a vibration of your ear drums—and, when you hear the thunder, be assured, all danger is over.

W. S. Moffat

EDITOR

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OF THE SOIL

By BURGESS JOHNSON
Assistant Professor of English
Vassar College

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WORTH WHILE

The Soil



WE are all children of the soil, and our existence depends on the soil. In infancy, with toy spade and shovel, we turn the sands in play; in youth we course the fields and woods in sport and adventure; in early manhood we lend an eager ear to the call of the earth, and dream ambitious dreams of world conquest; and in maturity we turn to the soil for sustenance, and draw upon its resources for our commerce and our industries. We find our materials for art and artifice in the soil, and our literature is rich with songs that voice the spirit of the soil.



THE nearer we hold to the soil, the firmer we hold to the hearts of our fellow-beings. Literature is the reflection of life, and the messages that make the strongest emotional appeal to humanity are those that come up from the soil. The prose and poetry that is conceived in the cloistered room may bear the stamp of genius and ripe cultivation. The carefully studied ode on a classic theme may win a laurel wreath. They are the valued fruits of scholarship. But when our natures hunger for simple comfort and cheer, we relish the flavor of the soil. When our hearts seek refreshment and invigoration we turn eagerly to "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Songs of the Sierras," "Farm Ballads," "Knee Deep in June," and the many other songs and stories that tell us of life near the soil.



WILL CARLETON



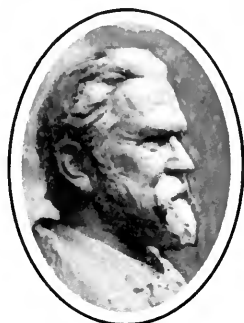
JOAQUIN MILLER



BRET HARTE



EUGENE FIELD



EDWIN MARKHAM

AMERICAN POETS OF THE SOIL

By **BURGES JOHNSON**

*Assistant Professor of English,
Vassar College*



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE · JULY 15, 1916

MENTOR GRAVURES

WILL CARLETON · JOAQUIN MILLER · BRET HARTE · EUGENE FIELD
EDWIN MARKHAM · JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THERE is a new group of poets today, we are told, who have forsaken the old ruts. They scorn the traditional poetic vocabulary, even the conventional rhymes and rhythms, and hew a new path to the heights. Many of these futurist poets clothe a mystic thought in rude or homely phrase.

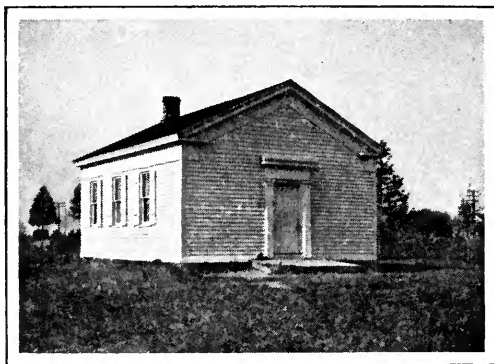
There was a school of poets, and their laurels are still green, who followed in all the ruts, if you will, of rhythm and rhyme, but sang of rude or homely themes. If that old school were dead, it would be because the homely themes are gone, and there are no poetic emotions to be stirred save the mystic and the complex!

Who were our elder poets of the soil? Whittier might be called one of them, and Lowell and Longfellow, and certainly Whitman. But these names have been placed in a higher list. They found their themes throughout humanity, and all humanity has listened to their voices.

We have in mind a group less widely famed, who found their inspiration in the life immediately about them. One sang of the farm, and one of the mines; this one of the mountains, and that one of boyhood in the prairie towns, interpreting the hearts of their own people so truly that they, too, found an answering chord in hearts far beyond their narrow



THE EARLY HOME OF WILL CARLETON
Near Hudson, Michigan



WHERE THE POET WENT TO SCHOOL
The schoolhouse was only a short distance from his home

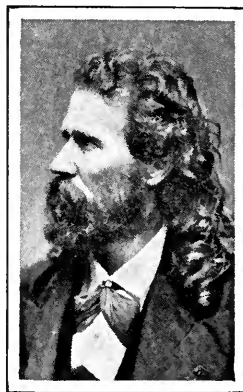


WILL CARLETON
As he appeared in 1907 when
revisiting his early home

neighborhoods. Every section of our land has had its minstrel, singing the history and honored tradition of his own people, or finding poetry in life's daily routine. A typical few we may consider closely, and in paying tribute to them do honor to the folk poetry of a nation that has always been ruled by sentiment and swayed by emotion.

WILL CARLETON

A generation ago in most eastern farmhouses "Farm Ballads" was sure to be found among the well-thumbed books. In hundreds of little red schoolhouses "Over the Hills to the Poor House" was regularly declaimed from the plat-



JOAQUIN MILLER

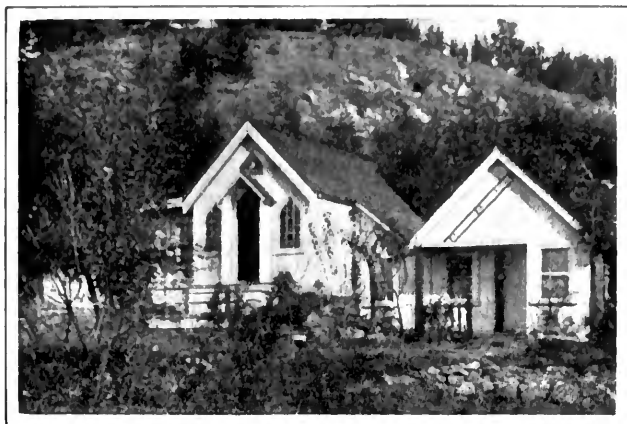
form, while simple-hearted folk who crowded the little room to hear the "exercises" wiped their eyes or blew sonorous noses. Will Carleton, author of that poem and many others as quaintly sentimental, wrote in a preface to a new edition, "I comply with the request, wondering that the world has read, over and over again, this simple story of a good woman's suffering and her rescue from it by a bad but warm-hearted son."

And yet Carleton was not wholly surprised: he knew his audience. He was always successful as a reader and lecturer, particularly in rural neighborhoods.



"JOAQUIN MILLER" LOG CABIN

Now in Rock Creek Park, Washington, D. C., whither it was removed in 1912. The "Poet of the Sierras" lived at the capital in this cabin for three years previous to his return to California in 1885



"THE HEIGHTS"
The home of Joaquin Miller at Oakland, Cal.



JOAQUIN MILLER AND HIS DAUGHTER
At their home in Oakland

He would tell of his own early life in country and city, and always preached patriotism and the homely virtues in frankest fashion.

Though he was living among us so recently, he always seemed to belong to another generation of simple living and old-fashioned courtesy. He wrote many volumes of verse, but "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," and "Farm Festivals" were the foundation and structure of his fame.



JOAQUIN MILLER
In the costume in which he posed for moving pictures

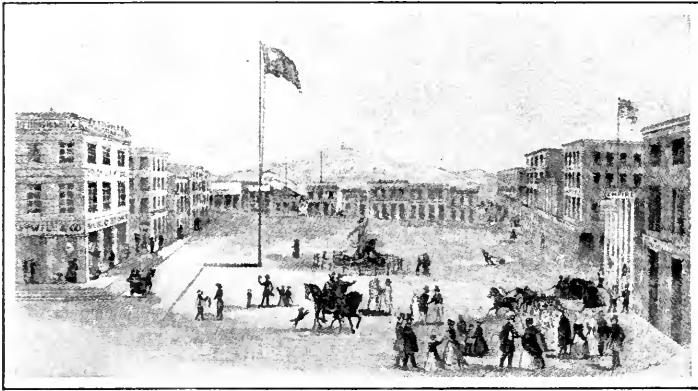
If art has no other test than that of human appeal, we shall be forced to ignore the crudities of Will Carleton's verses and call him artist. Thousands of poets have sung with more finished technic and touched fewer hearts!

Carleton's name comes first to mind among our many poets of the soil because he typifies a large group of writers, both men and women, not inspired to any degree, not finished in technic, and most of them forgotten after their own generation, but all voicing the poetry that lived in the hearts of a simple-hearted people.

JOAQUIN MILLER

Four years before Carleton was born in Michigan, Cincinnati Heine Miller was born in Indiana. Strange that out of such an imposing array of names should come "Joaquin!"

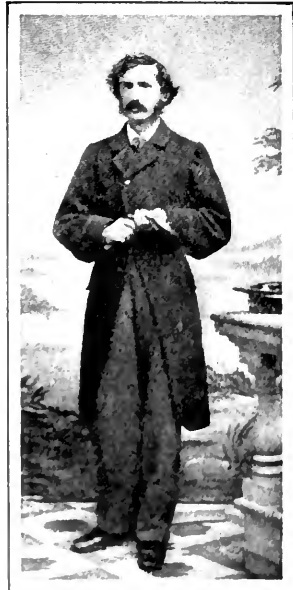
When he was nine years old he moved with his parents to Oregon; so the Pacific Slope claims Joaquin Miller, and the spirit of the Argonauts inspired his work. No minstrel ever



Courtesy, Houghton Mifflin Co.

GRAND PLAZA, SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1852

earned a better right to sing of the traditions and spirit of his own people. Before he was thirty he had been miner, express messenger, country editor, and country judge. Adventures filled those years to overflowing; and as he came to write, emphasis and spirit marked his work. He was truly a "poet of the Sierras." In 1870 he went to London and there published "Songs of the Sierras." It brought him popularity and fame—and his remarkable personality added to his success. But he did not, like his great contemporary, Bret Harte, expatriate himself. The Sierras drew him back, and only the other day, it seems, he died in Oakland. Romances and plays invited his talent; but it is as a poet of his own soil that he is remembered.

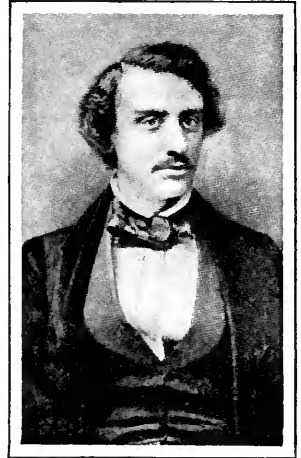


Courtesy, Houghton Mifflin Co.
BRET HARTE IN 1861

Not many poets, even among those of greater genius, have received during lifetime the reward of honor and esteem that was given Joaquin Miller. For years he held court in his picturesque California home, on the estate that it was his delight to cultivate and develop. The latchstring always hung outward, and many were the guests that took advantage of his truly western hospitality. The spirit of that West fills his poems. His "Columbus" with its inspiring refrain, "Sail on, and on," known to school children everywhere, is a hymn of later argonauts as well. "To the Lion of Saint Mark" surely suggests a subject that should call him far enough afield; yet note the lines,—

"Why, sullen old monarch of stilled Saint Mark,
Strange men of the West, wise-mouthed and strong,
Will come some day"

Some such poems as these will not die with his generation. They have become part of the tradition of the soil that he delighted to honor.



Reproduced from "The Life of Bret Harte," by T. E. Pemberton, through the courtesy of the publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co.

BRET HARTE

From a daguerreotype taken when he was seventeen years old, and shortly before he set out for the Californian goldfields

BRET HARTE

Just as the stir of life beyond the Sierras in the '50's and '60's stimulated Joaquin Miller, so in greater degree did the life in San Francisco in the years following the rush of '49 stimulate Francis Bret Harte. Bret Harte, like Miller, was not native to the coast. He was born at Albany, N. Y.; and went to San Francisco when he was fifteen. Here he found human nature in the raw. There was no veneer. The community had not yet turned aside from digging and panning, winning and losing, long enough to look to its lawless community affairs.

It is as a story teller that Bret Harte painted the most thrilling pictures of that time.

And yet we claim and hold him as a poet of the soil; for, truest of all in the rhymes and poems he has written, there are all the sharp contrasts and wide diversities to be found in that time and that people. The verses in the mouth of "Truthful James"

ring as true to the spirit of the time

as do those poems that are full of the consciousness of the far-away struggle between North and South.

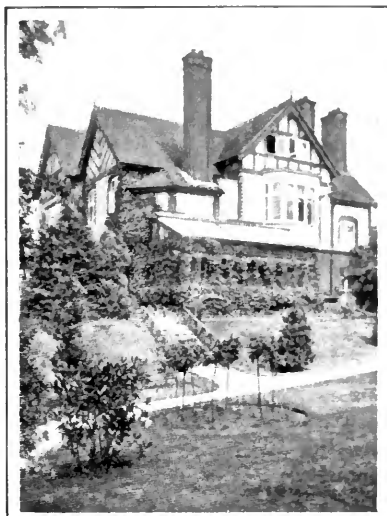
In 1868 San Francisco had her own literary magazine, the *Overland Monthly*, and through its pages Bret Harte, for a time its editor, became widely known. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" appeared here in 1868. This story and the poem popularly called "The Heathen Chinee" established his reputation. From 1871 to 1878 he lived in New York, and thereafter lived abroad.

A NEW WESTERN LITERATURE

England, from the very first appearance of his verses in 1865, had given recognition to his genius. In fact, as he himself writes in an introduction to his collected works, his first undertakings depended for their recognition in California upon their success elsewhere. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was actually put into print in the face of vigorous and shocked objection on the part of printer and proofreader, and its appearance aroused a storm of local protest. Yet this story and the dialect verses and fiction that had preceded it, were, as he says, "first efforts toward indicating a peculiarly characteristic western American literature."



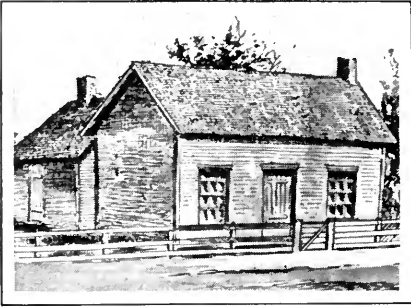
BRET HARTE



Reproduced from "The Life of Bret Harte," by T. E. Pemberton, through the courtesy of the publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE RED HOUSE, CAMBERLEY, SURREY, ENGLAND

The house in which Bret Harte died



THE BIRTHPLACE OF RILEY
At Greenfield, Ind.

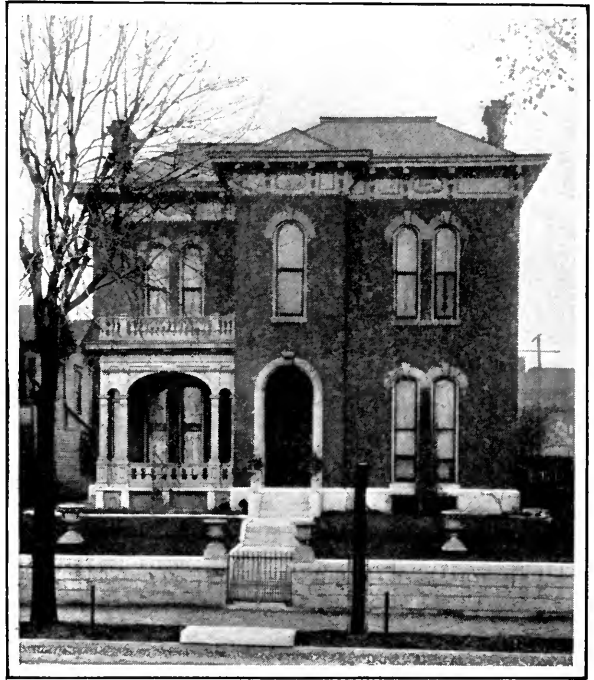
He had a "very early, half-boyish, but very enthusiastic belief" that such a literature was possible. Fortunately his magazine had already secured more than a local audience, and the immediate recognition of critics of greater discernment, perhaps because they were more remote, encouraged him to continue the literary course he had determined upon.

The turbulent days of the Forty-niner are past and gone; their bards are dead, but leaving behind them some poems and stories that will keep their memory and the memory of their times alive. After Bret Harte's first successes tribute of imitation was paid him all over the land. The affairs of the gold camp filled story and verse; and folk-poets here and there were quick to adopt his effective use of monologue in dialect poems. John Hay was one of these. His "Little Breeches" and other verses that depict so delightfully the Hoosier character of the time hold an enduring place among American poems of the soil.

FIELD AND RILEY

In the '80's and thereafter the phrase "American Folk Poets" would bring to mind at once Field and Riley. They have not so much in common that their names must always be linked; yet their appearances together on the lecture platform encouraged this popular habit of mind, and above all they both were at their best in poems of childhood.

To most of us who know by heart many of James Whitcomb Riley's poems, the name "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone" means nothing; yet



Courtesy, Bobbs-Merrill Co.
RILEY'S HOME IN
INDIANAPOLIS



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Riley's first dialect verses and even his first book appeared over that pen name.

"AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

In 1873, when nineteen years old, he began contributing to Indiana papers, and his fame steadily grew, until as the "Hoosier Poet" he was known and loved throughout the nation. "The Old Swimmin' Hole" touched the hearts of men not alone of his own soil: wherever there were grown-ups who remembered boyhood joys it made appeal. "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" may have been an Indiana sweetheart; but she was also a lass of Maine, and of the South, and of the farthest West. In his verses of Hoosier childhood he proves that the children of all sections are close kin.

No poet ever had in his lifetime a sweeter tribute than had Riley, when the school children of his own state dedicated a day in which to do him honor.

It is important to emphasize the point that Riley, and Field as well, were "newspaper" poets; that is, a great deal of their work was done under newspaper pressure. Each of them wrote and published much that he himself did not care to preserve. But it is probable that this very fact made them both more truly "poets of the soil." They addressed, through such a medium, audiences made up of their own neighbors, men

and women whose hearts they read as truly as they could read their own. It has been said of Riley that he came nearer than anyone else to being an actual American poet laureate. No other American poet wrote so much "occasional" verse. National events, holidays, obituary occasions, —all found his pen ready with sympathy and understanding of the popular attitude.

Riley might even be called the laureate of American childhood, were it not for his friend Eugene Field. No American poet has written closer to the heart of a child—perhaps because the heart of a child was within him. Merry, tender, affectionate, he romped like a boy throughout his short life, revealing often that vein of sadness which

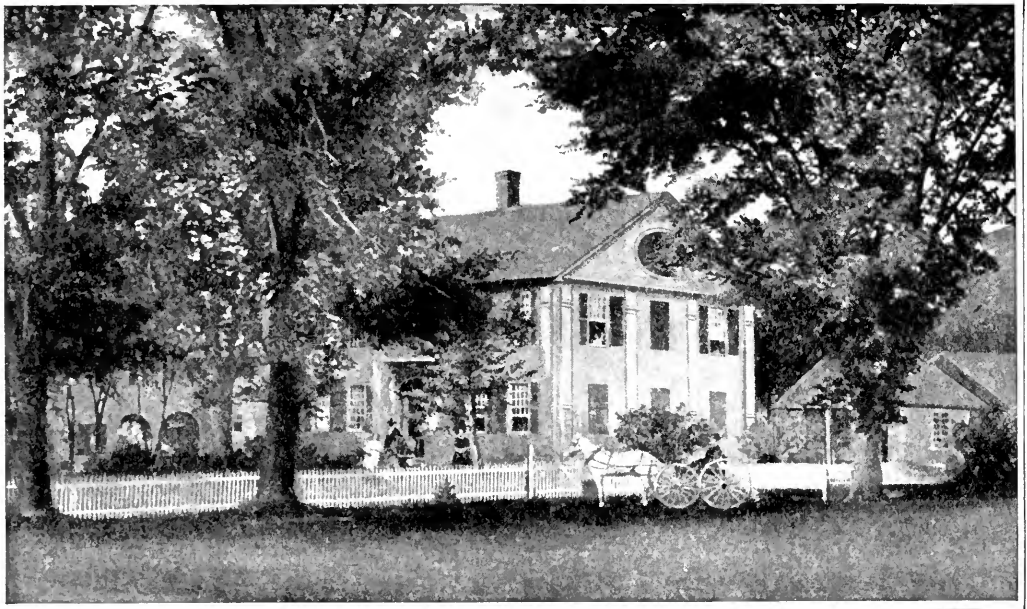


JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



Courtesy, Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE BOY RILEY AND HIS MOTHER
From a rare daguerreotype



From "Eugene Field," by Slason Thompson; copyright, 1901; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

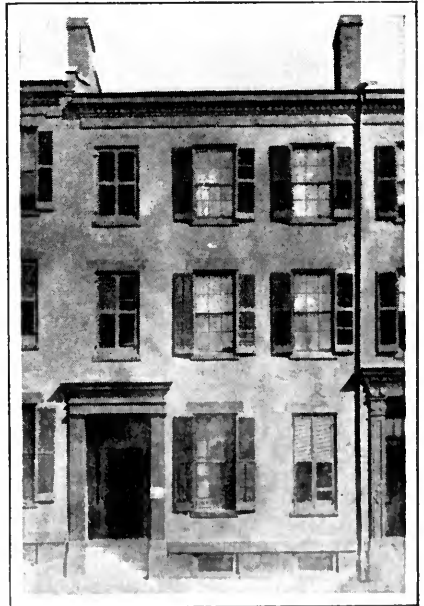
THE FIELD HOMESTEAD
At Newfane, Vermont

every lover of children vaguely feels when he holds the clinging fingers of a child.

FIELD, POET OF CHILDHOOD

Born in 1850, Field's first bit of verse was not written until 1879; and it was not until ten years later, and in the last six years of his life that he wrote verse frequently. That first poem was called "Christmas Treasures," and it strikes the key for much of his later singing:

"I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy my darling knew;
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.
....."



THE BOYHOOD HOME OF EUGENE FIELD

He belonged to the Middle West. Chicago had all his best years. He loved her spirit and laughed delightedly at her faults. His worldly wealth was in his friendships, and the story of his life in his home, his newspaper office, and with his neighbors makes of any human reader, even though he never knew him, an affectionate friend. Much that he wrote was inferior, and has been praised and preserved to his fame's later injury. But as the poet of American childhood the laurels are surely his. The children of Field's poems are chiefly of the country;

they revel in hay-mows and are chummy with farm animals. Most of them belong to the New England countryside where Field's own boyhood was spent. Others are his own children. A strong personal note is always there, and deepens the effect of tenderness throughout the poems.

A note frequently sounded in Field's other verse is one of good-natured raillery and friendly sarcasm. That form of "culture" which displayed a polite veneer of foreign tongues received a great amount of his attention: he loved to misquote French and German. But all of his open amusement over society airs and affectation in his neighborhood never seemed to make him any enemies.

EDWIN MARKHAM

The songs of the village and the farm have been mentioned; there are still the songs of our toilers. Their laureate may somewhere be now in the making. Charles Edwin Markham, in his "Man with the Hoe," has touched a chord that many others will finger, and many less skilfully.

Markham is still among us. If the East has given poets to the West who should grow up there absorbing the spirit of that country, the West has more than paid the debt by those she has sent in return. Edwin Markham was born in Oregon, and most of his life was spent on the Pacific Coast; but today his tall figure and leonine head are well known in New York. Many other poems of the soil and of toilers, besides the one that brought him greatest reputation, "The Man with the Hoe," give him rightful place in these pages.

Markham's style is dignified always, even stately. His thorough knowledge of ancient classic literature, and debt to it is constantly evident. But the dominant note of all his best and most sincere work is modern democracy. Men and women of definite socialistic belief have acclaimed him as a spokesman of their own. In California he was by profession an educator, and as a public school principal was in a position to study democracy in the very laboratory. Then literature was an avocation. But with his change of residence came a more definite acceptance of creative writing as a vocation, and an evidence of more definite social purpose—a "mission"—behind his work.

Time is a stern old critic: what he will say of Markham no one can now foretell. Perhaps he will be kind enough to choose one or two poems and decree that they shall live. He has been far less kind to many another poet of equal



EUGENE FIELD

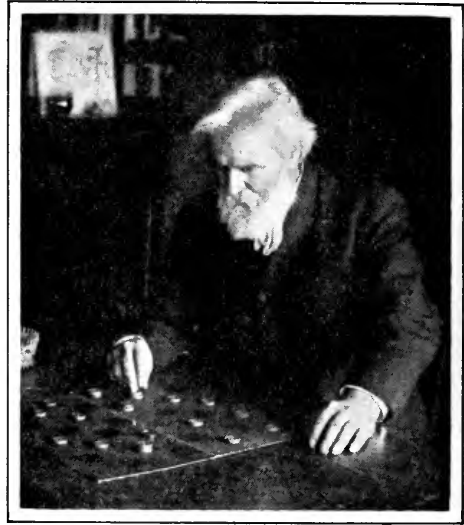
promise. But let Father Time be as cruel as he will, he cannot erase the effect that a true poet must surely have upon the folk of his own generation, and through them upon generations yet unborn.

A WIDENING INTEREST IN POETRY

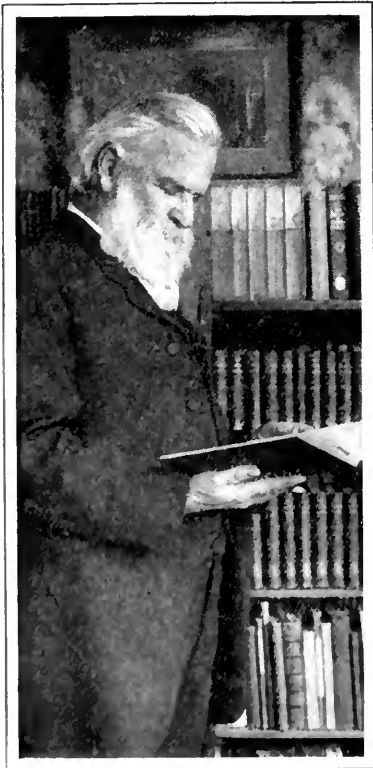
Mountain, prairie, and farm—all these soils have reared their singers. That the fame of some will die is not so important: it is not solely for the measure of their fame that we have set down certain names. It is important to know that we nurture many such poets, and that it is in our hearts to honor them wherever they arise.

That they are arising in increasing numbers seems to be an undeniable fact. The testimony of our reviews, our book shops, even the current gossip of the street, would tend to prove not only the great number of new voices but an ever widening audience. It would be an invidious distinction to name any two or three, without asserting again that we would indicate the growing numbers of clear voiced minstrels of our own soil, and make no effort toward a too-early choice among their songs. Lindsay, Masters, Frost, MacKaye, Benet, Lowell, and many others are finding their themes in the life immediately about them, and tuning their harps with the courage of inspiration.

Is there, after all, a new school of poets among them? Some, perhaps, are scorning the old rules of rhyme and rhythm, but who more than Whitman? Surely, when the passing years have wiped out the vague lines that are drawn now between adjacent generations, that shrewd old critic with the hour-glass and scythe will apply but two tests—*sincerity*, and power to reproduce in words the soul's sense of what is beautiful in life. Whittier and Whitman, Miller and Harte, Field and all these younger singers, are the poets of a people that have come to be a nation, sometime crude, feeling its way along, but always striving, and with a growing national



EDWIN MARKHAM PLAYING CHECKERS



EDWIN MARKHAM IN HIS LIBRARY



THE HOME OF EDWIN MARKHAM
At Westerleigh Park, Staten Island, N. Y.

sense of things beautiful. What matters it if these particular poets and many of their songs are soon forgotten. They are feeding the nation's soil for the certainty of richer harvests in the future.

As the distinguished critic, E. C. Stedman, has expressed it:

"Poetry, in its most spontaneous form, is a growth rather than an artifice," and poets, when the time is ripe and calls for them, spring up "as when in the physical world, the pines and fir-trees of a verdant forest have been cleared away, and a novel flora suddenly appears, whose germs have been hidden in the under-mold awaiting their own season of room and light and air."

By such a natural growth a wealth of poetry has sprung from the American soil. The great continent has offered rich and varied material. Wide, sweeping prairie lands, broad rivers, lofty mountains, and great lakes and forests have contributed their share, and the glories of each have been expressed in song. The American homestead has been an inspiration. Perhaps in no other country are there so many happy little households and small communities offering varied types of homely character. The people living close to the soil have desired their poetry—just as they would have their votes, their seats in church, their country papers, their pianos and their phonographs—and a great throng of poetic singers has answered to their demand with very natural and unaffected voices.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE LIFE OF BRET HARTE *By H. C. Merwin*
THE LIFE OF BRET HARTE
By T. E. Pemberton
EUGENE FIELD Two vols. *By Slason Thompson*
THE EUGENE FIELD I KNEW

By Francis Wilson
A delightful volume by the famous actor, who was an intimate friend of the poet.

COMPLETE WORKS OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (six volumes) *Edited by E. H. Eitel*
The "Biographical Edition," containing a sketch of Riley's life told in his own words.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER *By Elbert Hubbard*
POEMS (six volumes) *By Joaquin Miller*
The "Bear Edition," including Miller's autobiography.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

THE WILD JOAQUIN *By Bailey Millard*
The Bookman, Vol. XXVIII, No. 4, December, 1908.

THE MUCH LOVED PERSONALITY OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
Current Literature, Vol. XLI, No. 2, August, 1906

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.



THE OPEN LETTER



"Editor of The Mentor, Dear Sir:

"I am a young bank clerk, and I am very fond of literature. I spend a good deal of my leisure time reading good books. I have talked about my books to some of my acquaintances and they call me a 'highbrow'—with an accent that sounds like ridicule. What is a 'highbrow' anyhow? Yours, T. L. S."

You ask your question in such a frank, simple, good natured way, that I should like to pass it on in its own words to those acquaintances of yours that have called you a "highbrow." You like good books—that is to your credit. It is for readers of your tastes that good books are made.

★ ★ ★

"Highbrow" is not a standard word. It is not in the dictionary, but it is a very common expression of the street today. There is no reason why its application to you should disturb you, for the expression is not so much one of *offense* as of *defense*. The man who calls you a "highbrow" is taking thought as much of himself as of you. By the term "highbrow" he sets you apart from the work-a-day world that he knows—and in which perhaps he is strong. He feels conscious of an essential difference in taste between you and himself, and in the term "highbrow" he finds an expression of that difference that justifies his own tastes and satirizes yours. When your friend calls you a "highbrow" he might even call himself a "lowbrow,"—thereby, good naturedly, tendering you the laurel wreath, while he takes the hardy thistle for himself.

★ ★ ★

You ask why your acquaintances call you "highbrow." It is not by your love of good reading, my friend, that you have come into your title. It is in *talking* about your reading. You may have a library well filled with standard literature. A fine library is quite a correct piece of property for any intelligent citizen. The possession of it will not lay you open to comment. But if you reveal a knowledge and an enthusiasm for literature in the presence of your acquaintances, you are likely to find yourself a "highbrow." You may have good pictures on your walls—

that is a part of the furnishing of any comfortable home. But if you disclose the fact that you understand and appreciate the fine art values of your pictures, you may be called a "highbrow." You may have classic scores on your music rack—they belong there. But if, perchance, you love the work of the classic composers and have an intelligent knowledge of them, you stand in great danger of being a musical "highbrow." You have become heir to the paper crown that your acquaintances have conferred on you simply by giving them too much of your confidence.

★ ★ ★

You ask for a definition of "highbrow." It is a colloquial expression, and it has come into use within the last twenty years. In its original meaning it was not an unfair term. It was applied to individuals who sought knowledge not in humility but in self-conceit—who made a cult of knowledge and who assumed an attitude toward their fellow beings like that of the Pharisee, who exclaimed: "I am thankful that I am not like unto the rest of these." Frequently coupled with the term "highbrow" was the word "precious," which was applied to one whose tastes and style were refined to the disappearing point, who breathed a higher, finer air than other men, and who made no secret of it. In such a sense, "highbrow" and "precious" served a real purpose in the English language, and served it well.

★ ★ ★

But the term "highbrow" has no longer any definite meaning. It has now come to be used in a loose way to define a difference in mental attitude and habit between two people. And so blunted has its point become that it often decries the individual that uses the term rather than the one towards whom it is directed. My good friend, you seem not to be sensitive under the impeachment of your acquaintances; but, if you are, you can readily escape mental discomfort. Talk to them only of things that interest them—or, better still, let them do the talking. Then you will have their approval.

A. S. Moffat
EDITOR

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SERIAL NO. 112

THE MENTOR

ARGENTINA

By E. M. NEWMAN
Lecturer and Traveler

DEPARTMENT OF
TRAVEL

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 12

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Argentina



FOITERING in the great Avenida de Mayo, Buenos Aires, and watching the hurrying crowd and the whirl of motor cars, and the gay shop-windows, and the open-air cafes on the sidewalks, and the Parisian glitter of the women's dresses, one feels much nearer to Europe than anywhere else in South America. Yet, modern as they are, and reminding one sometimes of the gaiety of Paris and sometimes of the stir and hurry of Kansas City, the Argentines are essentially unlike either Europeans or North Americans.



THEY seem to be a nation in the making, not yet made. Elements more than half of which are Spanish and Basque, and one-third of which are Italian, are all being shaken up together and beginning to mix and fuse under conditions not before seen in South American life. That which will emerge, if more Spanish than Italian in blood, will be entirely South American in sentiment and largely French in its way of thinking, for from France come the intellectual influences that chiefly play upon it. It will spring from new conditions and new forces, acting on people who have left all their traditions and many of their habits behind them, and have retained but little of that religion which was the strongest of all powers in their former home. Men now living may see this nation, what with its growing numbers and its wealth, take rank beside France, Italy, and Spain. It may be, in the New World, the head and champion of what are called the Latin races.



WILL the artistic and literary genius of Italy, France, and Spain flower again in their transplanted descendants, now that they seem to have at last emerged from those long civil wars and revolutions which followed their separation from Spain? The very magnitude of the interests which any fresh civil wars would endanger furnishes a security against their recurrence, and the temper of the people seems entirely disposed to internal peace. No race or color questions have arisen, and religious questions have ceased to vex them. They have an agricultural area still undeveloped which for fifty years to come will be large enough both to attract immigrants and to provide for the needs of their own citizens. Seldom has Nature lavished gifts upon a people with a more bountiful hand.

JAMES BRYCE.



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The Pampas, or Prairies, of Argentina

ARGENTINA

By E. M. NEWMAN

Lecturer and Traveler

MENTOR
GRAVURES

THE COLON
THEATER,
BUENOS AIRES

THE NEW HOUSE
OF CONGRESS,
BUENOS AIRES

MEMBERS' STAND
AT RACE TRACK,
BUENOS AIRES



MENTOR
GRAVURES

THE SPANISH
MONUMENT AT
PALERMO PARK,
BUENOS AIRES

TRANS-ANDINE
RAILWAY

LA RAMBLA AT
MAR DEL PLATA

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Fountain in Plaza de Mayo, Buenos Aires

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL · AUGUST 1, 1916

ARGENTINA, (The Argentine Republic) wealthiest of South American Republics, is about one third the size of the United States and one of the greatest of food producing countries. It ranks first in the production of flax, second in corn, and third in wheat. It has more sheep than any other country except Australia and in cattle is second only to the United States. It contains the greatest stretch of level and fertile plains in the world. Within its borders is the largest city in the Southern Hemisphere, the second largest Latin city in the world.

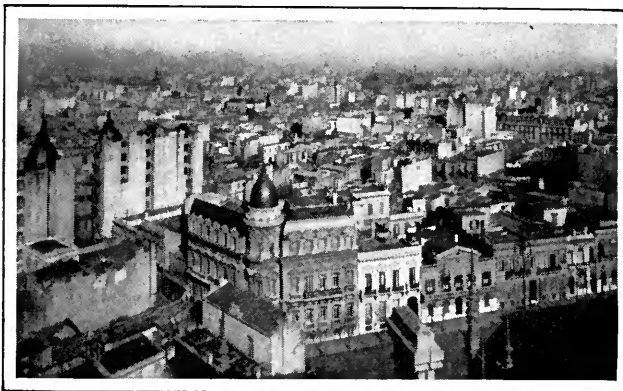
The Argentine Capital, Buenos Aires (Bway'-nos Eye'-rez), is a city of about 1,750,000 population, and if, as has often been said, Paris is France, the importance of the French Capital is outclassed by the significance of Buenos Aires to Argentina. Only in recent years has the city greatly improved. About twelve years ago its thoroughfares were littered with rubbish; its sewers were open conduits. Today it is one

of the world's most beautiful cities with miles of macadam and asphalt paved streets, and a modern system of drainage and sanitation.

BEAUTY OF BUENOS AIRES

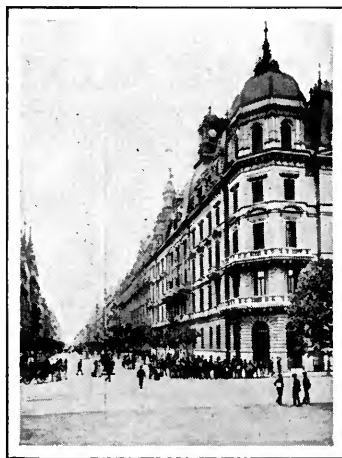
Its public buildings are marvels of architectural beauty. Among them is the new House of Congress, but recently completed at a cost of \$8,000,000. In some respects the House of Congress resembles our own National Capitol, especially its dome, which dominates the view from every direction. Most of the business streets are very narrow, averaging but 33 feet in width. Therefore, street cars and vehicles are permitted to move only one way and on the adjoining street traffic moves in the opposite direction. In striking contrast to the narrow thoroughfares is the broad and imposing Avenida de Mayo, which intersects the heart of the city. It has broad sidewalks and rows of trees, and is lined on either side by modern hotels and shops, reminding one strongly of the boulevards of Paris. In the evening the open-air cafés on its broad walks emphasize the resemblance to the French Capital. At one end of the Avenue is the Plaza de Mayo, on which is now located a branch of the National City Bank of New York, an evidence of the commercial awakening of the people of the United States to their opportunities in South America.

The city contains the finest hotels in the Southern Hemisphere, several of which will compare favorably with the better class hotels of the United States. Perhaps the best of all is the Plaza Hotel, which is under the Ritz-Carlton management, and is first class in every respect. The Plaza Hotel faces the Plaza San Martin, a beautiful park named in honor of the great patriot and soldier San Martin. On this plaza is one of the most imposing homes in the city, the palatial residence of the owner of La Prensa, the most influential newspaper in the Republic. Residents of the city are known as Portenos (people of the port), and their pride is remarkable, as anything outside of the capital, they call the camp, or the country. It is true that the city contains the wealth and culture of the Republic; that it is the center of social as well as political life. "There



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BUENOS AIRES

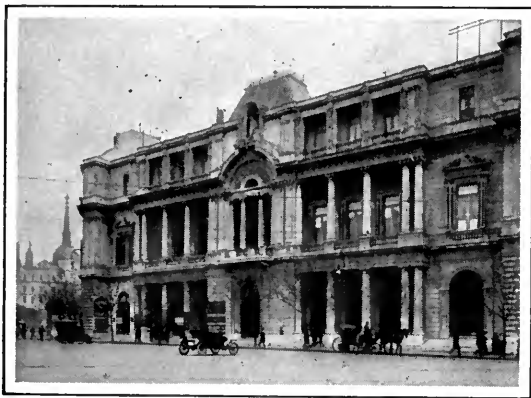


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AVENIDA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES

is nothing in any other city that cannot be found here," is the proud boast of the Porteno, and in a general sense, this also is true. Nothing seems to be missing but the elevated railroad, and an elevated railroad in the Argentine Capital, as noisy as some in the United States, would be no improvement.

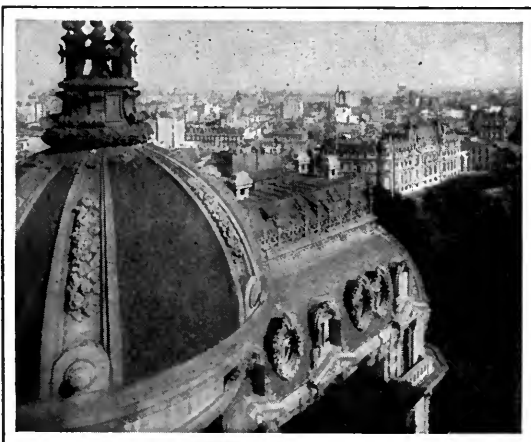
A prize is offered each year by the municipality for the handsomest structure that is erected. The award is in the hands of a regularly organized commission, and while the money goes to the architect, the owner of the building is exempted from paying taxes for a certain period of time and is reimbursed out of the city's funds for the sum expended in creating a street front of artistic design. As a result Buenos Aires is rapidly becoming one of the world's most attractive cities. The Argentines have learned the lesson of city planning and city building, and in consequence, on their principal thoroughfares, we observe symmetry and harmony in style of architecture, and uniformity in height of the buildings.



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WEALTH OF BUENOS AIRES

The wealth of the Republic came very rapidly from the rise in land values. It has brought about a general waste, evident both in the municipality and in the country. Nature has been so bountiful that conservation has not been studied, much less adopted, and money has been made so easily and rapidly that thrift has not been cultivated. The marvelous rise in the value of farm lands has made millionaires of many men, and along such avenues as the Alvear, are mansions interspersed with gardens—homes such as only the wealthiest could maintain. In the opinion of the Porteno, Buenos Aires is far superior to Paris. He will tell you of the Teatro Colon, the finest theater in South America and the home of grand opera. A thousand dollars is readily paid for a season box, and orchestra seats when no stars appear sell for \$6.00 each. When such artists as Caruso or Titto Ruffo are



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LOOKING OVER BUENOS AIRES
From the roof of the Plaza Hotel

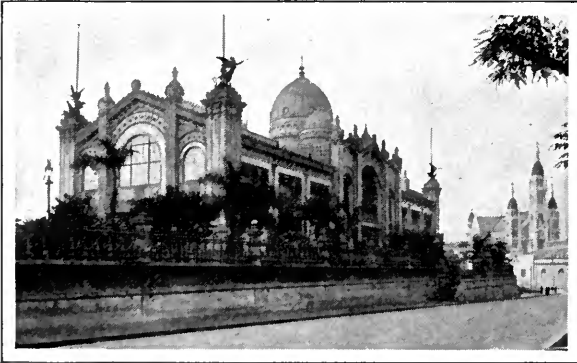
announced the price per seat is \$9.00, and for a gala performance as high as \$17.00. Nowhere may wealth and beauty be seen in greater abundance, in no city is there a more remarkable display of jewels than on opera nights, when the foyer is a scene of dazzling splendor. Fond of dress, the Argentine tries to wear proper attire for all occasions; at night evening dress is the rule; should it be a reception in the afternoon the same careful attention to correct attire is usually observed.



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ENTRANCE TO THE SUBWAY, BUENOS
AIRES
At the Plaza de Mayo

THE JOCKEY CLUB

The particular pride of the city is the Jockey Club, where the entrance fee and annual dues are higher than in any club in New York. The initiation fee is four thousand dollars, the annual dues fifteen hundred dollars. The race track, called the Hippodrome, is a monopoly owned by the Jockey Club. More than sixty million dollars are annually wagered upon the horses, of which one half million is given to charity. The members of the club are now laboring under a great burden; they have in their treasury a *surplus of more than fourteen millions* of dollars and they do not know what to do with the money. Various propositions have been discussed for disposing of their burden. A suggestion was made to purchase a dozen blocks in the heart of the city, construct a broad and beautiful boulevard through



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ART INSTITUTE, BUENOS AIRES

them and then present the improvement to the municipality, but there was some legal obstacle in the way, so another suggestion was made to build ten thousand homes for workingmen, the revenue to go to the city. Again the law intervened, so the members of the club are still puzzling over the perplexing problem of how to dispose of a burden of fourteen millions of dollars.

The race track is generally acknowledged to be the finest in the world; it is in reality three race tracks, one within the other. The longest course is one and three quarters miles in length, the second a mile and a half, and the third one mile. One section of the magnificent grand stand is reserved exclusively for the members of the club. Here one sees gowns designed by the creators of woman's attire.



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THE JOCKEY CLUB, BUENOS AIRES
The palatial home of the wealthy racing club

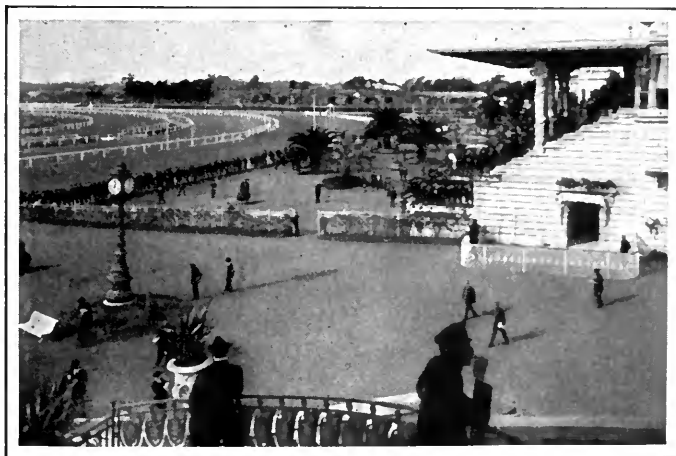
WOMEN OF ARGENTINA

The women of Argentina may wear the finest garments that money can buy, possess the most magnificent jewels, ride in the costliest of motor cars, but they are surrounded by social restrictions, which are never removed. Spanish conservatism does not permit of the carefree, happy existence of American girls, when they are in their teens. In Argentina a girl is either a *Nina*, a child, or a *Senorita*, a young lady. There is no such thing as being just a *girl*. No young lady is permitted out without a *duenna* or chaperon, and when a young man calls, the parents are present. There may be a few exceptions to this rule but they are very few. Large families

are common, even among the wealthier class, and it is not at all unusual to see families of eight or more children.

Outside the race track on race days, there is a long line of automobiles which melts away the moment the races are over and every vehicle then wends its way toward beautiful Palermo Park, where, joined by hundreds of others, they file round and round between the palms. It is a procession of human upholstery with expensive trappings, hats and gowns purchased in Paris without regard for cost.

The city is not only metropolitan but cosmopolitan. Were all the Italians gathered together, they would form a city larger than Genoa, and the Spaniards would compose a city larger than Toledo. North Americans, as they call us, do not cut much of a figure numerically, but they constitute an enthusiastic, energetic colony, which recently presented to the city a statue of George Washington. It has been conspicuously placed in Palermo Park, and in returning the compliment, one of the streets has been named *Estados Unidos*, which is the Spanish for United States.



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THE RACE TRACK, BUENOS AIRES

SCHOOLS AND READING MATTER

Good schools are to be found in every part of the Republic, and while Argentina has borrowed much from us in its method of education, it is equally true that after the boys and girls have been graduated from the grammar schools, they are usually sent to France, there to complete their education. Manual training is taught in many of the larger schools, where the boys may learn various trades which may be useful to them when they grow to manhood. That they are not behind us in many things is evident when we are told that the principal newspaper, "La Prensa," publishes more foreign news than any other paper in the world. Its building is not only a complete and modern newspaper plant, costing three millions of dollars, but at its own expense it provides consulting rooms where an able

physician and a com-

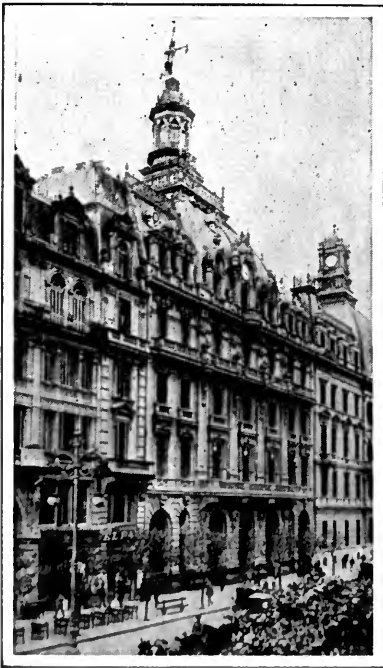
petent staff of assistants administer to the sick without charge, and there is a law office where one may obtain free legal advice. When I visited the building owned by La Prensa I stepped into an American elevator and on the top floor saw the copy for the paper written on American typewriters. In the composing room they were setting the type on American linotype machines, and in the press room the paper was printed on American presses. With all this, we are obtaining only a fraction of the business of Argentina to which we are entitled. We must not forget that the Republic imports annually about \$450,000,000 worth of merchandise. In other words, this country with a population of about 7,000,000 imports more every year than China with its 500,000,000, and Japan with its 50,000,000; more per capita than any other nation.



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PRIVATE CAR, CENTRAL R. R. OF ARGENTINA



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STATION OF CENTRAL R. R. AT BUENOS AIRES



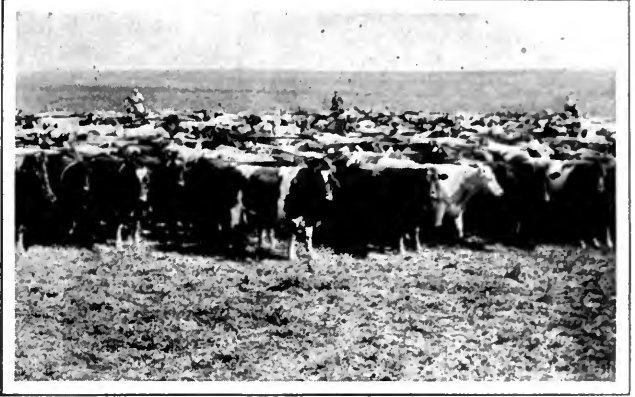
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BUILDING OF "LA PRENSA" IN
BUENOS AIRES
One of the leading newspapers in Argentina

It is destined to be one of the richest of all countries, because of its fertile plains, affording pasturage for millions of cattle and sheep and offering limitless land for the cultivation of cereals.

FARM LANDS AND RAILROADS

A few years ago a square league of Pampas land (6,000 acres) might have been purchased for about \$2,500. Today it is worth \$50.00 an acre, so that a farmer worth about \$2,500 ten or twelve years ago now has a fortune of \$300,000. What was formerly Patagonia or No Man's land, considered worthless a short time ago, now teems with roaming millions of sheep, and there has been a marvelous rise in the value of the land.

There are about 20,000 miles of railway in operation in the Republic. Most of the railroads belong to English capitalists. The annual receipts exceed \$100,000,000, but freight rates are excessive, as it costs about as much to transport freight across the Republic as it does to bring it from Europe or the United States. The equipment of most of the roads is good. There are modern dining cars and compartment sleeping cars, and one may travel in comparative comfort to any part of the Republic. Two new railway stations have been recently completed. The architects visited the large cities of Europe and the United States. They adopted the best they found abroad, they copied the best they saw here, and as a result the stations are models of their kinds. One of the greatest achievements in recent years was the completion of the Trans-Andine Railway, connecting Argentina with Chile, and making it possible for one to go direct from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso by rail. Unfortunately, the road is at the present time open only a few months in the year. It will take an additional expenditure of many millions to make it more than a summer railroad. Excessive snowfall blocks the line throughout the winter months, and miles of additional snow sheds



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ARGENTINE CATTLE



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ARGENTINE SHEEP

will have to be built to keep the Trans-Andine open throughout the year.

THE OPEN COUNTRY

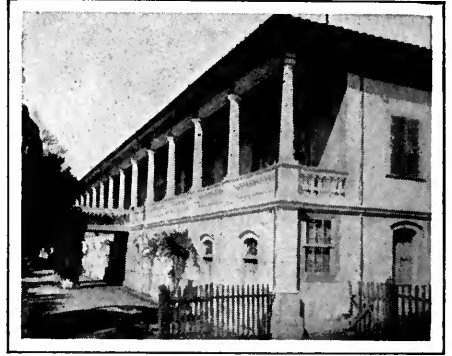
The camp, or the country, may best be characterized as an ocean of land spreading like an unruffled sea from horizon to horizon. On these level and fertile plains there are herds of cattle extending to the limit of one's vision. A single ranch may be as large as the State of Rhode Island and a single Estanciero (Es-tan-thieh-er'-o) or ranchman, may be the owner of several million sheep. One may ride all day in a motor car and not cover half the territory to which a single man possesses title. Everything is done on a large scale. Land is not sold by the acre, but by the square league (nearly six thousand acres); wheat is never purchased by the bushel, but by the metric ton (2,200 pounds); cattle are sold by the head, not by the pound.

While the pampas are usually treeless, Argentina does not lack for lumber, as there are forests along the foothills of the Andes larger than some of the European kingdoms. There is every probability that for a long time to come she will have to depend on her agriculture, as in the first place she lacks skilled labor and it will take generations to develop skilled mechanics; secondly, she needs raw material, such as coal, iron and steel, necessary for the manufacture of machinery. It is possible that as the Republic is gradually developed raw materials may be discovered, but in the meantime Argentina will have to import nearly all she needs except food.

Both business and agriculture are mostly in the hands of foreigners, as Argentina has not as yet developed talent for those industries and the people of the country are content to sit idly by and see their land rise in value from year to year.

ROSARIO AND CORDOBA

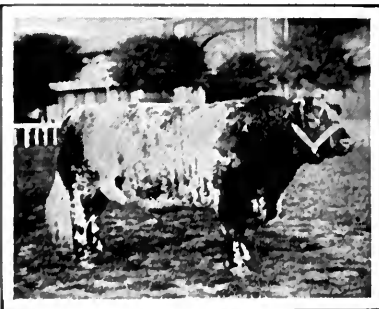
Second to Buenos Aires in point of importance as well as population is Rosario, the Chicago of Argentina, and its chief wheat market. It is a city of about



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A FINE RANCH HOUSE ON THE PAMPAS OF ARGENTINA



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A FARM SCENE IN ARGENTINA



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A PRIZE WINNING BULL

500,000 inhabitants situated on the Plata River over 200 miles inland, a thriving metropolis in the heart of a rich agricultural country. Another fine city is Cordoba, noted for its university, which was granting degrees long before any of our universities were founded. Cordoba boasts of both a stock exchange and board of trade, and has in its suburbs several health resorts situated in a range of hills. This rolling ground forms the sole exception to the monotony of the level plains which stretch for nearly 800 miles across the Republic to the Andes.

There are many other prosperous cities, such as Tucuman (Took-oo-man) in the northwestern corner of the country, which is in the center of a rich and growing sugar district, today one of the important industries of Argentina. It was in Tucuman that the Argentine Declaration of Independence was signed. So the city enjoys historical importance in addition to the fact that it is in the center of the sugar industry. Last but not least in importance is the fact that Argentina possesses all the variations of climate found in the United States, from the Straits of Magellan in its frozen South, to its semitropical North. It can therefore raise all cereals grown in this country, and generally much cheaper, as labor costs less there than here.



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A STREET SCENE IN ROSARIO



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CORDOBA



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STREET IN CORDOBA

THE SEASONS OF ARGENTINA

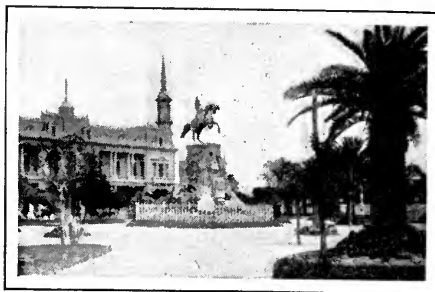
I cannot too strongly emphasize one point that I think should be considered by every intending visitor to Argentina from the United States. Do not make the mistake usually made by the average North American and go to Argentina in our winter months. As you know, the seasons are reversed,—January, February and March are their summer months,—and anybody who is anybody leaves Buenos Aires and goes to Mar del Plata, a fashionable seashore resort, situated about 200 miles south of the Argentine Capital. During the hot months Mar del Plata is the center of wealth and fashion. Its “Rambla,” or promenade, is at that period filled with a gay throng of promenaders, its palatial hotels crowded with guests. At this resort there are magnificent

private homes, a splendid beach where mixed bathing has only recently been introduced and a gambling establishment where they gamble for stakes equalled only at Monte Carlo.

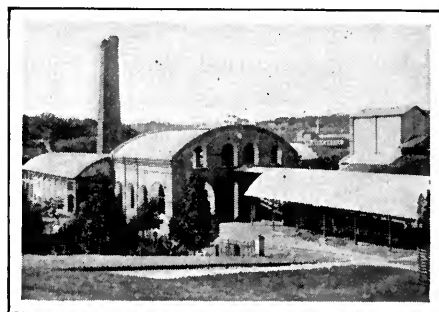
CLIMATE AND CHARACTER

The season in Buenos Aires and by far the best time to visit the city is in the months of June, July and August. It is in these months that the races are held and that one may hear the world's greatest operatic stars at the Teatro Colon. These are the winter months, when the climate is delightful, the mornings and evenings sufficiently cool for topcoats and furs, the days bathed in sunshine. It is during these months that the promenades in the beautiful Palermo Park are crowded, the drive-ways filled with motor cars and the life of Argentina is seen at its best.

Patriotism is the dominating characteristic of the native of Argentina. As James Bryce has observed, "He is completely up to date. He has both that jubilant patriotism and that exuberant confidence in his country which marked the North American of 1830-1860. His pride in his city has had the excellent result of making him eager to put it, and keep it, in the forefront of progress, with buildings as fine, parks as large, a water supply as ample, provisions for public health as



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PLAZA IN TUCUMAN

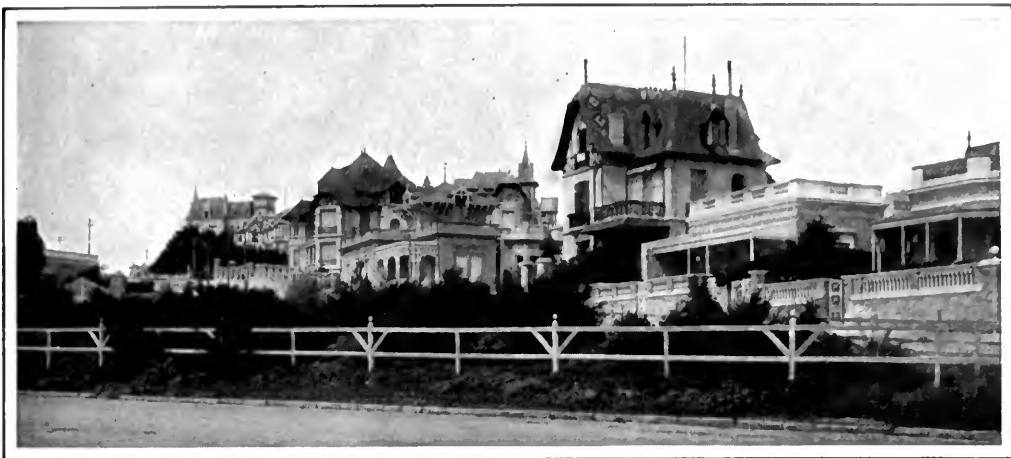


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SUGAR MILL, TUCUMAN



Courtesy the National City Bank, N. Y. C.

THE HOTEL BRISTOL, MAR DEL PLATA



Courtesy, The National City Bank, N. Y. C.

SUMMER RESIDENCES, MAR DEL PLATA

perfect, as money can buy or science can devise. The wealth and the expansion of Buenos Aires inspire him as the wealth and expansion of Chicago have inspired her citizens, and give him, if not all of their forceful energy, yet a great deal of their civic idealism."

A recent and friendly observer has said that patriotism among the Argentines amounts to a passion. It makes them wish to stand well in the world's eyes and do in the best way what they see others doing.

Destined to become one of the world's richest nations, Argentina is a country well worth a visit and its capital city will afford a revelation to the visitor from the United States, who may have anticipated a slow Spanish city instead of a wonderfully modern and beautifully planned metropolis.

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THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC.

52 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Mentor Index

An index to The Mentor has been prepared, and is now ready. Every number of The Mentor, from Serial No. 1 through 106, has been indexed. It is a complete, concise, and accu-

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AUGUST 15 1916

SERIAL NO. 113



THE MENTOR

GAME ANIMALS
OF AMERICA

By W. T. HORNADAY
Director New York
Zoological Park.

DEPARTMENT OF
NATURAL HISTORY

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 13

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Game Preservation



THE most striking and melancholy feature in connection with American big game is the rapidity with which it has vanished. When, just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, the rifle-bearing hunters of the backwoods first penetrated the great forests west of the Alleghanies, deer, elk, black bear, and even buffalo, swarmed in what are now the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the country north of the Ohio was a great and almost virgin hunting-ground. From that day to this the shrinkage has gone on, only partially checked here and there.



THERE is yet ample opportunity for the big game hunter in the United States, Canada and Alaska. . . . It is necessary to remember that these opportunities are, nevertheless, vanishing; and if we are a sensible people we will make it our business to see that the process of extinction is arrested. At the present moment the great herds of caribou are being butchered, as in the past the great herds of bison and wapiti have been butchered. Every believer in manliness, and therefore in manly sport, and every lover of nature, every man who appreciates the majesty and beauty of the wilderness and of wild life, should strike hands with the far-sighted men who wish to preserve our material resources, in the effort to keep our forests and our game beasts, game birds, and game fish—indeed, all the living creatures of prairie, and woodland, and seashore—from wanton destruction.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt.
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GAME ANIMALS OF AMERICA

By W. T. HORNADAY



THE MENTOR

DEPARTMENT OF
NATURAL HISTORY

AUGUST 15
1916

MENTOR
GRAVURES

ELK
MOUNTAIN SHEEP
ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT



MENTOR
GRAVURES

CARIBOU
BULL MOOSE
THE BISON LEADER

Mountain Sheep Head

DOES anyone doubt that in North America the hunting of big game,—once marvelously abundant,—is fast becoming an extinct pastime? As a game animal, the American bison is gone. In the United States, antelope hunting is gone, forever. The Arizona elk is totally extinct. In the United States, mountain sheep hunting is extinct in all States save two: and it should be so in those also. Mountain goat hunting is possible in two States only. It is now next to impossible to find and kill a wild grizzly in the United States.

There are many persons, of whom I am one, who believe that in a brief span of years there will be no big-game hunting in the mountain States west of the great plains, save around the borders of big-game sanctuaries, such as the Yellowstone Park.

With the exception of the bison and the Arizona elk, we may even yet see in our mountain States good specimens of some of the big-game species that abundantly stocked them in pioneer days. We are glad that we live contemporaneously with the colossal moose and the unique antelope. We rejoice that we are on terms of intimacy with the lordly elk, and that we have a bowing acquaintance with the goat and sheep. We cherish the thought that we have seen real grizzly bears on their native rocks, and also that we have “done our bit,” as the English say, in saving the great American bison from oblivion.

It is not good for red-blooded men to live in a land that contains no big game. It seems effeminate. To correct such a condition as that, the New Zealanders took thought and colonized in their country the European red deer; and that species has waxed numerous, and produced tens of thousands of deer, for food and for sport.

North America has produced a good quota of big game species; but in that line of native industry we are far surpassed by Asia; and by Africa

GAME ANIMALS of AMERICA



ON THE MONTANA BISON RANGE

From a photograph taken in the summer of 1913 by H. W. Henshaw, Chief of the Biological Survey

we are left completely out of sight. Really, Africa seems to have been created as an ideal home for big game. Her array of apes, antelopes, carnivores, and thick-skinned beasts compels unbounded admiration.

While our game endures, let us make much of it, and appreciate it to the utmost. And it is not all of game enjoyment to kill it, and cut off its head, and let the bulk of the meat go into the discard. The highest type of big-game hunting is the finding of fine animals in their haunts, photographing them movably and unmovably, and then bidding them go in peace. To be really and truly ignorant of such distinguished American citizens as the moose and musk-ox, caribou, sheep, goat, antelope, deer and Alaskan brown bear, is reprehensible, and should be punishable by a fine.

Many wild animals are more interesting per capita than some men. To learn to know our best wild animals is like annexing new territory. It increases our mental and moral resources, and provides a new channel for the disposition of surplus wealth. Like Cupid's story, they never seem to grow old, and as long as one hoof or horn remains as a going concern, just that long our interest continues in the wearer thereof.

The most interesting side of every wild animal is its mind,—what it thinks, and why. First of all, however, we must know the personality of our animal and be able to speak its name as promptly as the politician names his voting acquaintances. To call an antelope a "deer" is to lose a vote.

The Saving of Big Game

The characteristic features of America's big game animals are to be treated as natural history. The wasteful slaughter of them is unnatural history. Ever since the days of Daniel Boone, the American pioneers and exploiters of Nature's resources have most diligently been exterminating our bison, elk, deer, moose, antelope, sheep, and goats. For twenty years we have been toiling to save the American bison from total extinction.

Thanks to the efforts of the United States and Canadian Governments, the New York Zoological Society and the American Bison Society, the buffalo now is secure against extinction. Our government now owns

GAME ANIMALS of AMERICA

and maintains six herds, having a total of about 570 head, and the Canadian Government owns about 1,600 head. Our chief hope is based on the herd in the Montana National Bison Range, now containing 134 head, living in a rich pasture of 29 square miles, capable of supporting 1,000 bison without the purchase of a pound of hay. That herd has risen from 37 head presented in 1909 by the American Bison Society. The Wichita and Wind Cave National Herds were founded by herds drawn from the New York Zoological Park, and presented by the Zoological Society.

Excepting for the white-tailed deer and the elk, it is to-day a grave question whether there will be any big game hunting in the United States twenty years hence.

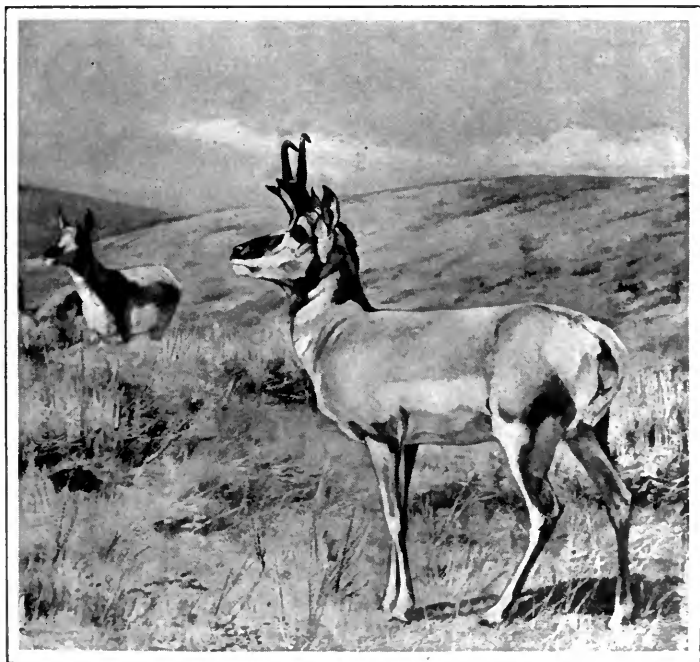
The Prong-Horned Antelope

It is now painfully certain that nevermore will there be any hunting of the prong-horned antelope in our country. There has been none for several years, but for all that the remaining bands are everywhere (save in two localities) reported as steadily diminishing. Even in the Yellowstone Park the antelope herds are now but little better than stationary. Excepting the goat and musk-ox, the prong-horn is North America's most exclusively American species of big game. It is so very odd that it occupies a Family all alone. It is the only living hollow-horned ruminant that sheds its horns, every year.

But this nimble-footed rover is not fitted to withstand the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune A. D. 1916. It has no more staying power

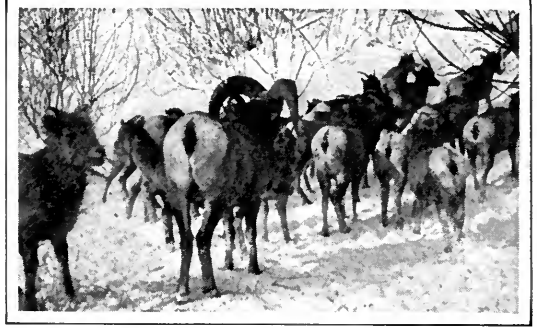
than a French poodle, and it wilts and dies literally at the first breath of adversity. It will not breed in captivity, nor does it live long in any kind of confinement. It is subject to an incurable mouth disease called lumpy-jaw, and will secretly and joyously carry the unseen germs of it for six months for the purpose of passing quarantine and inoculating an innocent herd in some unsuspecting Zoological Park.

Half a dozen Western States have little isolated bands of



PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE
From a painting by Carl Rungius

antelope that they are trying to preserve; but all save two are steadily diminishing. In the Montana and Wichita Bison Ranges, of 29 and 14 square miles, efforts are being made to establish herds. Canada is making two large prairie preserves, under fence, especially for the purpose of saving the antelope from extinction. Taking all these efforts together, there is a fighting chance that the species eventually will be saved from oblivion, but at present the odds are very much against it. As a sport with the rifle, however, legitimate prong-horned antelope hunting is already as extinct as mammoth-spearing on glacial ice.



MOUNTAIN SHEEP

Mountain Sheep

Over the Rocky Mountain sheep there is a halo of glamour that is to every big-game hunter a veritable cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. Standing out conspicuously apart from all other American hoofed game, the big-horn thrills and challenges the gentleman sportsman as no other big game does at this time. (There are fashions, even in the hunting of big game!) A sportsman will go farther, spend more and endure more to get "a big ram" as a trophy of his manhood in the chase than for any other species. Why is it? It is because the old big-horn rams are found where the scenery is grandest and most inspiring; they are the keenest of eye, nose and ear of all our big game, and hunting them successfully means real mountaineering. In Africa a lady can kill a big elephant, but in the Rocky Mountains ladies do not kill big-horn rams with the rings of eight or ten years on their horns.

There are times when hunting the mountain goat becomes sport for men; but many a goat has been killed by an easy fluke. The old big-horn ram, with horns that are worth while, requires real hunting, and many a man has taken the long trail for one and gone back empty-handed.

I should be mighty sorry to see sheep-hunting become an extinct pastime; for ye gods! it is the acme of sport with big game! Elephant hunting (in India, at least) is tame in comparison. Colorado has proved, through 26 years of watchful waiting, that to any mountain sheep State, sheep can be brought back by protection. Twenty-six years ago the sheep of that State were reduced to a dangerously-small remnant, of only a few hundred head. Then the lid was put on, sheep-hunting was forbidden, and, strange to say, even the residents of the sheep mountains *elected to observe the law, and also to help enforce it!*

The result is a great triumph in protection, to which the commonwealth of Colorado points with pride. To-day that State contains a grand total of 7,482 sheep; and to-day the *wild* herds come down into

GAME ANIMALS of AMERICA

the streets of Ouray to be admired, and feted, and fed on hay and photographed. And last September when an urgent official request came to the State Game Warden for permission to kill six of Colorado's mountain sheep "for scientific purposes," the proposal was declared impossible without precipitating a riot of the populace.

The true big-horn ranges all the way from Pinacate Peak, in northwestern Sonora, Old Mexico, northward about to Latitude 56 in British Columbia and western Alberta. On the hot, black lava slopes of Pinacate, fearfully lacking in vegetation, the sheep grow small. The species culminates in southwestern Alberta, from the Waterton Lakes up to Wilcox Pass. The biggest head ever shot by a gentleman sportsman, so far as I know, had horns with a circumference of $17\frac{3}{4}$ inches; and the lucky hunter was Mr. A. P. Proctor, the wild-animal sculptor.

In the United States there are eleven States that still contain wild examples of mountain sheep, but in some cases the total number to a State is painfully small. New Mexico contains only 23 head. Sheep hunting is totally prohibited in all our States save two,—Wyoming and Washington.

No, good reader, mountain sheep do *not* "jump off precipices and alight safely on their horns." They never did; and they never will. Their necks are just as breakable as ours are.

Mountain Goat

In oddity and picturesqueness, the white mountain goat and the moose are rivals; and it is hard to say which species is entitled to the championship.

Fortunately for him, the goat is not much sought by white men as food; its head is not inordinately prized as a trophy, and therefore he will survive on his wild and awesome summits long after the last sheep head has gone to grace some hunter's "den," and its flesh has been devoured by the golden eagles.

The mountain goat looks a bit like a snow-white pigmy buffalo with small black horns, and long, shaggy hair. It carries its head low, and its stick-like legs give it a stilted and awkward gait. Its shoulders, neck and hindquarters are covered with long, coarse hair, and when the animal is seen on a mountain-top the first thought is: "*How very white it is!*" I have compared a clean goatskin with a snowbank, and the latter had only one small point the advantage. The goat's hair shows just a very faint tinge of pale yellow.

The real home of the Rocky Mountain goat is British Columbia, Alberta, and Southern Alaska, but detachments are even yet found sparingly in northwestern Montana, Idaho and Washington. The species should be introduced



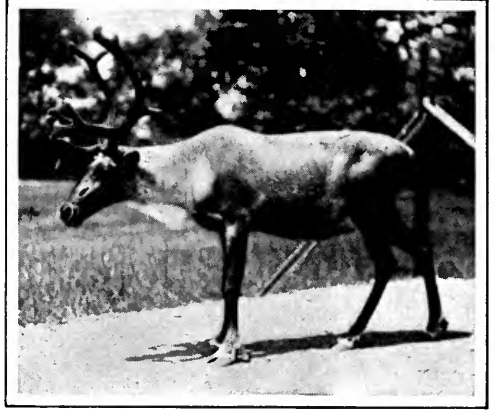
ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

GAME ANIMALS of AMERICA

in the Montana National Bison Range, the Yellowstone Park, and a dozen other places, particularly in Washington and Oregon. It has plenty of stamina, it breeds successfully in captivity, and I believe that it can survive and thrive in any mountain region that is sufficiently cold and dry. It can *not* endure rain in winter! Everywhere in the United States where this remarkable species still survives, it should at once be given complete protection. In Glacier Park it is now almost a common occurrence for visitors to see wild mountain goats. I saw two myself, near the Sperry Glacier, in 1909, and the flocks are undoubtedly much more numerous to-day.

Mentally and temperamentally the mountain goat is a remarkable animal. It seems to have no nerves! Under no circumstances does a goat lose its head—until it has been shot. Only a few months ago (December 25, 1915) two badly rattled white-tailed deer jumped off the Croton Lake railroad bridge on the Putnam Railroad, near New York, a distance down of about 40 feet, and both were killed by the leap. Two mountain goats would not have done that. They would have “stood pat” to the last second, and waited to see what the locomotive really meant to do. Deer and sheep are hysterical animals, and when cornered will leap off ledges to certain death; but the goat, never! He stands at bay, and calmly waits to see what will happen. That is why Mr. John M. Phillips, State Game Commissioner of Pennsylvania, was able in 1905, at the risk of his life, to obtain at a distance of eight feet the surpassingly fine photograph shown herewith. Considering it in every way, I think that this is the finest wild animal photograph I have ever seen, and surely one of the best that has ever been made.

I believe that the mountain goat will be the last of the big-game species of the open mountains of North America to be exterminated by man. The sheep, moose, caribou and musk-ox will go long in advance of the ubiquitous goat. In protected areas like Glacier Park and the Elk River Game Preserve of southeast British Columbia, the species should endure for a century, or perhaps for two centuries. Why not? In such protected sanctuaries they should finally increase to such an extent that the natural



CARIBOU

In its summer coat, with its antlers “in the velvet”



CARIBOU FAWNS

In the New York Zoological Park

GAME ANIMALS of AMERICA

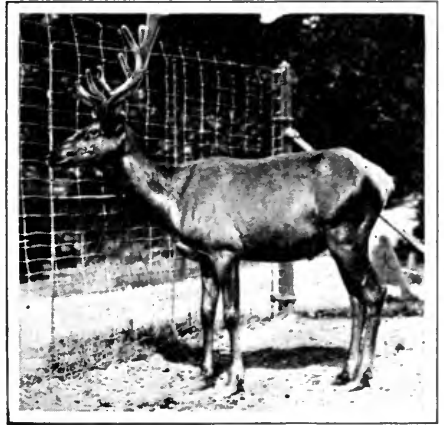
overflow will make legitimate goat-hunting in the surrounding mountains. I should be sorry to see goat-hunting become a lost art; for it is mighty fascinating,—provided you stop with two goats and can return with a clear conscience.

The Caribou

Europe and Asia have the reindeer, but North America has a truly grand array of caribou species. In size and geography they range all the way from the absurd little Peary caribou of Ellesmere Land, which looks like a goat with deer antlers upon it, to the giant of the Cassiar Mountains, known as Osborn's caribou. Roughly speaking, our North American species are divided by their antlers into two groups, the Woodland and the Barren Ground. The important species of the latter are the Greenland caribou, the Peary, the Barren Ground, the Grant and Kenai. Of the Woodland group the leading species are the Newfoundland, Canadian, Black-Faced, and Osborn's. The gravure shown herewith is a very fine presentation of the Canadian Woodland species from an oil painting by Carl Rungius, now owned by the Duquesne Club, Pittsburgh.

The Barren Ground caribou exists in the greatest numbers of any mammalian species, great or small, now inhabiting the earth. The immense throngs that have been seen by Warburton Pike, C. J. Jones and others, while on their annual southward migration, literally stagger the imagination. Undoubtedly there are millions of individuals, and they offer a sharp commentary on the ability of Nature to multiply her live stock, and keep it up to the highest standard, without any help from man.

Is it not a pleasing thought that even in this age of universal slaughter there is one big-game species that still



ELK

Its antlers are "in the velvet"—only half developed.
The animal has its summer coat of hair



ELK HERD IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK

exists in millions, on our own continent? To-day the Barren Ground caribou is protected by distance and the frost king. But this condition is too bright to last. Ere long,—perhaps to-morrow,—the Canadians will build a railroad from Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, straight through the heart of the Barren Ground caribou range to the Arctic coast, and then the ranks of the caribou will be depleted.

The caribou are members of the Deer Family, but one and all they exhibit many unique features. Their antlers are flat, the females have horns, their muzzles are large and square-ended, their feet are very broad and spreading,—like snow-shoe hoofs,—and their heads are carried low. The caribou gait is a swift, far-striding trot.

In the United States caribou are found at two points only: in Maine and northern Idaho;—but we no longer guarantee the latter. South of the Barren Grounds of northern Canada the best localities for caribou are Newfoundland, the Cassiar Mountains, the Iskoot country of British Columbia, the White River country of western Yukon Territory and the Alaska Peninsula.

The Osborn caribou is a grand animal, every way considered. The white Peary caribou, of Ellesmere Land, is very small, its head is more deer-like than that of any other caribou, and it looks like a misfit white deer with imitation caribou antlers upon its head. Unlike all other members of the Deer Family, the female caribou has horns; but they are small and weak.

The Moose

The moose is an animal as odd and picturesque as if it had come to us straight from Wonderland. Walk between those colossal legs and under that high-holden body, gaze on those snow-shovel antlers, consider the amazing overhang of that nose, and then say where an equally amazing combination can be found on this continent.

This animal is the Colossus of the Deer Family. If his wits were equal to his bulk, no man with a gun ever would see a live moose save through binoculars, and we never would acquire any antlers save those discarded by the animal. The homeliest members of the Deer Family are its female moose in calving time, beside which warthogs and hippopotami are sirens and sylphs.

A full-grown bull moose in October or November is,



Copyright by The Knapp Co., N. Y.
BULL MOOSE—THE CHALLENGE
From a painting by Belmore Browne

GAME ANIMALS of AMERICA



ANTLERS OF "GIANT" ALASKAN MOOSE

In the Reed-McMillin Collection, New York Zoological Park. The spread is 76 inches. Probably the finest pair of moose antlers "in captivity"

as we have already insinuated, a wonder. No mammoth, nor mastodon, nor sabretoothed tiger ever was any more so. I am glad that I have lived in the day of that astounding beast. I never yet really wished to kill a moose, even though I have often been told that I should shoot one, for the sake of my reputation as a sportsman. But I never did. I would like to see 100 moose in a week,—as I once came near doing,—but I do not like the thought of destroying a big bull moose.

The moose of the greatest horns and the longest skulls are found in Alaska. The Kenai Peninsula is for them the greatest of all places, and there the grandest antlers have been produced. The bull stands seven feet high at the shoulders,—and no man ever yet has weighed a whole adult animal,—so far as is known to this writer. The finest moose picture ever made, by lens or by brush, is the great painting owned by the New York Zoological Society, which was executed by Carl Rungius in 1915. The model that posed for that bull's antlers hangs in the Reed-McMillin collection of the National Heads and Horns, in the next room to mine, and the road for the doubting Thomases is short and easy.

No; the moose does not prefer to live in thick timber; although in Maine and northern Minnesota the timber of the moose is quite thick enough for all practical purposes. The ideal home of the moose is burned-over tracts of timber, wherein the brush grows rankly, the obstructing trees are absent, and in running or traveling the moose has only to stride over fallen trunks lying four feet high, and always about. The moose is the only land animal now living on this continent that is physically qualified, with a standing of 100 per cent, to travel fast over "down timber" and get away with it.

We must admit that in eastern captivity the moose cannot thrive anywhere south of Canada. The climate of New York city is like poison to moose, caribou and antelope. The salt-laden rains of winter, at 32° Fahrenheit are to blame. In New Brunswick, through wise laws rigidly enforced, (as a rule) the moose are increasing, even though hunted every year. In Maine, moose-hunting has been stopped. The great State game preserve in northern Minnesota contains many hundred moose, quite well protected. Strangest of all, there now are hundreds of moose in north-western Wyoming, where the species long has been absolutely protected, and there are about 700 in the Yellowstone Park.

The Musk-Ox

During our own times, the Barren Ground musk-ox has been completely exterminated throughout the region west of the Mackenzie River, and also eastward from the Mackenzie for about 500 miles. Only seventy

years ago, or thereabouts, herds of live musk-ox were found about fifty miles southeast of Point Borrow; but since that time the species has been exterminated throughout an area as long as from New York to Chicago.

To me every living musk-ox is a source of continual

wonder. I am staggered by the fact that a warm-blooded animal, quite sheep-like in its general nature and mode of life, and which lives well in New York City, can survive and thrive and breed and be happy on the most northerly land in the world. The fact that whole herds of musk-ox can find food throughout the awful Arctic night, survive storms of unbelievable violence and duration, and cold that the human mind scarce can comprehend,—and voluntarily live under such conditions,—seems almost beyond belief.

And yet here in New York, wet in winter and hot in summer, we keep musk-ox comfortable in captivity for five years; and they do not suffer from the heat as much as do the men who take care of them. A part of our success is due to the fact that we keep our musk-ox *dry*, and never allow cold rains to come upon them. They have not yet bred; and we are at a loss to understand why.

A naturalist-historian given to light speaking might be tempted to say that the two musk-ox species were developed and placed in the frozen North for the support of explorers, and the promotion of geographic knowledge. For example, without the musk-ox herds as a base, Peary might never have attained the North Pole. It was he who killed and ate a musk-ox at the most northerly point of land in the world,—the northeast corner of Greenland. Whole herds of musk-ox have been killed and eaten by hungry explorers and the Eskimos and their dogs. The flesh of this animal should taste more like mutton than beef, but the man does not live who could distinguish it from beef of the same age. Evidently there are conditions under which a musk-ox bull has a perceptibly musky odor, but I have never been able to detect the slightest trace of it in any of the animals of my personal acquaintance.

There are two species. The *White-Fronted Musk-ox* has a broad band of soiled white hair across its face, just below the horns; and it inhabits Greenland and all the islands and lands westward thereof, down to the mainland of North America. The *Barren Ground Musk-ox* is the one of



MUSK-OX IN THE N. Y. ZOOLOGICAL PARK

GAME ANIMALS of AMERICA

the Barren Grounds of northern Canada, and its lowest latitude is 64°, at the head of Chesterfield Inlet, which is at the northwestern corner of Hudson Bay.

Like nearly all the large land animals, the musk-ox is of gregarious habit, and maintains itself in herds of small size, usually not exceeding thirty or forty head. Its sharp, down-dropping horns seem to have been specially designed by nature to puncture the hide of the big white arctic wolf, which seeks big game at its farthest north. Whenever a musk-ox herd is attacked by wolves, or by dogs, the adult bulls and cows immediately form themselves into a hollow circle, with the calves inside; and thus they stand literally shoulder to shoulder, facing outward with horns at the "ready," quite able to repel all attacks save those with firearms. If a dog or wolf comes near enough to a musk-ox so that there appears to be a chance to impale it, out rushes the musk-ox in a swift charge. Usually the nimble footed canine escapes unharmed, and as soon as it is beyond reach the musk-ox quickly returns to his place in the circle. The definiteness and precision with which the charge is made and the return accomplished shows a high degree of strategic intelligence; and thus is the fittest enabled to survive.

The musk-ox has two coats of hair—a sweater and a rain-coat. The sweater is of fine and dense fur, practically impervious to cold. The rain-coat is a suit of rather long and rather coarse straight hair, which hangs over and completely covers the inner coat, for the purpose of shedding snow and rain. The body color of the animal is a rich chocolate brown, and the legs are dull gray. Naturally one would expect to see a musk-ox provided with a broad, spreading hoof, like the snow-shoe hoof of the caribou; but this is not the case. The musk-ox hoof is rather small and compact.

Structurally this remarkable animal is half ox and half sheep,—just as its generic name, *Ovibos*, implies. It has *no* visible tail, and its drooping horns strongly resemble those of the Cape buffalo, of Africa.

For four years the New York Zoological Park has maintained the only herd of musk-ox ever kept in captivity. It started in 1910 with six animals, three of which still survive.



A MUSK-OX

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY

By W. T. Hornaday

OUR VANISHING WILD LIFE

By W. T. Hornaday

FOUR-FOOTED AMERICANS AND THEIR KIN

By M. Wright

BIG GAME OF NORTH AMERICA

By G. O. Shields

OUR BIG GAME

By D. W. Huntington

*** Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.



In about three weeks vacation days will be over and the fall season for reading clubs and home reading circles will begin. There are hundreds of clubs using The Mentor—some as their regular course for the season, others as supplementary to their own courses. During June we had many demands from reading clubs for information concerning The Mentor plans for next year. This information was wanted in most cases for use in club booklets which were then in course of preparation. In order to meet the needs of reading clubs we prepare plans of The Mentor far ahead. Our numbers for the year 1917 are already scheduled, and some of them are in actual preparation. Our descriptive booklet tells all about future as well as past numbers.

★ ★ ★

I do not think that the members of The Mentor Association who are not active in reading clubs appreciate what The Mentor is doing for club work. We could make up a book many times the size of The Mentor simply out of the letters of appreciation that we have received from clubs all over the country bearing testimony to the service that we give. The following, just received, is a fair example:

★ ★ ★

"Some time ago you sent me a suggested program for the study of South America. The club of which I am president has just voted to study that subject, and they are following the program that you laid out, and it is so much better than anything that we could have laid out for ourselves that it saves the program committee a great deal of work. We hardly see how you can afford to do this, but we want to express our appreciation."

This letter is really typical. A great many ask us how we "can afford to do this work" for nothing. Some offer to pay. So let us make it clear now to every member of The Mentor Association that the preparation of special programs and courses of reading is a regular part of The Mentor Service, and that we give it freely and gladly. The service includes other things besides. We answer questions on all kinds of subjects in the various fields of knowledge. Our daily mail is heavy with inquiries, and we give the ques-

tioners the benefit of the knowledge and experience of recognized authorities.

★ ★ ★

Just another word about programs. Some people do not understand what a program for a reading club means. The ordinary program is so slim and elementary that there is no inspiration in it. We prepare programs that contain the meat of the subject in condensed form, and we supply appropriate introductions to the meetings, and suggest supplementary reading matter. In special cases, such as that of a music course, we furnish lists of appropriate compositions to be played in the meetings as illustrations. We make programs on many subjects. Of course we look forward to a time when it will not be necessary for us to make special programs on most subjects, because they will be covered in The Mentor itself. At present we supply a special program on South America. This will not be necessary in another year, for we shall have a series of Mentors that will cover South America, and they will supply all the material necessary for clubs studying the subject. The first number in the South American series has just appeared, so Mentor readers can judge of the character and scope of these numbers.

★ ★ ★

Write in at once and get our booklet descriptive of The Mentor Service. In this booklet we have arranged The Mentors in special courses, suitable for any number of meetings of a club, from three up to twenty or thirty. We also give full directions as to the use of The Mentor in a reading club. Read this booklet and you will find that The Mentor is not only a source of pleasure and profit in its unit form as it appears twice a month, but that each unit is a stone in a rapidly growing structure. There is no need of talking about what it will look like when this structure is completed, for of knowledge there is no end. The Mentor institution will simply go on growing. In three years of existence, it has already come to assume an impressive aspect with its array of interesting departments, each rich in information and beautiful illustration. You will appreciate this if you send for our book, and read it.

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF A POPULAR INTEREST
IN ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, HISTORY, NATURE, AND TRAVEL

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THE purpose of The Mentor Association is to give its members, in an interesting and attractive way, the information in various fields of knowledge which everybody wants to have. The information is imparted by interesting reading matter, prepared under the direction of leading authorities, and by beautiful pictures, produced by the most highly perfected modern processes.

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September 1. RAPHAEL. By Prof. John C. Van Dyke, Rutgers College. September 15. WALTER SCOTT. By Hamilton W. Mabie. Author and Editor.

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THE MENTOR

RAPHAEL

By Professor JOHN C. VANDYKE
Rutgers College

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 14

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The Master Painter



RAPHAEL'S gracious spirit revealed itself in the charm and serenity of his work. For once in the history of the human race Plato's dream was realized, and the world saw a painter whose own beautiful nature was in harmony with his art.



ALL artists became as of one mind once they began to labor in the society of Raphael, continuing such unity and concord that all harsh feelings and evil dispositions became subdued and disappeared at the sight of him; all confessed the influence of his sweet and gracious nature, which was so replete with excellence and so perfect in all the charities, that not only was he honored by men, but even by the very animals, who would constantly follow his steps and always loved him.



NATURE," in Vasari's phrase, "had endowed this child of genius not only with the rarest powers of mind, but with personal beauty, grace, industry, modesty, and goodness."

R A P H A E L

By JOHN C. VAN DYKE
Professor of The History of Art, Rutgers College

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE TRANSFIGURATION

DETAIL OF MOTHER AND
CHILD (THE SISTINE
MADONNA)

POPE JULIUS II



Portrait
of the Artist



In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE MADONNA OF THE
GRAND DUKE

THE LADY WITH THE VEIL

PORTRAIT OF MADDA-
LENA DONI



By
Himself

"Raphael's nature and achievement were so perfectly balanced that we may confidently say no modern artist ever attained to such purity and completeness of thought, or to such clearness of expression. His art is, as it were, a draught of fresh water from the purest spring."—Goethe.



HERE has always been a glamor of romance about Raphael. It began before he died and has continued down to the present day. He was young, handsome, gracious, highly gifted, astonishing in accomplishment, famous among artists, patronized by popes and kings. He appeared in the noontide of the Renaissance, drew all eyes by his radiant genius, and then, before twilight had set in, passed out in splendor as a star in the blue. His was assuredly a meteoric career, and for many years his name was one to conjure with, and implied the very highest rank in art. It was believed that because he was famous his pictures were above criticism and beyond reproach. Writers spoke of him as the "prince of painters," and poets as "Raphael the Divine." He was the beloved of mankind, the darling of the gods.

But alas! his name and his work have come on down into a critical age, the high estimate of his contemporaries has been modified; and today Raphael is suffering in some quarters from a revulsion of sentiment. He now receives scant justice. Painters who have seen only his madonnas will tell you what a vastly over-estimated artist he is; and critics who are intent upon pushing up Hals or Velasquez or Goya think it necessary to pull down Raphael and put him in the dunce's corner. Poor Raphael! Like many another he has been the victim of indiscriminate judgments.

Will he survive the ordeal? Assuredly. He is still one of the great ones in art, and those who think him finally disposed of reckon without their host.

Raphael's Fame

Of course much of Raphael's fame with the masses was founded on his handsome types and his somewhat over-wrought Perugian sentiment. No painter's reputation could rest upon such superficial bases. Murillo has still a vogue by virtue of his sweet faces, but there is nothing else to his art. He never stood high with artists. Raphael, on the contrary, was a draftsman, a designer, a space-filler—in short, a great craftsman who led half the artists of Italy bound to his car. His great skill and intelligence and his tremendous influence

cannot be questioned. The young painter of today who puts his impressions on the canvas with a palette-knife thinks Raphael primitive because he did not paint in the modern method. He forgets that in other times there were other methods, and probably he never knew how good a painter Raphael was even from a palette-knife point of view. Some of his late portraits would astonish the moderns if they could be induced to look at them. But, of course, Raphael was a Renaissance Italian not a present day impressionist; and he perfectly reflected in his art his time, his race, and his people. That is the best that can be said for any artist.



THE MADONNA OF THE MEADOW
In the Vienna Museum



THE MADONNA OF THE GOLDFINCH
In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

His Madonnas

The time was one when the Church was still in power, and the demand was for church art, not color notes of ladies in yellow at pink teas. Raphael's chief patron was the Church, and his chief works were madonnas, altar-pieces, great wall paintings, mural decorations. Almost all of his madonnas now suffer greatly from having been taken out of the churches for which they were painted, and hung in galleries where their meaning is distorted or lost, and their look is falsified by harsh lights and strange

surroundings. The smaller madonnas, like the "Madonna del Granduca," (Madonna of the Grand Duke) are not much injured by the removal, and these are the pictures still greatly admired. The fine spirit and purity of type in the "Madonna del Granduca" are still apparent though the picture hangs in the Pitti Gallery. In another room of the Pitti is the "Madonna della Sedia" (Madonna of the Chair) which is, again, little injured by its present placing. It is possibly the most popular picture in the world because of its purely human quality. It is much more clever in its doing than the Granduca Madonna, though not so refined or delicate in type, nor so girlish or spiritual in feeling. The Madonna herself is easily understood, frankly feminine and unpretentious, save that she is a proud and somewhat conscious mother. The figures are placed on a barrel-head panel (called a "tondo"), and the space is filled just right. You do not feel that the figures have been crowded or bent into the circle, but that a natural action cast them into that form. It was one of Raphael's great accomplishments that he could fill just such spaces—round, square, oblong, triangular—with figures better than anyone else, fill them without strain or effort.

The two Madonnas just mentioned are flat in pattern, having no background or perspective to speak of, but it was another accomplishment of Raphael's that he could give light, air, and spacious distance when he chose. Look at the reproduction of the "Madonna of the Meadow" and notice not only the beautiful pyramidal group in the foreground but the wide and high landscape in the background. Look, again, at the Madonna called "La Belle Jardinière" for the same effect; that is, the effect of figures as a pattern in the foreground of an atmospheric sun-illuminated space. The Madonnas have lovely faces, and the children are lovely too, but these are not, perhaps, the most lasting features of the pictures. You return to them after many years to see them as graceful groups in restful landscapes. The "Madonna of the Goldfinch" is in the same class. They are pure, serene, and beautiful works, though their religious significance is now almost entirely lost to us.



LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE
The Virgin with Child and little St. John.
In the Louvre, Paris

The Sistine Madonna

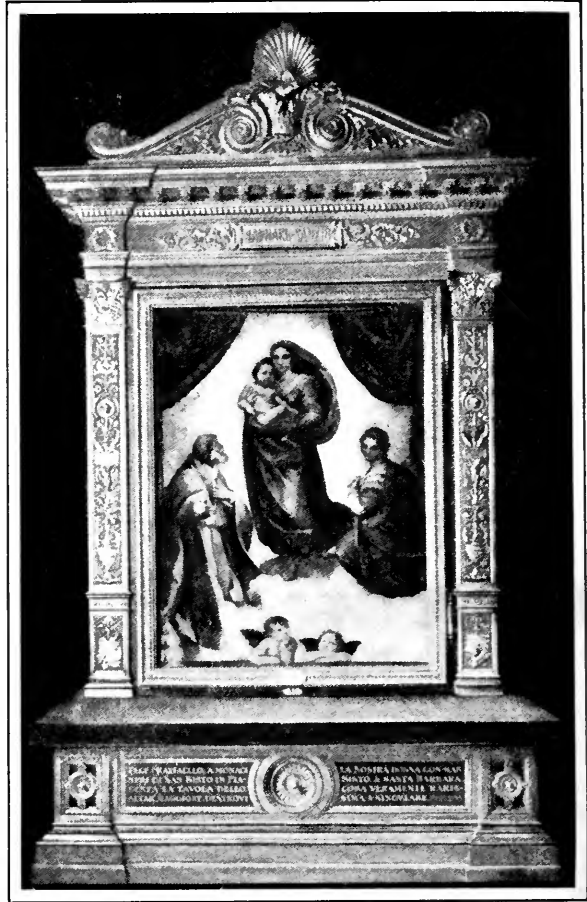
That they had a religious significance, and that such significance has been distorted by removal from church altars, may be well illustrated in the celebrated "Sistine Madonna." This was the latest of his Madonna pictures, and

as everyone should know, it was painted for the Church of San Sisto at Piacenza (pee-ah-chen'-zah). In that church it was placed over the high altar in full view of the kneeling worshippers. The Madonna with the Child in her arms is shown walking forward on the clouds to meet the congregation. She is holding up the Child as the Light and Salvation of the world. A cherub throng in a golden halo is back of her. Two of the cherubs have arrived before her and are resting their elbows on the actual altar top in the church. The green altar-curtains are drawn apart. San Sisto (Pope Sixtus II), the patron saint of the church, his papal crown resting on the altar, is kneeling on the clouds, and with one hand on his bosom, and the other pointing out to the congregation is saying, "Not for me! Not for me! but for these poor people in my care. Have mercy upon them!"

As a part of worship, as a teacher of the faith, as a matter of religious belief, the picture in its original setting must have been impressive and powerful. Raphael designed it for that place and purpose. Taking it away from the church of San Sisto destroyed its significance as religion and its meaning as art. It is now in a small square room of the Dresden Gallery, and the beautiful Madonna with the Child in her arms walks down to meet, not a believing throng upon its knees praying for intercession, but a miscellaneous mob of tourists, who are, for the most part, making foolish remarks about the picture. Of course, it suffers from the wreck of its meaning. And its look is greatly changed. Glaring side windows throw a cruel light upon the picture and make the colors appear crude, whereas Raphael had painted it in bright colors to go in a dimly-lighted church.

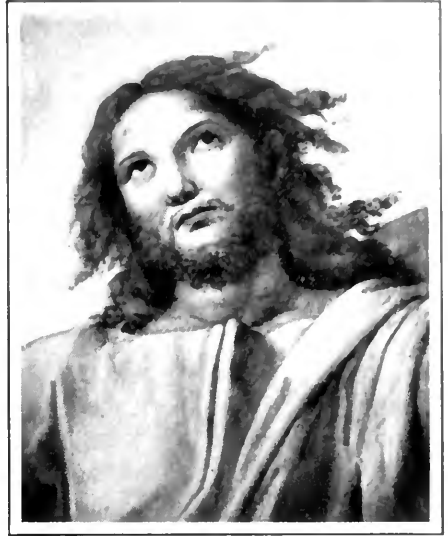
Raphael's Genius for Assimilation

Most of Raphael's madonnas were painted in his youth. At first he followed his masters, Perugino (per-u-gee'-no) and Pinturricchio (peen-too-reek'-kee-oh) and produced the Umbrian type and sentiment. He



THE SISTINE MADONNA WITH FRAME
As it appears in the Royal Gallery, Dresden

was a very apt student, a precocious youth, and when he came down to Florence at twenty-one he quickly took up with Florentine methods. He had a genius for assimilation and drew from every source. He received, rearranged, re-combined and gave out again with astonishing originality. From the first he had cultivated every grace of mind and hand, and absorbed freely from the art about him. He copied Masaccio (mah-saht'-cho) in the Carmine; he studied closely the work of Andrea del Sarto and Michelangelo. For two years he was with Fra Bartolommeo, and his "Tempi Madonna" at Munich, his "Madonna of the Baldacchino" (bal-dah-chee'-no) in the Pitti, show the influence there. The "Madonna of the Meadow" reveals something of the light and shade, the types, the composition of Leonardo da Vinci. You can see in "La Belle Jardinière" (jar-deen-yare') and the "Madonna of the Goldfinch" certain resemblances to other painters, as in the portrait of Maddalena Doni (in the Pitti) a likeness in pose to Leonardo's "Mona Lisa"; but they are all transmuted by the genius and the skill of Raphael into something completely Raphaelesque. They are a wonderful blend, but they have upon them the individual stamp of Raphael. He alone could have done them; he alone could harmonize the excellences of other artists and fuse them into an amalgam of his own.



THE HEAD OF CHRIST

A detail of the Transfiguration. In the Vatican, Rome



POETRY

In the Vatican, Rome

Raphael in Rome

At twenty-five the youthful master was famous throughout Italy. Pope Julius II commanded him to come to Rome, and there set him at work on what are known as the "Stanze" of the Vatican. The four rooms of the Vatican containing the Raphael frescoes give the full measure of the man. Here is his strength and here also is his weakness. He began with the Stanza della Segnatura (sane-yah-too'-rah) and his great composition there of the "Disputa" shows him at his best. In it he is spontaneous and skillful, yet dignified and exalted. He never went beyond it in design, pattern, space-filling, color. It is superb. The "Parnassus," with

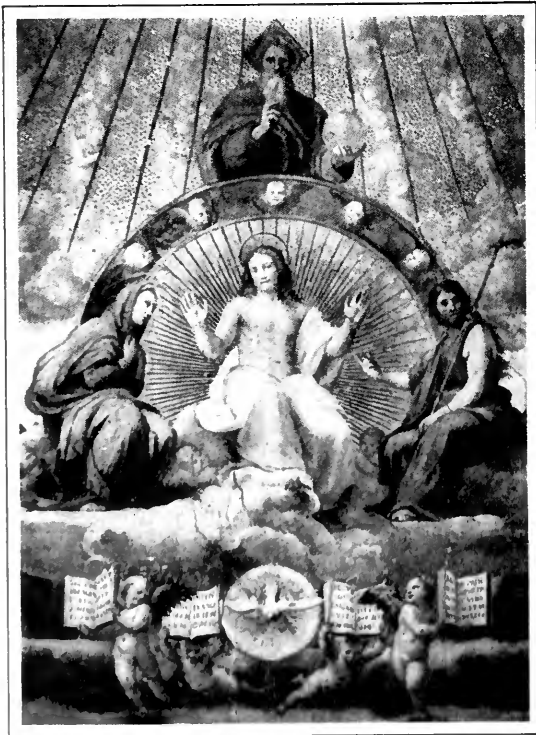
the figures grouped around and above a window, is more learned if perhaps more posed and academic. It has great excellences of drawing, arrangement, adaptation. Just so with the oft-quoted "School of Athens." One wonders over its design, its knowledge, its great skill. But one begins to miss in it spontaneity and personal feeling. In the next room, the Stanza dell'Elidoro there is still more of a drift toward conscious effects. In the "Expulsion" amazing thought and resource are shown, and the "Release of St. Peter," the "Mass of Bolsena," are masterful; but somehow all of them leave us cold. We admire, but are not moved or stirred by them.



A DETAIL OF THE MOUNT PARNASSUS
In the Vatican, Rome

Raphael was changing rapidly. The "Disputa," put out with so much

soul, was followed in a few years by works that seem to be done after an admirable pattern; but, nevertheless, done by rule or rote or method. Finally came the Stanza dell'Incendio, (in-chend'-yo) where Raphael at thirty-four, seems to fall down, a victim to his own methods. The "Burning of the Borgo" shows him following the colossal modeling of Michelangelo and producing great lumpy figures, arranged in artificial attitudes and posed for effect. Some of the exaggeration is due, no doubt, to the work of assistants and pupils who helped on this fresco; but Raphael designed it throughout and is largely responsible for it. Here his once charming manner passes into mannerism. The work is not believable, is not sincere, not spontaneous. A method takes the place of feeling, and formula



A DETAIL OF THE DISPUTA
In the Vatican, Rome



THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS

A detail showing the portrait of the painter, third from the left
In the Vatican, Rome

Those of the Loggie—called Raphael's Bible—were executed after his death from his designs, and are remarkable largely because of their illustrative features. The Cupid and Psyche frescoes of the Farnesina Villa were also executed [by Giulio(jool'-yo) Romano] from designs by Raphael. How cleverly he could fill a space with a pattern even in his late period can be seen by the "Psyche Rising to the Palace of Venus," reproduced herewith. Notice in the triangular space framed up with garlands how beautifully the figures are disposed. To the very last he was a great designer. The "Transfiguration"—left unfinished at his death and somewhat formal as it may be—is a wonderful composition.

Raphael's Portraits

During his Roman days Raphael turned aside at times to do portraits, and those remaining to us are perhaps as satisfactory as anything he ever did. They are dignified, full of repose, intelligent, forceful. And they are done with a freedom of handling, a certainty of touch, and a sense of color that is quite astonishing. Painting as craftsmanship was not brought to completion in

succeeds to artistic spirit. The academic became firmly seated here, and here also the Decadence began. Raphael set the pace for the Decadence perhaps more truly than any other painter. He was hardly decadent himself, for he died too early for that, but those who followed him went far astray by exaggerating his mannerisms.

Later Frescoes

Raphael's later frescoes are of less importance.



PSYCHE RISING TO THE PALACE OF VENUS
In the Villa Farnesina, Rome

Raphael's day, and yet who shall say the portraits of Leo X or Julius II lack in handling, in facility, in clever manipulation of paint? And, in character, who shall say they are below Titian (tish'-an) or Rembrandt or Velasquez (vay-lahs'-keth)? The brutal humanity of the "Leo X" is powerful in its realism. The drag down of the cap over the head, the push back of the cape from the neck, the bulk of the figure in the chair, the sensitive patrician hands—how positively true they all are! Just as true is the fine feeling of the "Julius II," with the head bent forward and the aged pope

for the moment lost in thought. Those who exalt Rembrandt and Velasquez perhaps overlook the fact that they were primarily portrait painters, while Raphael was a great mural painter with portraiture taken up merely as a side venture. Yet in this foreign field, a century before Rembrandt and Velasquez, how splendidly he acquitted himself.

His Styles

Every painter shows from first to last variations in his style or manner of work. These variations are the result of different periods or stages of growth. Raphael had several styles because he was very susceptible to the influences of craftsmanship and was always learning, advancing, changing. I shall endeavor by way of review to point them out in our illustrations. Little is known about his early training



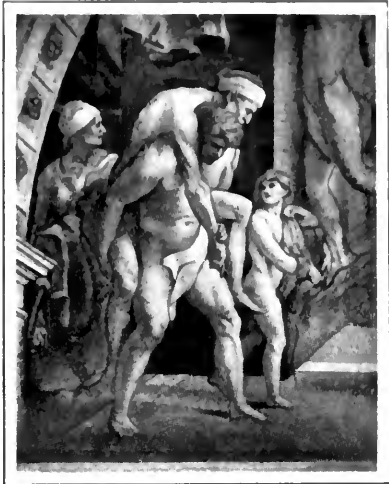
THE VISION OF EZEKIEL
In the Pitti Palace, Florence

in Umbria. His father was a painter at the court of Urbino, and was probably his first master. He was also influenced there by Timoteo Viti (vee'-tee); but the climax of his early manner was reached after he went to Perugia and became a pupil of Perugino. The influence of Perugino, and his fellow-worker Pinturricchio, resulted in what is known as Raphael's Umbrian or Peruginesque style. The picture herewith of "St. Sebastian" illustrates it. The type is practically that of Perugino—a round face with dark eyes, slight nose and mouth, and a great deal of pathos or sentiment. Taine aptly described it as "A body belonging to the Renaissance containing a soul belonging to the Middle Ages." It was a very popular type, though, in Perugino's hands, Michelangelo sneered at it because it had no great force.

RAPHAEL

At twenty-one Raphael moved to Florence and the Perugian type and style began to change at once under the influence of the great Florentine masters. The "Madonna of the Meadow" shows a longer face, a heavier eyelid, a larger figure, more monumental

composition, more light, shade and color. The "Madonna of the Goldfinch" shows a still further expansion of form and composition with a rounding of the face and broader treatment of the drapery. In "La Belle Jardinière" and the "Madonna del Granduca" are other changes, all showing the mobile Raphael responding to the teaching and inspiration of those about him. His early training was being blended with his later observation to make what has been called his Florentine style. You may see this style even in his early portraits, such as the "Maddalena Doni." This style was more or less tentative. It lasted only a few years and then, with Raphael's going to Rome, began his third manner or what has been called his Roman style.



A DETAIL OF THE BURNING OF
THE BORGO
In the Vatican, Rome



PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN MAN IN
RAPHAEL'S STYLE
In the Czartoryski Gallery, Cracow



THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR
In the Pitti Palace, Florence

He was changing up to his death and within the Roman period continual transition is apparent. The "Disputa" is reminiscent of his Perugian and Florentine styles but broader than either. The "School of Athens" and the "Parnassus" are departures along a way hitherto untrod by any one. They are Raphael's own and are the result of much study in composition, design and space-filling. Here the academic begins to take form and with these frescoes began the establishment of rules as to how historical composition should be carried out. They formed the basis of what was called later "the grand style." The "Burning

of the Borgo" shows Raphael in an exaggerated style that is little less than a mannerism. It is a passing from the academic to the bizarre and is a decided step downward.

The change from the Florentine to the Roman manner is quite as apparent in his madonnas as in his Vatican frescoes. The "Madonna della Sedia" drops the Peruginesque and the Leonardesque types with their sentiment to become purely human—a contadina madonna in Roman peasant costume. The "Sistine Madonna" becomes classic—a Christian Minerva with grand presence and flowing drapery. Even the portraits undergo a change. They are larger in vision, more universal in representation, broader and freer in method, as we have noted in the "Julius II" and the "Leo X." The portrait of "La Donna Velata" (The



ST. SEBASTIAN
In the Academy, Bergamo

Lady with the Veil)—she who posed as the model for the Sistine Madonna—is decidedly academic as you may see by the hand and the drapery; and that of the "Fornarina," though done by Raphael's pupil, Giulio Romano, shows the academic in the master's late Roman manner to perfection.

He who had been precocious as a boy, brilliant as a youth, and learned as a young man, he whom all Italy praised, was dead at thirty-seven. His charming personality, his gracious manner, his great genius, had made him much beloved. He had never married, but his name was linked with the so-called Fornarina who had served him as a model in many pic-

tures. There was romance about him before he died, and since then the glamor of his life and genius has not ceased. He was one of the great masters and had not only stamped his personality upon art, but had also made a deep impression upon the hearts of men. It was not without reason that he was called "Raphael the Divine" and the "Prince of Painters."



A DETAIL OF THE MOUNT PARNASSUS
In the Vatican, Rome



THE FORNARINA
In the Barberini Gallery, Rome

A Tribute from Vasari

Giorgio Vasari, the famous painter and writer on art of the sixteenth century, who lived in Raphael's time, has this to say of him:

"The large and liberal hand where-with Heaven is sometimes pleased to accumulate the infinite riches of its treasures on the head of one sole favorite, showering on him all those rare gifts and graces which are more commonly distributed among a larger number of individuals, and accorded at long intervals of time only, has been clearly exemplified in the well-known instance of Raphael Sanzio of Urbino.

"To him of a truth it is that we owe the possession of invention, coloring and execution, brought alike and together to that point of perfection for which few could have dared to hope; nor has any man ever aspired to pass before him.

"He did not live the life of a painter, but that of a prince. Wherefore oh Art of Painting! Well mightest thou for thy part, then esteem thyself most happy, having, as thou hast, one artist among thy sons, by whose virtues and talents thou wert thyself exalted to heaven."

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

RAPHAEL, HIS LIFE, WORKS, AND TIMES

By Eugène Muntz

RAPHAEL

By Crowe and Cavalcaselle

RAPHAEL OF URBINO AND HIS FATHER

By J. D. Passavant

RAPHAEL

By Georg Gronau

LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT PAINTERS

By Giorgio Vasari

RAPHAEL

By Adolph Paul Oppé

THE RENAISSANCE—THE FINE ARTS

By J. A. Symonds

ART OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

By H. Wölfflin

RAPHAEL

By Henry Strachey

RAPHAEL

By Elbert Hubbard

In the Little Journeys series.

RAPHAEL

By P. G. Konody

* * Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.



THE OPEN LETTER



You ask me a great many questions—I am going to ask you one. You tell me that the answers that you get to your questions help you—in your home reading, in your local club work, and in various ways. Good! I am glad to know that. The keynote of The Mentor is helpful service. I would rather a thousand times have you say of The Mentor, “It helps me,” than simply, “It amuses me.”

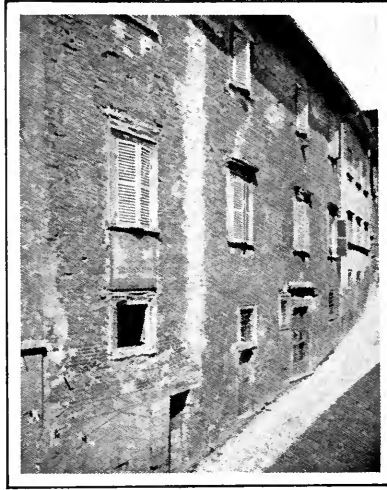
★ ★ ★

Now you can help The Mentor a great deal by answering one question of mine:
Just what does The Mentor mean to you?

Take these different departments of knowledge and tell me the order in which your preference runs—Fine Art, Travel, History, Biography, Literature, Music, Domestic Art, Nature, Popular Science. We have had votes on this subject before and the preference has run about in the order in which I have listed the departments. But this is a campaign year. Let us have a new vote. And please understand that, in this vote on The Mentor, woman suffrage is an accepted and established fact. Some of the best suggestions I have had have come from the women members of The Mentor Association.

★ ★ ★

Why do I want to know? you ask. “Does The Mentor want ideas and subjects?” No—not that, although suggestions are welcome. I have enough ideas and subjects, however, for many years of The Mentor. What I want



RAPHAEL'S BIRTHPLACE
At Urbino, Italy

to know is just what subjects interest and help you most.

★ ★ ★

I have tried this question on nearby friends and I have had an answer from several; “We like *all* The Mentors”—which is kind but not constructively helpful.

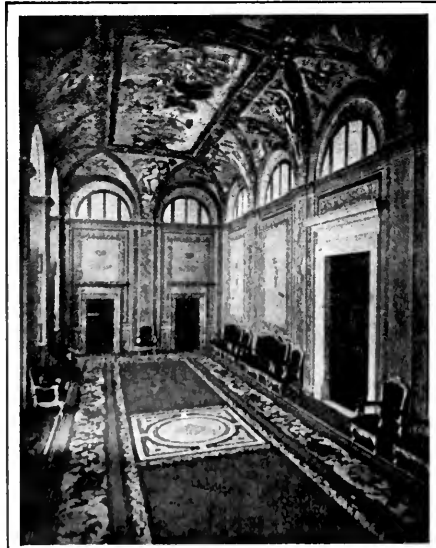
I want you to tell me your order of preference in subjects. This is an Art number—does Art stand first with you? If so, what next, and so on. The answer to this will help—not immediately, for we have to

plan our schedule for months in advance. But it will show me what fields of knowledge are particularly cherished by Mentor members.

★ ★ ★

And so I am going to send you a ballot containing several questions. I shall ask you not only what subjects you are most interested in and what parts of The Mentor Course you have found most profitable, but also what subjects not yet covered in The Mentor Course you would suggest for treatment, and what opinions you and your relatives and friends have expressed regarding The Mentor Course.

You will receive this ballot with your invitation for renewal of membership. Please do not pass it unnoticed. The Mentor has given you service for many months. Do this one bit of service for The Mentor. Remember—you have made The Mentor, and The Mentor is made for you.



THE VESTIBULE OF THE VILLA FARNESINA,
ROME

With the frescoes of the story of Cupid and Psyche,
by Raphael

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

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IN ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, HISTORY, NATURE, AND TRAVEL

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September 15. WALTER SCOTT. *By Hamilton W. Mabie, Author and Editor.* October 2. THE YOSEMITE VALLEY. *By Dwight L. Elmendorf, Lecturer and Traveler.*

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THE MENTOR

WALTER SCOTT

By HAMILTON W. MABIE
Author and Editor

DEPARTMENT OF
LITERATURE

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 15

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

The Wizard of the North



THE causes of Sir Walter Scott's ascendancy are to be found in the goodness of his heart, the integrity of his conduct; the romantic and picturesque accessories and atmosphere of his life, the fertile brilliancy of his literary execution, the charm that he exercises, both as man and artist, over the imagination, the serene, tranquilizing spirit of his works, and, above all, the buoyancy, the happy freedom of his genius.



HE was not simply an intellectual power, he was also a human and gentle comforter. He wielded an immense mental force, but he always wielded it for good, and always with tenderness. It is impossible to conceive of his ever having done a wrong act, or of any contact with his influence that would not inspire the wish to be virtuous and noble. The scope of his sympathy was as broad as are the weakness and need of the human race. He understood the hardship in the moral condition of mankind and he wished and tried to relieve it.



HIS writings are full of sweetness and cheer, and they contain nothing that is morbid—nothing that tends toward surrender or misery. He did not sequester himself in mental pride, but simply and sturdily, through years of conscientious toil, he employed the faculties of a strong, tender, gracious genius for the good of his fellow-creatures. The world loves him because he is worthy to be loved, and because he has lightened the burden of its care and augmented the sum of its happiness.

WALTER SCOTT

By HAMILTON W. MABIE

Author and Editor



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LUCY AND THE MASTER
"The Bride of Lammermoor"

THE BLACK KNIGHT AT
THE HERMITAGE
"Ivanhoe"

VARNEY, LEICESTER AND
AMY ROBSART
"Kenilworth"

Bust of
Sir Walter
Scott



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FLORA MacIVOR
"Waverley"

MEG MERRILIES DIRECTS
BERTRAM TO THE CAVE
"Guy Mannering"

EFFIE DEANS AND GEOR-
DIE
"Heart of Midlothian"

By
Sir Francis
Chantrey

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE
SEPTEMBER 15, 1916



A NOTED English critic said that he never sat down to write about Sir Walter Scott without a sense of elation and happiness; and he might have added without a sense of satisfaction. For the author of the Waverley Novels was a clean, wholesome, loyal human soul. The out-of-door vigor of the Highlands found in him not only a chronicler but an incarnation. At the end, when his strength was failing, his brain becoming darkened, the battle apparently going against him, his struggle against disaster became a moral victory and his character took on heroic proportions. At a time when so much writing is impaired by egotism, and mental and moral disease give prose and verse the odor of the hospitals, Scott brings a tonic atmosphere with him.

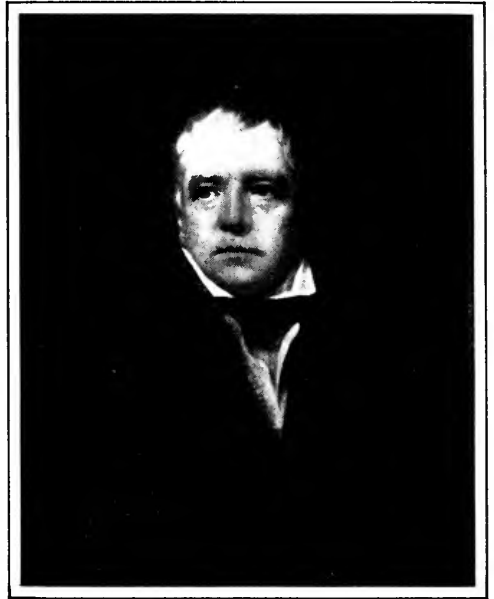
He was a fortunate man; he was born in a country which he understood, at a time when the men, women, and events he wrote about were in the past but not too far in the past; and he was well born in the best sense. He came at the right time, in the right place, and of the right ancestry. In a word, he was in harmony with the conditions of his life, and he was spared the antagonism which often bends and sometimes breaks a promising talent and distorts a wholesome nature. Like Goethe he had a methodical father, of orderly habit, and a mother of generous heart, a vivid memory and the gift of pictorial talk. He said of her that if he had

been able to paint past times it was largely because of "the studies with which she presented me." She had talked with a man who remembered the battle of Dunbar; and the day before her last illness she told, with great accuracy of detail, the real story of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and indicated the points in which it differed from her son's famous novel. To his father Scott owed his steadiness of aim and his indomitable industry; to his mother he owed his vivid energy of mind, his tireless curiosity.

To Scotland his debt was even greater. Born in Edinburgh in 1771, four years before the beginning of the American Revolution, an illness in his second year sent him to reside with his grandfather in a country of crags and in the neighborhood of a ruined tower. In fine weather the shepherd took him to the places where the sheep were grazing and laid him on the ground among them. He was forgotten one day, and a thunderstorm broke on him. When he was found he was calling out, "bonny! bonny!" at each flash of lightning. His illness made him lame for life, but he was a boy of sweet temper and a winning disposition. Lameness did not daunt him; he learned to climb with great agility and to keep his saddle with the best of them. At the age of six he was reciting ballads with zest and fire, and he showed very early the spirit which made him a story-teller and a man of dauntless courage.

The Boyhood of Scott

At school he was noted as a daring climber, a pertinacious fighter, an irregular student, and a teller of fascinating tales. In the High School he was "more distinguished in the yards than in the class." In 1783 he entered the Humanity and Greek classes in the University of Edinburgh, but his education was directed by his genius rather than by the school and college curriculum. He began on his grandfather's farm, Sandy-Knowe, in a landscape that runs to the Cheviot Hills and the slopes of Lammermoor, where he lay, a "puir lame laddie," on the turf among the sheep. Out of a volume of Ramsay's "*Tea Table Miscellany*" he was taught "*Hardy Knute*," long before he could read the ballad. "It was the first poem I ever learned," he wrote years afterwards, "the last I shall ever forget." His grandmother knew all the wild and romantic stories of



PORTRAIT OF SCOTT
By Sir Henry Raeburn

WALTER SCOTT

the Border and the eager boy listened with his heart and imagination. He had only to look across the countryside to see many of the places where these moving events had happened: the peaks of Peebleshire, the crags of Hume, the landmarks of Ettrick and Yarrow; the Brethren Stanes were among the objects that "painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels."

When he was thirteen years old he came upon one of those books that open the world of imagination to boys and girls of genius. He was visiting his aunt in Kelso, which he describes as the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland. The house stood in a garden in which there was a great platanus tree (plane tree), and under its branches, one summer afternoon, he opened "Percy's Reliques," which had appeared nineteen years before, and the magic of the old, stirring ballads which Bishop Percy had piously brought together, laid a spell upon him which was never broken. "The summer day sped onward so fast," he wrote long afterwards, "that notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet." As soon as he could "scrape five shillings together" he bought the volumes and read no other books so often or with such enthusiasm.

This vital education for the work he was to do was not interrupted by his studies at the University. Hosts of Americans have climbed Arthur's Seat and picked bluebells and looked down on one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. Scott climbed this famous hill and Salisbury Crags or Blackford Hill on Saturdays and in vacation, carrying a bundle of books from a circulating library; and, overlooking one of the most enchanting landscapes in Scotland, read Spenser, Ariosto and other masters of romance. He learned to read Italian and Spanish so as to get direct access to "Don Quixote" and the "Decameron"; and Froissart he came to know almost by heart.



ABBOTSFORD, SCOTLAND
The home of Walter Scott

Edinburgh and the Highlands

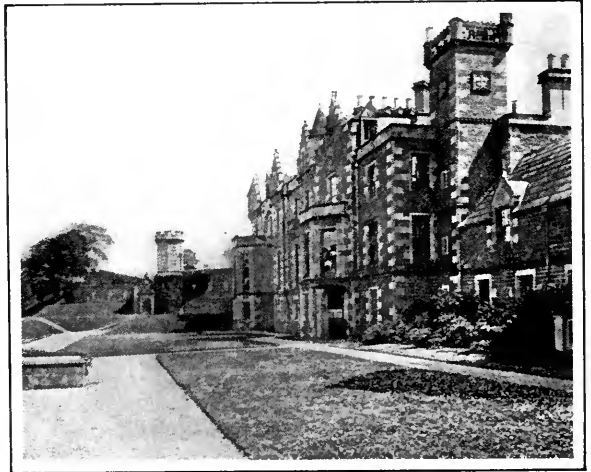
Edinburgh was an illustrated edition of a great deal of Scotch history, and Scott left no part of the old town unvisited. He spent so much time exploring the country within reach that his father protested that he was becoming a strolling peddler. "Show me an old castle or a battlefield," he wrote, "and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description." So he came to know not only the spirit but the "form and presence" of feudalism and the ideals and code of manners of chivalry.

His education went a step farther when he saw the Highlands for the first time in 1787. The traditions of 1715 and 1745, when the Highland chiefs had engaged in brave but futile attempts to restore the exiled Stuarts to the throne which those ill-starred Kings had forfeited by their inability to understand the English people, were still fresh on the Border. Men who had taken part in the rising of 1745 were still living, and

Scott was fortunate enough to be the guest of one of them. He was to write the stories of wild Scotland as no historian had or could write them, and on this memorable visit he was to hear the tales of stirring and romantic deeds from one who had played a part in them, and he was to see with the eyes of youth the landscape on which they had been enacted. It was a happy hour in which the boy who was to write "Waverley" and "Rob Roy" heard from a veteran the stories of battle, of dashing foray, of daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes. "To know men who had known Rob Roy, to hear the story of the two risings which had shaken Scotland like an earthquake, to be a guest in remote and lonely castles, to be guided through wild defiles and over vast mountain ranges by kilted clansmen whose speech was only Gaelic and whose claymores were still at the service of their chiefs—this was the real education of the writer who was to be the scribe of his country, the truest of her historians."



SIR WALTER SCOTT
From the painting by J. P. Knight



ABBOTSFORD
A near view

WALTER SCOTT

This first-hand education in romantic history was supplemented by the eager reading of military exploits, of medieval romance and legend, of the songs of the Border, of Ariosto and Cervantes. The author of "Don Quixote," he said later, "first inspired him with the ambition to excel in fiction." He was also fortunate in the possession of a memory which held tenaciously everything that contributed to his future work and let unrelated things slip through its meshes.

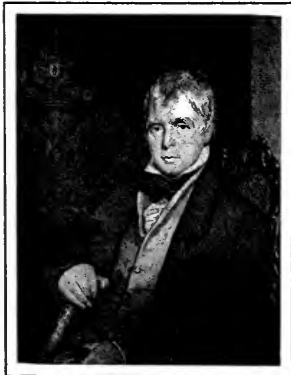


THE LIBRARY, ABBOTSFORD



THE STUDY, ABBOTSFORD

This room is lined with Scott's favorite books and works of reference. The bedroom that he used opens directly into the study



SIR WALTER SCOTT

From the painting by C. R. Leslie, R. A.

He studied law and practised at the bar in a desultory way for fourteen years. He was appointed "Sheriff of the Court" of Ettrick, a position to which a comfortable salary was attached, and for five years he acted, without salary, as a Clerk of Sessions in the court in Edinburgh. He was recognized as an able man, and he was interested in the historical aspects of Scotch law, in its "quips and quiddities," and his knowledge of its processes was shown in his novels; but he was an impatient and uninterested practitioner, and long before he formally gave up the profession he was writing poetry. While poetry and law have often been on good terms they have never been happy partners.

Marriage

During this period Scott's affections were deeply engaged, and but for the interference of parents he would probably have married a young woman of singularly beautiful nature. His love had a very deep influence on his character, and it remained to the end the great passion of his life. In 1797 he married the daughter of a French royalist who, after her brother's death, came to England. She was described as a "lively beauty," of no great depth of nature, but she had humor and high spirits and she was true-hearted. He protected her from care, and their life together was a happy one. She was not a mate for her husband, but she basked in the sunshine of his prosperity, and she was brave in adversity.



SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS AT ABBOTSFORD

From the painting by Thomas Faed. Those in the picture, reading from left to right, are, sitting: Sir Walter Scott; Henry Mackenzie, the Scottish novelist; George Crabbe, the English poet; John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Scott, and his biographer; William Wordsworth, the English Poet Laureate from 1843 to 1850; Francis, Lord Jeffrey, the Scottish critic, essayist, and jurist; Adam Ferguson, the Scottish philosopher and historian; John Moore, the Scottish physician and writer; Thomas Campbell, the writer, and Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow from 1826 to 1829; Archibald Constable, Scott's publisher from 1805 to 1826; standing: John Wilson, who wrote under the pseudonym of Christopher North; John Allen, the British political and historical writer; Sir David Wilkie, the Scottish painter.

Entrance Into Literature

Scott made the transition from law to literature gradually. He published a translation of Burger's "Lenore" in 1795. While he was at the University he began to collect the materials which made up the three volumes of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," a collection of ballads old and new in which the "old, simple, violent world" lived again in song and story. The making of these books was congenial work, and carried still further Scott's education in the spirit and temper of the Scotland of clans and feuds, of reckless border warfare, dashing foray, fierce revenge and superstition. The various introductions and notes which accompanied the ballads show Scott's painstaking care for fact and detail; he combined in rare degree the romantic spirit, the antiquarian's zeal for the small details of history, and the methodical habits of the literary drudge.

In 1805, in his thirty-fourth year, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared and secured a popular success of unprecedented proportions. The picturesque or pictorial quality of the poem and its unqualified romanticisms gave it a very broad appeal. It was popular in the good sense of the word. Mountains and wild landscapes generally, which had been shunned for generations, were coming into fashion, so to speak. They have been "in fashion" ever since, and today their appeal to city folk, to tired people, to men and women of imagination and active temperament, is irresistible. To Dr. Johnson Scotland was a wild and dreary waste, to Scott



THE LADY OF THE LAKE
From the group by J. Adams Acton

it was a wonderland; and a wonderland it has remained ever since. In the confusion of an age when every sort of opinion gets into print the "call of the wild" has a trumpet tone. "I am sensible," wrote Scott, "that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions."

Three years later the strongest and most stirring of the poems, "Marmion," appeared. It is a poem of scenery as well as of action, its descriptions are both exact and living; it tells a story with clear and compelling vigor, and it shows at their best two of Scott's really great qualities: simplicity and energy. It lacked the delicate shading of the verbal music which gave some later English poetry a magical charm; but it had a fine strength of outline, a noble ruggedness. He said later that he loved the sternness and bold nakedness of the Border landscape, and that if he did not see the heather at least once a year he believed he would die. "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay

of the Last Minstrel," "The Lord of the Isles," were less effective, but the fresh vitality of the Highlands was in them all.

The Crash of His Fortunes

The Waverley Novels have so long stood in the forefront of Scott's literary achievements that it is difficult to put them out of view and remember that in 1814, when Scott was forty-four



EFFIE DEANS AND HER SISTER, JEANIE, IN PRISON

This picture, illustrating Jeanie Deans' visit to her accused sister, as related in "Heart of Midlothian," is from the painting by R. Herdman

years old, he was known to the world as a poet who had laid a spell on the imagination of his generation. He had "broken the record" so far as monetary returns for poetry were concerned. Milton received about one hundred dollars for "Paradise Lost" and Dr. Johnson was paid about seventy-five dollars for "The Vanity of Human Wishes," while "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" brought Scott nearly four thousand dollars; for "Marmion" he received five thousand dollars in advance of publication, and for one-half the copyright of "The Lord of the Isles" he was paid over seven thousand five hundred dollars. He was unaware of the enormous earning powers which he was later to develop; he had given up his profession, and he longed for an income which would support his family on the scale which his tastes and natural generosity dictated. To secure financial independence he brought James Ballantyne, a former school-mate and editor of a local newspaper, to Edinburgh and lent him money enough to start a printing business. This was in 1802; three years later he became a silent partner with Ballantyne and his brother. In 1809 he took a still more venturesome step and started the publishing house of John Ballantyne & Company. The two brothers were men of



PORTRAIT OF SCOTT
By Sir Thomas Lawrence

small ability, and entirely without knowledge of the business on which they embarked; they knew something about printing but nothing about publishing. Scott was equally ignorant of business methods; he was a man of generous nature and lavish tastes, and between the recklessness of his partners, for which he was largely responsible, and his lavish use of money, he was soon in financial difficulties and a crash would have come early if the phenomenal popularity of the novels had not postponed the evil day.

In 1812 he bought the farm at Abbotsford, to the ownership of which he had long looked forward. The country was lovely, the four acres grew into a great estate, the farm cottage became a stately mansion, as all traveled Americans know, and the owner lived like a Scotch laird but without a laird's steady income. He entertained lavishly and lived

in feudal state, happy in his friends, his tenants, his horses and dogs. But the land alone cost more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

In 1805 Scott was the most popular poet in Great Britain. He had opened a fresh field, he had command of the magic of romance which always has and always will, in spite of temporary changes of taste, cast a spell over the imagination of men; his style was simple and his method plain; all classes of readers could understand him. During the next ten years he published six or seven long poems of varying merit. When the last of these, "The Lord of the Isles," appeared in 1815, the popular interest had diminished in volume and intensity, and the poet was in serious financial difficulties as the result of his lavish scale of living and the mismanagement of his business enterprises.

The Waverley Novels

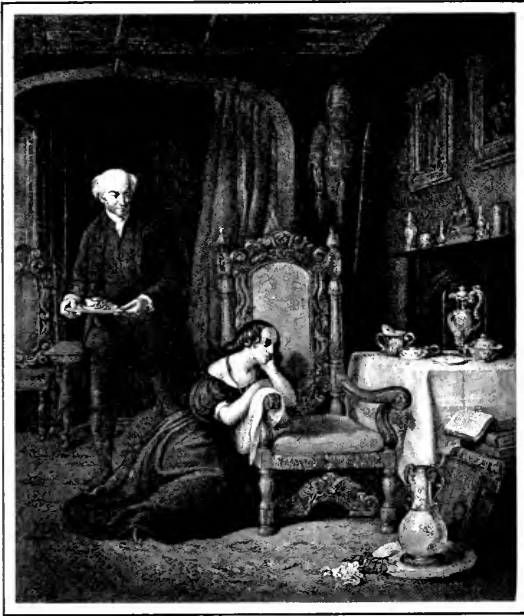
At the moment when ruin faced him he found himself suddenly in the possession of a great income from an unexpected source. In 1805 he had written, almost at a sitting, an instalment of a story of the uprising of 1745 in a futile attempt to restore the exiled Stuart, Charles Edward, to the throne. In 1814 he completed the story and published it anonymously under the title of "Waverley." The novel was written in what the oarsmen call a "spurt"; not because the novelist was writing carelessly at breakneck speed for immediate income, but because he was a tremendous worker and more concerned with the general movement and human interest of the story in hand than with the details of its workmanship. To immense energy of mind and body Scott united patience and methodical habits of work, as he added to a romantic imagination keen interest in the business of life and in the smallest detail of practical affairs. His appetite for facts was as marked as his capacity for sentiment. Scott had breadth and vigor rather than delicacy of imagination; that is

one reason why he is out of fashion at a time when men want to know not only what people do but why and how they do it. He saw men and events in the rough; he was interested in striking historical incidents and events, in strongly-marked characters, in actions rather than in moods. In a word, Scott was a writer who took the world as he found it, and described it as he saw it, without any strong desire to reform it. He was a Tory in politics, a strong adherent of an ordered society; a good, sound man not haunted by misgiving and questioning about the general order of things.

Scott's novels were literally poured out during fifteen wonderful years; and even



A GLIMPSE OF ABBOTSFORD



THE EMPTY CHAIR, ABBOTSFORD

From the painting by Sir W. Allan, R. A., in the Royal Collection

then the broken man could still apply the whip to his exhausted and crippled brain. The popular success of the novels was unprecedented in the history of literature. It is estimated that Scott earned with his pen not less than three-quarters of a million dollars. The earlier stories were the best: "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "Heart of Midlothian," "Guy Mannering." These were followed by the series of semi-historical novels with their brilliant historical portraits: "Ivanhoe," the most popular though by no means the best of Scott's stories, "The Monastery," "The Abbot," "Kenilworth," "Quentin Durward," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Talisman."

The defects of these novels and those which came later have been clearly pointed out since the analytical novel and the novel of purpose have come into vogue. Scott did not command the constructive skill of even the second-rate novelist of today; he was often an awkward builder and clumsy in putting his materials together in a coherent whole; his style is often loose and diffuse; he dealt largely with the outside of the spectacle of living; his women have no magic of loveliness, no mystery of temperament, though they sometimes stand out with great distinctness; his heroes are rarely heroic, they are often commonplace.

Scott was the chronicler of feudalism, the primitive social order of the clan, of an aristocratic society. He was as little interested in Democracy as was Shakespeare; and largely for the same reason: his age was not anti-democratic, it had not reached the democratic stage. Bagehot, the famous English critic, put his limitations under two heads: he gives us the stir of the world but not its soul, and he leaves the abstract intellect unreported.

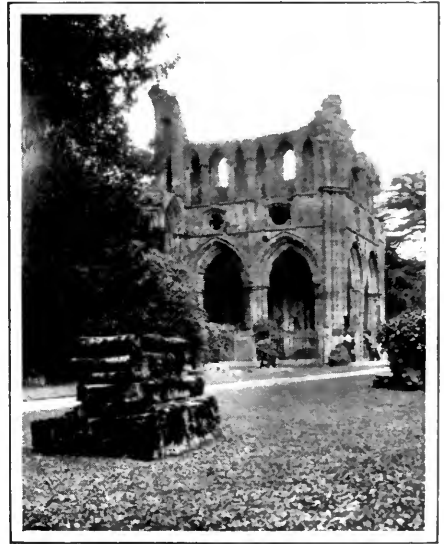
His vital interest in the moving spectacle of life has given us an almost unrivalled report of that world, and of a great group of men and women whose careers, as Scott reports them, have the reality of fact and the dramatic interest of fiction. Jeanie Deans, Madge Wildfire, Diana Vernon, Meg Merrilies, Wandering Willie, Andrew Fairservice, and a crowd of their companions, are more alive today, after a century has passed, than most of the people whose names are in the telephone directories.

Scott was a man of the kind men love to remember. His faults of nature are as obvious as his faults of art; but his splendid vitality

WALTER SCOTT

makes them trivial. He was large hearted, frank, generous, honorable; he made life seem more noble by the richness of his nature and his splendid courage. His career was as romantic in achievement and vicissitude as his most striking novel. In 1826, when he was fifty-five years old, the two business houses in which he was a partner failed, with obligations amounting to nearly six hundred thousand dollars. Scott had recently spent large sums on the enlargement of Abbotsford, in settling his sons in life, and for other people; and he held the bills of Constable for four novels to be written in the future; the novels were written, but the bills were not honored. Four months after the failure Lady Scott died, and Scott's health was breaking. Two days after the failure he resumed work on "Woodstock," and set himself to pay the debt of half a million dollars. In two years he earned for his creditors nearly two hundred thousand dollars, the major part of which came from the sales of "Woodstock" and "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." If his brain had not given out he would have discharged the entire indebtedness in a few years. Working with a disabled brain but with heroic resolution, he wrote "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous." In five years more than three hundred thousand dollars had been paid; meantime he had had a stroke of paralysis. After a second stroke, when "Count Robert" was practically finished, the publishers objected to the work in the last volume. "The blow is a stunning one," wrote the broken man. "God knows I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky... I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." And he fought it out; he died on July 12, 1832, and on February 21, 1833, the creditors were paid in full. Never was a heroic fight more nobly won.

On his death-bed Scott called his son-in-law Lockhart, who was to tell the story of his life in one of the great biographies, to his bedside. "I have but a minute to speak to you," he said. "My dear, be a good man... Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."



THE GRAVE OF SCOTT
At Dryburgh Abbey, Scotland

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

(In "Everyman's Library") By *J. G. Lockhart*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

By *R. H. Hutton*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

By *William Winter*

Chapter in "Gray Days and Gold"

DICTIONARY OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS OF SIR WAL- TER SCOTT

By *M. F. A. Husband*

SIR WALTER SCOTT STUDIED IN EIGHT NOVELS

By *A. S. G. Channing*

THE SCOTT COUNTRY

By *W. S. Crockett*

** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

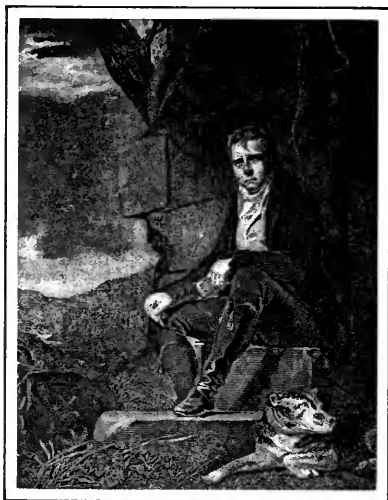
What sort of a person was he; what did he look like—this Scottish bard, novelist, historian, essayist, and landed baronet?

"There he goes," said Dr. Maginn, a contemporary of Scott's, "sauntering about his grounds, with his Lowland bonnet in his hand, dressed in his old green shooting-jacket, telling stories of every stone and bush, and tree and stream in sight—tales of battles and raids—or ghosts and fairies, as the case may be, of the days of yore."

"Sauntering" is hardly the word with which to describe Scott's gait. "Limping" would be better, for he was lame from boyhood, and he supported himself in walking with a staff so heavy that it looked like a cudgel. Washington Irving visited Abbotsford in 1816, and described Scott as "limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-stick, but moving rapidly and with vigor."

His lameness, was no serious handicap to Sir Walter. He was a man of extraordinary strength, six feet tall, and of a large and powerful frame, with great breadth across the chest. The muscles of his arms were like iron. He was an exceptional and powerful wielder of an ax, and could bring down a tree with the best of the younger men. He was a master of the horse, and a bold rider. He climbed the hills till he wearied all but his faithful dogs, and he was proficient in sport and hunting. The latter, however, he did not like. "I was never at ease," he said, "when I had knocked down my bird and, going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I am not ashamed to say that no practice ever reconciled me fully to the cruelty of the affair."

The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He



SIR WALTER SCOTT
From the painting by Sir Henry Raeburn

had a great sense of humor, and a rare gift for story telling. He was an accomplished mimic, and he lighted up his narratives and anecdotes with appropriate dialect and graphic description. And, as a near friend once observed, "The chief charm of his conversation, he being a man of such eminence, was its perfect simplicity and the entire absence of vanity and love of display."

He was a good listener, too—but he did not enjoy listening to classic music. He allowed that

he "had a reasonable good ear for a jig," but confessed that "sonatas gave him the spleen." But he would rouse up at the sound of "The Blue Bells of Scotland" or "Bonnie Dundee," and his eye would flash an enthusiastic response to any song or verse that celebrated the romance, chivalry, and heroism of his native land.

Sir Walter was a strange combination of simplicity and strength. His personal appearance was strikingly odd. Once seen, he could never be forgotten. "Although forty-eight years have passed since I met him," wrote an acquaintance, "his personality is as present to me now as it was then in the flesh. His light blue waggish eye, sheltered, almost screened, by overhanging straw-colored bushy brows, his scanty, sandy-colored hair, the length of his upper lip, his towering forehead, his abrupt movements, and the mingled humor, urbanity and benevolence of his smile." His usual costume consisted of a green cutaway coat, with short skirts and brass buttons; drab trousers, vest and gaiters; a single seal and watch-key attached to a watered black ribbon dangling from his fob; a loose, soft linen collar; a black silk neckerchief; and a low-crowned, deep-brimmed hat.

W.D. Moffat
EDITOR

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	Napoleon			114.	Raphael

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October 2. THE YOSEMITE VALLEY. By Dwight L. Elmendorf, Lecturer and Traveler.

October 16. JOHN PAUL JONES. By Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard University.

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OCTOBER 2 1916

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THE MENTOR

THE YOSEMITE
VALLEY

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF
Lecturer and Traveler

DEPARTMENT OF
TRAVEL

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 16

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

The Incomparable Yosemite



NO temple made with hands can compare with the Yosemite. Every rock in its walls seems to glow with life. Some lean back in majestic repose; others, absolutely sheer or nearly so for thousands of feet, advance beyond their companions in thoughtful attitudes, giving welcome to storms and calms alike, seemingly aware, yet heedless, of everything going on about them.

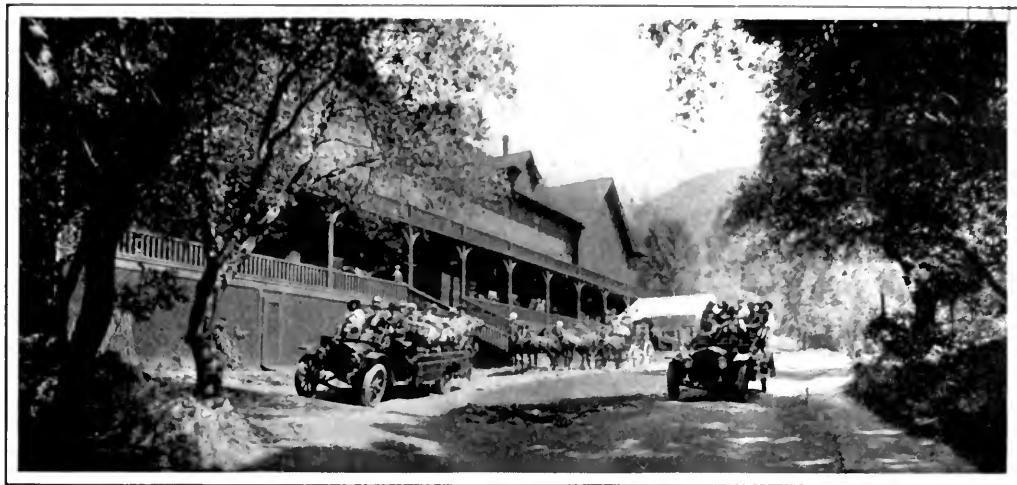


AWFUL in stern, immovable majesty, how softly these rocks are adorned, and how fine and reassuring the company they keep: their feet among beautiful groves and meadows, their brows in the sky, a thousand flowers leaning confidently against their feet, bathed in floods of water, floods of light, while the snow and waterfalls, the winds and avalanches and clouds shine and sing and wreath about them as the years go by, and myriads of small winged creatures—birds, bees, butterflies—give glad animation and help to make all the air into music.



DOWN through the middle of the Valley flows the crystal Merced, River of Mercy, reflecting lilies and trees and the onlooking rocks; things frail and fleeting and types of endurance meeting here and blending in countless forms, as if into this one mountain mansion Nature had gathered her choicest treasures to draw her lovers into close and confiding communion with her.

JOHN MUIR.



Photograph by J. T. Boysen

EL PORTAL

The terminal of the railroad. From here a run of 10 miles is made up Merced Canyon to Yosemite Valley

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Lecturer and Traveler



MENTOR COLOR PLATES

CATHEDRAL SPIRES YOSEMITE FALLS EL CAPITAN HALF DOME
THREE BROTHERS VIEW FROM GLACIER POINT TRAIL



REST here for a time by the side of the Merced River while I tell you something of this peaceful, lovely valley. Look over to that further cliff and watch the silver stream of the Yosemite descend in three gleaming white steps from the summit of rock 2,600 feet above us to the meadow level where we stand. In its first flight of 1,430 feet it falls a third of that distance in a snowy column, then turns to wreathing smoke, through which many glistening darts shoot down to the rocky basin below. Here the misty elements are resolved again into water, and the stream tumbles frothing through rocks to its second flight, then on to the lower fall of 320 feet, when it dashes on a bed of boulders and hurries to join the Merced River.

It is an ever present sight in the heart of the Valley, and our eyes turn to it frequently during the hours of daylight. And, all through the night, we hear the hushing sound of its falling waters as it whispers to us of the many beautiful things that Nature has given us in this valley of enchantment.

So you see Yosemite in midsummer. Then its fall is almost as fairy-like as that of Bridal Veil. But in April and May, when it pours down the accumulation of the winter snows, it is a foaming torrent, and its tone is deep and strong.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY



THE GATE TO THE VALLEY

Bridal Veil Falls
at right of picture



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury

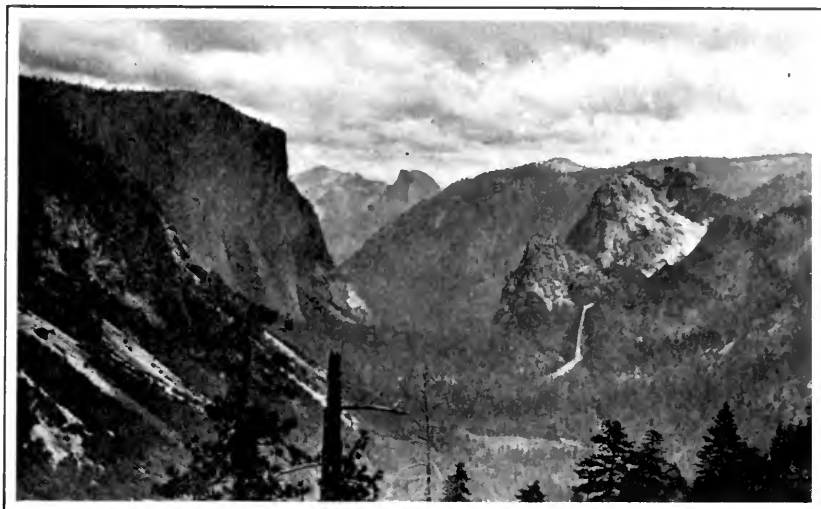
The Yosemite has been gradually disclosing its features to us since early morning. The first impression that we experience as we leave the town of Merced is one of steady ascent into a narrow gorge, through which a busy, turbulent stream—the Merced River—pursues its course. The train labors sturdily up until it reaches El Portal, where there is a pause at the hotel for lunch. Then the trip is resumed in auto buses that take us on up through a valley, winding and narrowing into a notch that seems at times as if it would end in sheer walls of rock. But, in the course of an hour or more the way broadens, and we find wider stretches, wooded with tall pines and stately sequoias.

Then we catch a glimpse of Elephant Rock, of Cathedral Spires, of the delicate lacery of Bridal Veil Falls, and, opposite, the massive bulk of El Capitan. Soon the slender, swanlike neck of Yosemite Falls appears, and we roll through Camp Ahwahnee and out into the wide, level vale where Yosemite Village rests. Here we draw a long breath, and a sense of peace and contentment takes possession of us—a feeling of complete isolation from the world of care and trouble. There is something so intimate and friendly—so “homey”—about the wide, green meadow that stretches before us from the banks of the fast flowing



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury
MERCED CANYON
The approach to the Valley

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury



VIEW FROM
INSPIRATION
POINT

Bridal Veil Falls
in the distance at
right of picture



Merced to the wood at the foot of Yosemite Falls. Around this level mead the camps cluster; Yosemite, El Capitan, and Lost Arrow camps close to the base of the falls, quiet Camp Ahwahnee by the roadside across the river, and busy Camp Curry a mile east of the village and just below Glacier Point.

Yosemite National Park

We are now in the very center of Yosemite Valley—though not of Yosemite National Park. Do not mistake the part for the whole. The Yosemite National Park—created a park October 1, 1890—is a huge tract of land, 1,124 square miles in area. It contains many valleys, mountains, streams, lakes, and waterfalls. Its vast territory has been explored by countless travelers, and it is the favorite playground of the Sierra Club—a body of hardy and adventurous men and women trampers, campers, and mountain climbers.

The particular gem of the Yosemite National Park is our dearly treasured Yosemite Valley, seven miles in length—and that is what we have come to visit. When we arrive there we reach a high elevation. The floor of the Valley is 4,000 feet above sea level, and on all sides the mountains rise to heights varying from 3,000 to 6,000 feet more. The highest point in the Valley is the summit of Cloud's Rest, which is nearly 10,000 feet above sea level.

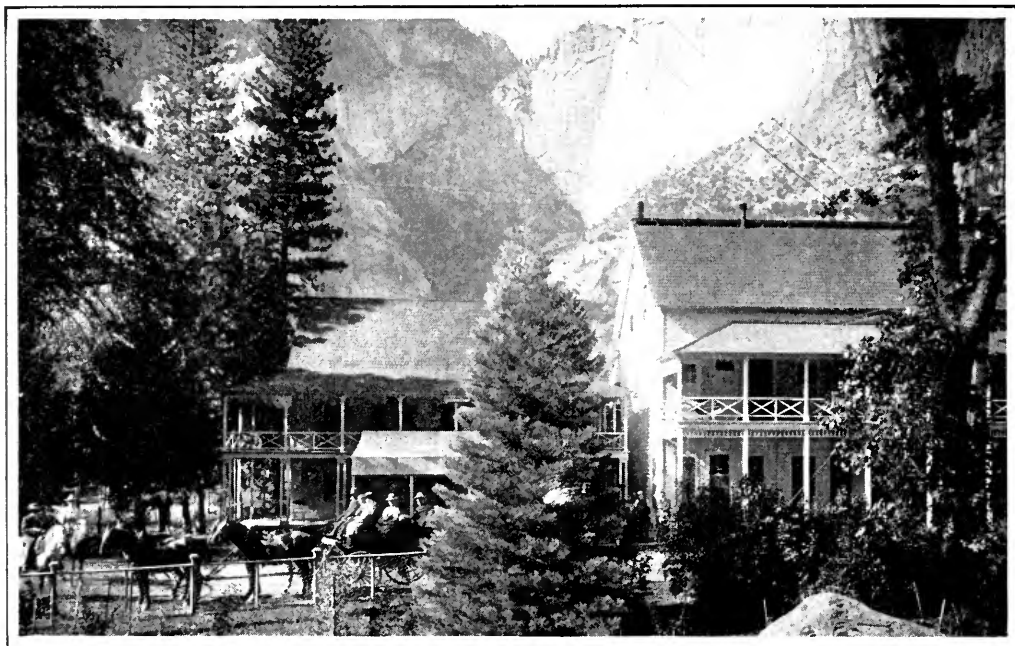


Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury

MIRROR LAKE

As seen in the early morning

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY



Photograph by J. T. Boysen

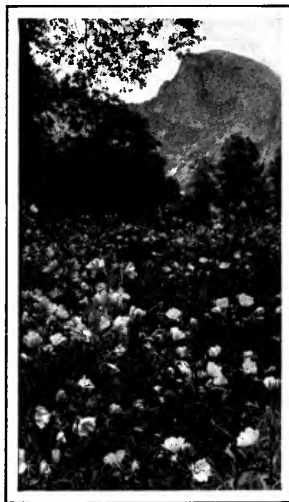
FORMER DAYS

Four-horse stage in front of the old Sentinel Hotel. Yosemite Falls in the background

And, now that we are here, you ask: "What is this valley, and how did it come to be?" There are several geological explanations of it, varying in character. Prof. J. D. Whitney, the first scientist to study the Sierra, thought that the Yosemite was "the result of the sinking of a local block of the earth's crust having the exact outlines of the Valley," and he denied that glacial action had anything to do with it. But the generally accepted explanation is that the Valley was once a tortuous river canyon cut by the Merced River, and that the cutting work of this stream was done so fast that the "tributary valleys soon remained hanging high on either side." Then the canyon became the bed of great glaciers which, in moving, "scooped" the Valley into its present form. This, of course, was a matter of hundreds of thousands of years.

Accepting that explanation as correct, many of the natural conditions that we find in the Valley are easy to understand—such as the smooth polished surfaces of El Capitan and Half Dome.

And now you ask: "What is there to do and see?" It is a valley of varied diversions. There are many things to do and many beautiful spots to visit, and you may choose according to your tastes and your physical



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury

EVENING PRIMROSES

Half Dome at the back

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY



THE PRESENT DAY

Photograph by J. T. Boysen

Automobiles everywhere. There is even a "jitney" service in the Valley



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury
WINTER SCENE
Half Dome in white

ability. Are you a sturdy tramping? You may take your pack and staff and assail the mountain citadels that challenge you on every side. Do you love the saddle? You can find bridle paths that will lead you through the cool, dense woods, by lakesides, to the foot of waterfalls, and up to the summits. Are you unequal to the exertion of tramping or riding? The joys of the Yosemite are yours none the less, for high powered auto cars will carry you in comfort to the points of greatest interest in the Valley, out to the groves of giant trees, and even up to the supreme commanding spot of all—Glacier Point.

You may take in the Yosemite as a visiting tourist, in which five or six days may suffice you for sightseeing, or you may settle down as a camper or hotel guest, in which case days and weeks slip by, and you soon lose all sense of time in the sweet repose of the Valley. For the greater number a touring visit is all that is possible. You tell me that you are here for a few days. How may you best occupy them? It is not necessary for me to answer your question in detail, for the affairs of the Valley have been systematized in a most businesslike fashion, and all such information is ready to hand. You can obtain schedules of trips

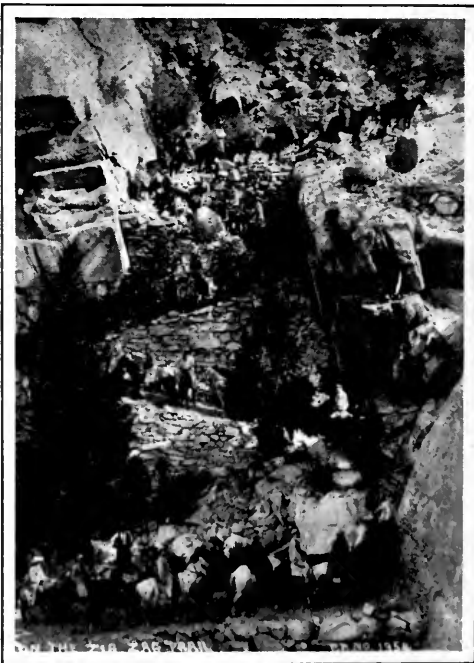
THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

for two, three, four, and on up to nine and ten days. The United States Government has done and is doing a good work in developing this great natural recreation park, and all the Government asks of us is that we will take advantage of it. The attitude of Uncle Sam is expressed in the legends posted on trees throughout the Valley, all of which mean in substance: "This beautiful park is yours. Help us to preserve it and make it attractive."

Evening in the Valley

We have come up from Merced in the morning, and we have arrived in the Valley at three o'clock. Let us make the most of the remainder of this fair summer afternoon. We walk out across the green meadow for a closer view of Yosemite Falls. The shadows of El Capitan and the Three Brothers are already creeping over the valley, and the air has a touch of evening cool as we enter the woods. The walk is longer than we thought. The tall, sheer cliffs make the falls seem nearer than they are. At length, after pursuing the path for some distance through the woods, we come upon an open spot from which we can gaze up and drink in the beauty of the three white leaps of water. This is the favorite spot—the choice viewpoint of artists and photographers. A short climb brings us to the foot of the lower falls, and there we rest and watch the seething basin while the soft mist plays upon our faces. The woods about us are in deep shadow and odorous of pine. Above us goes the trail that leads up through a narrow gorge to a point at the summit of the falls. We are seated in the very sanctuary of the Yosemite. It is an hour to remember.

On returning, we pause a moment by the roadside on the meadow at the concrete bench placed there in memory of Galen Clark, a lover and student of the Yosemite, and discoverer of the giant trees of the Mariposa Grove. Galen Clark apparently drew vitality from his aged tree friends, for he lived to be 96 years old. He is buried in the Valley, and the concrete bench is placed on the spot where he frequently sat to gaze on the falls. Though it is now evening and the sun has disappeared, the Valley is suffused with soft reflected light from the huge flat, mirror-like face of Half Dome. In the course of an hour the golden glow on that great



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury

THE ZIG ZAG
On the Glacier Point Trail

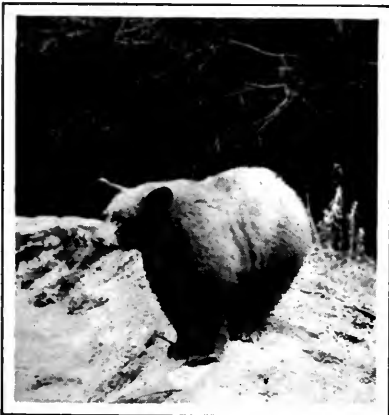
THE YOSEMITE VALLEY



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury

GLACIER POINT HOTEL AND CAMP

3,254 feet above the Valley and 7,250 feet above sea level



Photograph by J. T. Boysen

A FOREST FRIEND

He prefers sweets, but he will accept eagerly any form of nourishment—and he does not scorn tobacco

oval surface of rock far above us turns to shimmering silver, and then to a ghostly gray that finally gives way to night.

Mirror Lake and Happy Isles

In the early morning let us go to Mirror Lake. This beautiful little sheet of water lies not far from the village and in a natural bowl at the foot of Half Dome and Mount Watkins. The mirror effects are best seen in the early hours shortly after sunrise.

On the way back stop for a half hour at Happy Isles. That brief visit will not suffice you, for you will find time, even in a short stay in the Yosemite, to slip away

for several half hours to the quiet shades and laughing waters of Happy Isles. The Merced has woven a necklace of sparkling waves about these little wooded islands, and made of them an ideal retreat for a sunny afternoon. If you rest there late in the day look for the dainty little water bird that John Muir calls the "water-ouzel." I watched one for an hour on the lower island. He has his nest close to the surface of the stream, and he plays joyously, half in and half out of the water, part time flitting over the spray, and part time dipping under, until his sleek gray-black coat shines like satin.

There are trails and roads in all directions. What will you choose? Since you have now seen Happy Isles, go on to the foot of Vernal Falls.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

You have simply to follow the path past Happy Isles, and go on up the Merced River. It will repay you, for Vernal Falls is a beautiful down-pour of water, 317 feet in height. And, while you are following this trail, go on still further till you reach Nevada Falls, the most impressive of all the cataracts in the Park. Its height is 594 feet, and the volume of water that it pours exceeds that of any of the others. If you would get an adequate impression of its power, climb to the top of Nevada Falls and look down. You will not forget the sight.

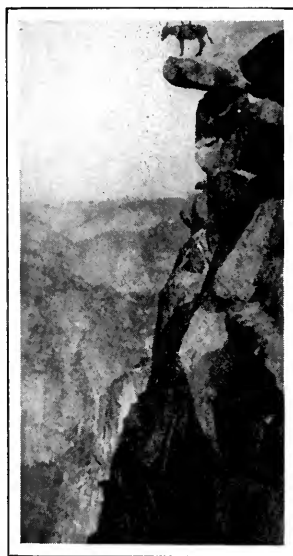
If you love fishing, you would do well to take your rod on such a trip, for trout can be found in the pools of the Merced. If fishing is your main object, follow the trail on up to Merced Lake, where you may be assured of finding a full day's sport.

If, however, tramping and climbing are your choice, you can continue from Nevada Falls and go on one or the other of two splendidly adventurous trails—either turning up to the left to climb the summit of Cloud's Rest or Half Dome, or winding to the right to reach far-famed Glacier Point. If you take the latter trail you will catch a fine view of Illilouette Falls, a beautiful cataract 370 feet in height, seen only by hardy climbers.

Glacier Point

You may not be equal to such a climb. If so, save Glacier Point for a special trip—on muleback if you can stand it; if not, then go up the road in an auto car. There are a number of ways of scaling Glacier Point. I have mentioned one trail. The bridle trail goes up the long way and comes down the short—all done in one day if one chooses. This trail offers many scenic beauties and some real thrills for those unaccustomed to dizzy heights. The shortest way of all is what is called the "ledge trail," which starts near Camp Curry, directly underneath Glacier Point, and goes pretty nearly straight up. This calls for the sturdiest kind of climbing—and some nerve.

"All very well," exclaims the timorous, "but for me, the auto car." And, indeed, the auto car trip offers many advantages besides comfort and ease. The road for part of the way is the one that you take to



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury
"WINKEY" AT GLACIER POINT



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury

CAMP CURRY

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury
WINTER AT GLACIER POINT

Wawona and the big trees. You pass Artists' Point and Inspiration Point, both of them affording lovely views. Then you turn off and pursue a course along the mountain ridge for miles. There, 7,000 feet in altitude, you wind through magnificent woods of pine and sequoia that line out majestic cathedral naves before you. The somber shadows that envelop you are shot through with golden beams of light. Occasionally you come upon rich green, natural open meadows, where wild flowers abound. A black or brown bear may cross your path. He is a well-behaved citizen, and he will accept appreciatively any nourishment that you offer him.

You may go to Glacier Point and back by auto car in one day, but I advise staying over night. By all means see the sunset and sunrise from Glacier Point—and then you will feel that you really know the Valley. It lies there like a map



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury
SKATING ON THE MERCED

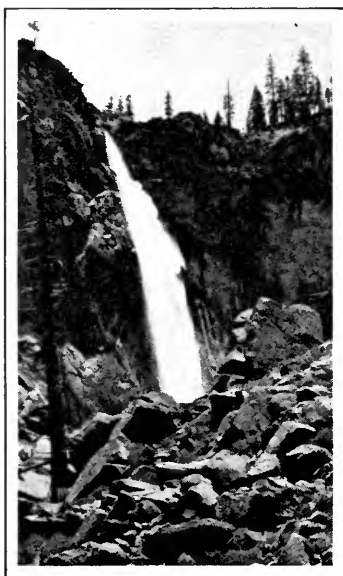
below you. Opposite you rise the great heights of El Capitan, Three Brothers, Yosemite Point, North Dome, Basket Dome, and Watkins. The Tenaya Canyon stretches off to the northeast. To your right rise the peak of Cloud's Rest and the bald head of Half Dome, and below them, still further to the right, is the Little Yosemite Valley, down which pour the torrents of Nevada

and Vernal Falls. Both cataracts are in sight from where you stand, and you can plainly hear the sound of their waters. And beyond all these, and stretching far away to the horizon, are the snow-capped summits of the High Sierra. Beneath you, 3,200 feet down, lies the floor of the Valley. And, as the shadows of night gather, the lights of the village and the camps twinkle there like reflected stars.

The Giant Trees

There are three groves of giant sequoias in the Yosemite region—the Tuolumne, the Merced, and the Mariposa—and they are visited by almost everyone who goes to the Yosemite Valley. The Tuolumne and Merced groves may be seen in a single day's trip, for they are not

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury
ILLILOUETTE FALLS
370 feet in height

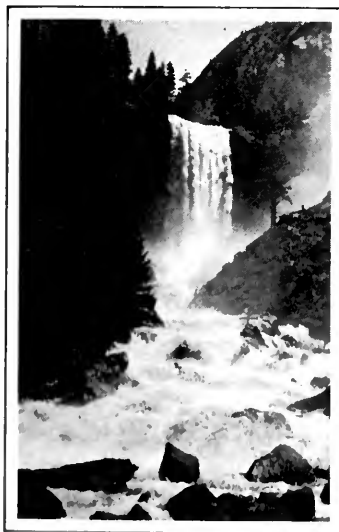
far apart and neither of them is large. The Merced Grove contains forty giants, the Tuolumne twenty, the chief of which is the Dead Giant. Cars drive through this monster just as they do through the Wawona tree in the Mariposa Grove. The ride to the Tuolumne Grove is very picturesque and thrilling, offering one special point of advantage—New Inspiration Point, from which, in the afternoon, Bridal Veil Falls may be seen playing through constantly shifting rainbows.

Mariposa Grove was discovered in 1857, and is the largest grove of its kind in the world. It contains more than five hundred monster sequoias, the largest of which is the famous Grizzly Giant, 204 feet in height and about 30 feet in diameter at the base. You may be told that this is the largest tree in the world. That is not true. There are several larger sequoias. The General Grant tree in General Grant Park

is 264 feet in height and nearly 35 feet in diameter. The largest known tree is the General Sherman in the Sequoia National Park, which measures 280 feet high and is 36 feet and 5 inches in diameter at the base.

You may be told also that these great trees are seven and even eight thousand years old. Take that statement with consideration. The sequoias are very hardy vegetables, and are undoubtedly the oldest things living, but the scientists tell us that the veteran trees run in age from 1,500 to 2,500 years, and that the oldest tree, of whose age record there is no question, is somewhat over 3,000 years old. John Muir states that he has found one tree for which he claims an age of 4,000 years.

But a matter of a thousand years or so does not detract from the dignity of these majestic forest Sons



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury
VERNAL FALLS
317 feet in height



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury
NEVADA FALLS
594 feet in height

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

of Anak. Their age and size are enough to command our reverence, and no one should visit the Yosemite without going to the groves to pay respect to these ancient monarchs.

You must visit the Mariposa Grove at least, and I urge you to give it a special day. You can ride over and return to Yosemite in one day, but I would advise you, in case your visit is a brief one, to save the grove for the last day. Ride to Wawona the afternoon before and stay at that restful little spot overnight. Then

visit the grove in the morning, and after that go on to Miami Lodge, and down through the mountains, and across the rich San Joaquin Valley to Fresno, where you can end your trip and reach the main railroad lines.

But let me not usher you out of the Valley in this manner. Let me rather urge you to remain. A taste of camp life will surely convince you if my words do not. Camp life is one of the most delightful features of the Yosemite. Camp facilities and conveniences have been arranged to suit every person and every purse. You may enter one of the regularly organized camps, or you may obtain a permit and pitch your own tent in a specially selected spot.

To those who plan to settle for a time in the Park the camps make a strong appeal. Camp life is a refreshing change from conventional things, and the heart grows younger under it.

The peculiar charm of the Yosemite is the "nearness and dearness" of its features, and it is through camp life that we come to feel this charm. It is not long before El Capitan, the Bridal Veil, the Three Brothers, the Three Graces and Half Dome become objects of fond affection, and the whole Valley appears to be a vast playground especially prepared by Nature to delight the hearts of her children.



Photograph by J. T. Boysen

THE WAWONA TREE, MARIPOSA GROVE

In front of the tree stands Galen Clark, who discovered the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees in 1857

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

GENERAL INFORMATION REGARDING
YOSEMITE PARK *Issued by the U. S. Government*

SKETCH OF YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK
By F. E. Matthes

DISCOVERY OF THE YOSEMITE
By H. L. Bunnell

YOSEMITE TRAILS
By J. S. Chase

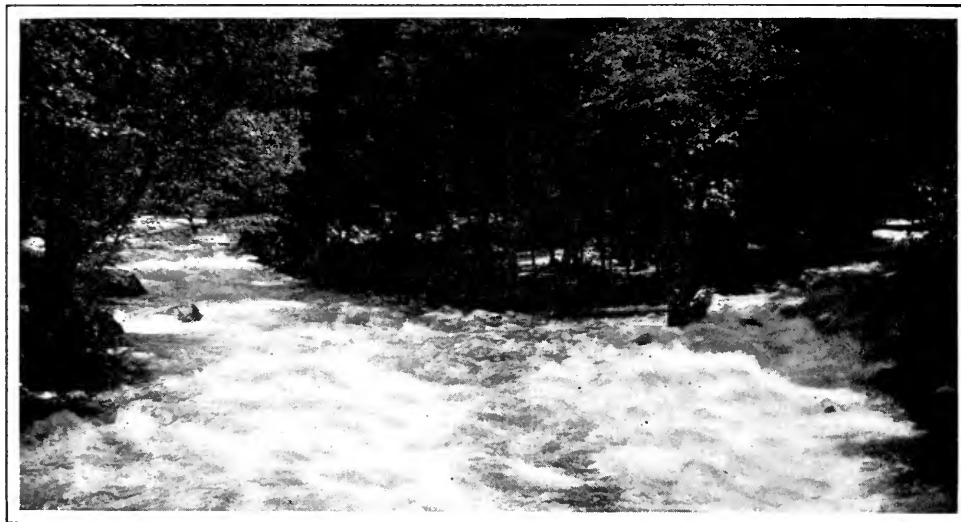
THE YOSEMITE VALLEY *By Galen Clark*

YOSEMITE SOUVENIR AND GUIDE
By D. J. Foley

OUR NATIONAL PARKS *By John Muir*

THE YOSEMITE *By John Muir*

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.



Photograph by A. C. Pillsbury

THE LAUGHING WATERS OF HAPPY ISLES

In some scenery there is an element of awe—a grimness that makes us shudder. The charm of the Yosemite is that, with all its scenic splendor it is so serenely beautiful, so restful in character, and so endearing. There is no lack of majesty. Lofty summits surround us—some of them stern in aspect. El Capitan is a vast, beetling cliff, the Three Brothers are grim granite companions, and the peak of Cloud's Rest is remote and austere. But, down in the valley, all is gentle and lovely.

★ ★ ★

I have visited the valley more than once, and I know its spell. Its soothing influence dulls the edge of decision. However energetic and purposeful we may be on arrival, we find, after a few days, that we have, quite unconsciously, eaten of the lotus of forgetfulness. Plans for various strenuous activities are modified; things that at first seemed urgent are postponed; and the day of departure drops into the list of life's little uncertainties. Events take their own course; we yield to the current. Yesterday we followed the mountain trail, and we were full of the stir and thrill of it. Today we find other and quieter joys. So we let the climbers now call us indolent. We let them take to the summits while we hold to the valley. We are content. The flowers that offer themselves at our feet are as fair as those that they find on the

heights. The air about us is soft and fragrant, and "sweet is the whisper of the pine trees by the river." Our hearts are in unison with the pastoral poet, and we ask for nothing better today than to rest here and dream in the Happy Isles.

★ ★ ★

The valley is undergoing changes and improvements. The conditions there have always been very simple. Within recent years the government, realizing that the Yosemite was a wonderful natural playground, has done much to develop it. If a visitor of former years should go to the Yosemite today, he would rub his eyes and exclaim at the changes. He would find the old Sentinel Hotel and cottages superseded by the luxurious new hotel, and the village largely transplanted to the other side of the Merced. In place of the old-fashioned stages, he would find the ever-present auto-car. He would find the Glacier Point Hotel renewed and enlarged, and many improvements in the valley camps. He would find well-equipped lodges and chalets scattered through the Park for the comfort of those who take the long, arduous trails. The Yosemite is now an all-year-round resort, where winter as well as summer sport may be enjoyed. Uncle Sam's invitation is: "Come to your pleasure Park, forget your cares for a while, and rest and play."

W.D. Moffat

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October 16. JOHN PAUL JONES. *By Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard University.* November 1. RUSSIAN MUSIC. *By Henry T. Finck, Author and Music Critic.*

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THE MENTOR

JOHN PAUL JONES

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government
Harvard University

DEPARTMENT OF
BIOGRAPHY

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 17

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The Super-Fighting Man



IN that day it was said of some men that they would "rather fight than eat."

The phrase has come down to us from a race of super-fighting men—men of action, men who did not wait for an enemy to attack, but went out and got him.

John Paul Jones sailed eagerly into battle and lashed his ship fast. When asked to surrender he flung back the answer, "I have only begun to fight." When Fear stalked abroad, John Paul Jones was looking the other way—and it passed him by.

Captain Lawrence, shot through and through, cried from his deathbed below deck, "Don't give up the ship." And Commodore Perry carried Lawrence's words on a flag at his masthead when he went out to victory on Lake Erie.

Decatur, defying the leader of the Barbary pirates in the Mediterranean, exclaimed, when asked for a payment of tribute in powder, "You may have the powder, but you will get the bullets with it." Decatur was a fire-eating hero of his day, and died fighting.

Andrew Jackson, with a force of 3,500 backwoodsmen, sailors, creoles, and fierce halfbreeds, demolished Gen. Pakingham's well-trained army of 6,000 at New Orleans. Jackson was a super-fighting man, who faced any odds and feared no foe.

These super-fighting men—Jones, Jackson, Lawrence, Perry, Decatur, and the rest—have gone, but their names are written large on the pages of history and on the soil that they defended.

And now, one hundred years later, in the broad lands that lie between Lake Erie and New Orleans, and between the eastern and western oceans, there are millions of homes in which men dwell in peace—and do not need to fight.

JOHN PAUL JONES

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

MENTOR GRAVURES

BUST OF JONES

By J. A. Houdon

THE FIRST RECOGNITION OF THE FLAG

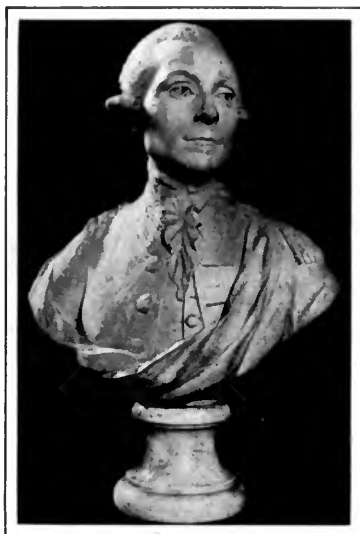
By Edward Moran

JOHN PAUL JONES

By Cecilia Beaux



Bust
by Houdon



MENTOR GRAVURES

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STATUE OF JONES

By C. H. Niehaus



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THE American people love a hero, and sometimes have manufactured one out of rather poor material. There may still be some who think that James Wilkinson and Benjamin F. Butler were great soldiers, because those commanders have "admitted it themselves." Nevertheless the annals of American history abound in men of dash and abandon, men who counted not the cost, men who freely risked their own lives when they led others into danger, and somehow came out of the scrape untouched. American naval heroes are especially beloved. The English sea-dogs—Raleigh, Hawkins and Drake—fought the Spaniard in American waters. Among the first English colonists there must have been many who served on the English fleet that defied the Invincible Armada in 1558. Americans fought on board British ships in eight naval wars between 1650 and 1763. They were proud of William Phipps, conqueror of Port Royal; scandalized by Captain Kidd, glorified by Lawrence and Perry and Farragut and Dewey.

Yet the first national naval hero, the captain who carried the Stars and Stripes most defiantly, the one naval genius of the Revolution, was, like thousands of good Americans, born a Briton. John Paul, son of a Scotch landscape gardener, first saw the light at Arbigland in Scotland in 1747. As a boy of twelve, he was sent to sea, and doubtless went through the same tough experiences as that cabin boy whom Robert Louis Stevenson has described in "Kidnapped." A brother emigrated to

JOHN PAUL JONES

Virginia; the boy in his voyages occasionally stayed with him, and that was his introduction to his future country. He went through a short service on board a British ship of war, then was mate on slave ships, and at twenty-three commanded a West Indiaman. His impetuous character showed itself in two fights with mutineers, one of whom he killed in self-defense. He was obliged to flee,

and for a time disappeared; and there are very well supported traditions that he once served for a brief while under the black flag of a pirate.

About the time the American Revolution broke out, John Paul was a desperate man, out of employment and out of friends, when Willie Jones of North Carolina found him and befriended him. Partly as an act of gratitude to his host, and partly because he thought it prudent to bear another name, he assumed the name of John Paul Jones. Till the thorough-going study of Mrs. DeKoven, published only three years ago, John Paul Jones was unlucky in his biographers, especially in A. C. Buell, who in 1900 published a life of Jones in two volumes, which belongs to the top shelf of imaginary writing. Buell is confronted with the difficulty which all students of Paul Jones face—that this country lad, who had spent the best part of sixteen years in the roughening atmosphere of the forecabin, the cabin and the dissolute port, nevertheless showed in later life the polish of a gentleman.

Buell therefrom evolved out of his own internal consciousness a Jones "who had no liking for revelry," who possessed "a miraculous memory and a supreme command of language," and enjoyed a familiar acquaintance with the "élite of Colonial society."

Puzzled by the assumption of the name of Jones, the true reason for which has only recently been discovered, Buell invented for him an inheritance in Virginia, comprising an estate of 3,000 acres of land, a grist mill, mansion, negro quarters, wharf, sloop, and "thirty negroes of all ages," all left him by one William Jones. It is true there was a William Jones of Virginia, but he left no estate, no mansion house, not so



THE PAUL JONES COTTAGE, KIRKBEAN, SCOTLAND
Here was born the founder of the American Navy



JOHN PAUL JONES, BY C. W. PEALE
In Independence Hall, Philadelphia

JOHN PAUL JONES

much as a penny to John Paul Jones. Still less did he transfer his name. Buell goes so far as to invent for Jones a letter dated 1776, which speaks of a balance "of 900 guineas—in the Bank of North America." This showed remarkable foresight on the part of Jones, inasmuch as the Bank of North America was not in existence before 1781. On the contrary, Jones in a genuine letter of 1777 writes that he has gone through "an unprofitable suspense of 20 months (having subsisted on 50 pounds)." All these efforts to show that the young sea captain was made by the aid of his brother William or the bequest of "old William Jones" are absurd. If ever there was a self made man, it was John Paul Jones.

Captain John Paul Jones

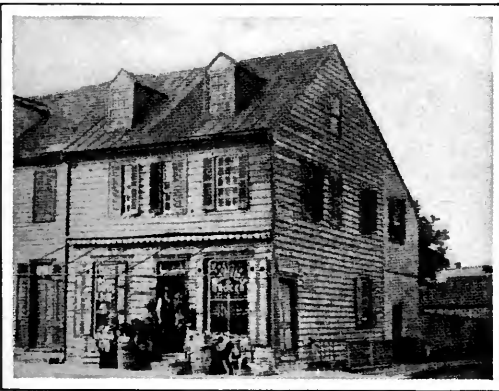
The Revolution unexpectedly opened up just the career for which the despairing John Paul Jones was best fitted. There was always something about him that made friends, among whom was Joseph Hewes, a Quaker shipowner of North Carolina, who became a member of the Continental Congress, and thus had the opportunity to put his friend's name on the list of the first officers of the United States Navy. Irregular naval operations began off the Massachusetts coast immediately after the fight at Lexington and Concord in 1775. Massachusetts fitted out State ships of war, which, aided by privateers, captured British ships and even brought in the cargo of powder which enabled the patriots to drive the British out of Boston. Not till October, 1775, did the Continental Congress take steps to provide a regular national navy.

The first officer to receive a commission from Congress, as commander of a ship, was John Barry. The first commander of a squadron was Esek Hopkins, to whose flagship, the *Alfred*, John Paul Jones was assigned as first lieutenant. It was Jones who hauled to the masthead the national battle flag,—at that time a coiled rattlesnake on a yellow ground,—when they went to sea. On his advice, Hopkins captured the British port of New Providence, which was the only



RISING SUN INN

A favorite haunt of Jones during his stay at Fredericksburg, Maryland



WHERE JONES LIVED

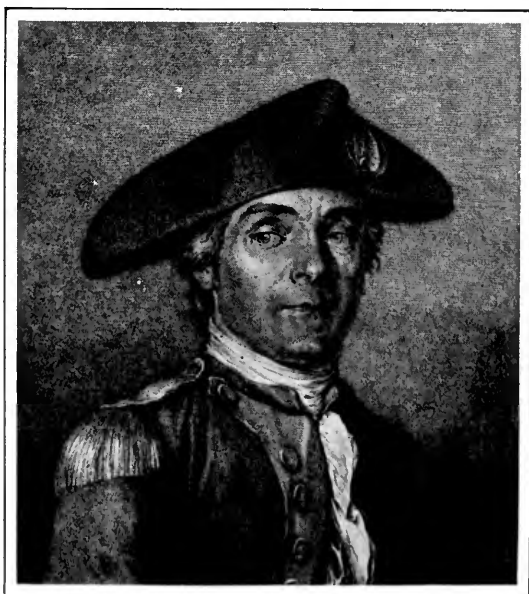
The home of his brother, William Paul, at Fredericksburg, Maryland

JOHN PAUL JONES

landing made by the Americans in the British West Indies during the Revolutionary War. In the first fleet battle of the war, (April 5, 1776) the little fleet attacked the British man-of-war *Glasgow*, and there Jones had his baptism of blood. His services on the *Alfred* gave him command of the ship *Providence*, and, in due time, Congress voted him a commission as captain, which he always held to be superior to similar commissions of other officers. On his first independent cruise, he captured several merchant vessels, and had a running fight with a British frigate. Within six months, he was put in command of a little fleet. Then he had the intolerable mortification to see his name come out eighteenth on a list of officers drawn up by Congress. Nevertheless, his genius was recognized by Robert Morris of Pennsylvania, for whom he wrote out a plan of naval operations; and he then made what is undoubtedly the first suggestion for national naval academies.

The next summer, June 14, 1777, the records of Congress bear the significant notice that "Captain Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*," which brought to him a great opportunity to show his skill, pluck, and genius. His ship was a good one, and he infused into it his own spirit. His was the honor to be the first American ship saluted by a French ship as the man-of-war of an independent nation. In 1778 he reached his ambition of cruising in British waters, and he gave himself the satisfaction of landing at Whitehaven, a few miles from his birth-place. He did his best to destroy the town and the abundant shipping—moved perhaps by some old private grudges.

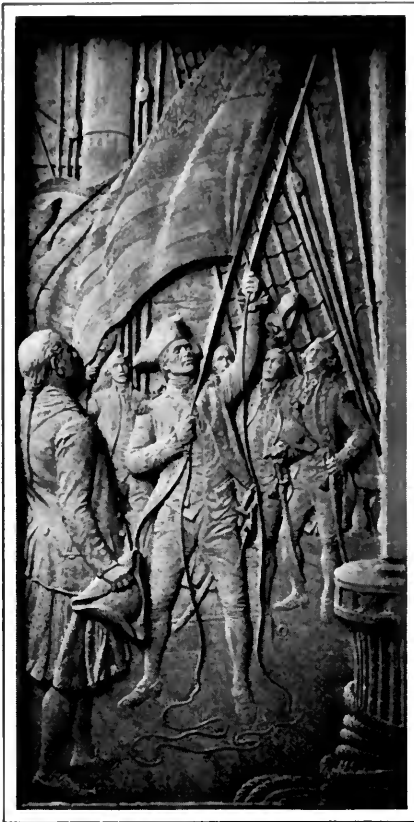
The same day he landed at St. Mary's Isle, where he had been brought up as a child; but the only result was that his officers insisted on looting the silver plate of the Earl of Selkirk. Jones felt bound as a gentleman to redeem it, paying \$700 of hard cash, and sent it back with his compliments to Lady Selkirk. His next exploit was to challenge the British ship of war *Drake* to come out and fight him. "The *Drake* hoisted English colors," says Jones in his report, "and at the same instant the American stars were displayed on board the *Ranger*. The action was war, close and obstinate. It lasted an hour and four minutes,



JOHN PAUL JONES

Engraved from life in 1780, by T. M. Moreau le Jeune.
Original in the Naval History Society Library

JOHN PAUL JONES



JONES RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON
THE *RANGER*

The claim has frequently been made—though without historical evidence—that Jones was the first to unfurl the Stars and Stripes from a ship of war. From a relief by C. H. Niehaus

he said: "Tho' I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the Right of Men, yet I am not in Arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of Riches . . . I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of Climate or of Country." Lord Selkirk called him "an odd fellow," "an exotick character," "an enthusiast, absurd and ignorant of the springs and moves of our affairs." Lord Despencer called him a "Rascal and Rebel." It was for Jones to show them how little he deserved these epithets. It was for him to prove his amazing ability as a naval commander.

Notwithstanding the capture of the *Drake*, it was months before he could get another ship. Franklin, who was always his friend, aided him in buying an old French merchant ship, which Jones named the *Bon Homme Richard*, as a compliment to Franklin, through its hint of the latter's well-known publication, "Poor Richard's Almanac." Not till June, 1779, did Jones get off with the *Bon Homme Richard* as his flagship,

when the enemy called for quarter. They lost, in killed and wounded, forty and two men. The captain and lieutenant were buried with the honors due their rank and the respect due their memory."

What a splendid triumph for the Scotch cabin boy and midshipman, for the mate of a slaver, for the unfortunate captain of a mutinous English crew! He challenged, boarded and captured a British man-of-war, while some of his own crew were so startled at his pluck that Jones says, "I ran every chance of being killed or thrown overboard." The reason for his success was that the man at last had found the ship. Something defiant may be found in this descent on the scenes of his childhood, this temporary capture of Scotch soil, this attitude of master over the Selkirks, the great magnates of the region. Still, the capture of the *Drake* was a piece of splendid courage, one of the few instances in the Revolution where a British ship of war hauled down the Union Jack to a rebel vessel.

On the Bon Homme Richard

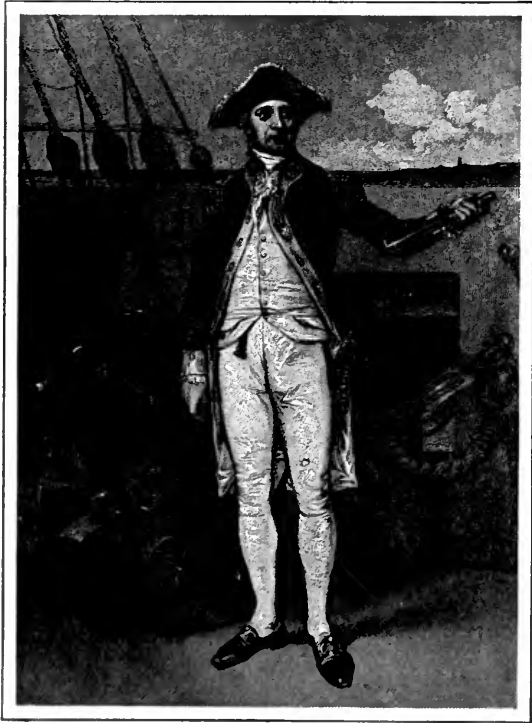
The reputation of Captain Jones as a man of terrible energy was made. In a letter that he wrote on board the *Ranger*

JOHN PAUL JONES

along with the *Alliance* under Captain Landais, and several smaller ships. It seemed an act of foolhardy daring to start with his slow sailing merchant ship, transformed into a cruiser, along with a consort commanded by a braggart and a coward, out into the midst of English war ships of every size. For a crew he had to depend on seventy Americans and nearly two hundred Portuguese, Swedes, some Malays, besides a hundred English prisoners. He lacked proper guns. He was held in check by the French authorities. Almost any other man would have given up.

When two British frigates hove in sight, Captain Jones, gentleman-like, called all his officers, and consulted "them whether they were willing to see them." They all said "Yes," but the two cruisers ran away. Then with his little fleet of five vessels he sailed around the British Islands, and all but made a descent on Leith, the port of Edinburgh. Coming along southward, on September 23, 1779, the good old *Bon Homme Richard*, 42 guns, fell in with a British man-of-war, the *Serapis*, a 50-gun ship. Jones did not hesitate a moment to seek the fight.

At the first fire, two of the old guns of his ship burst, killing their own crews; in a short time his riflemen were driven out of the tops and off the quarter deck. His main deck battery of 28 guns was out of commission; only three light guns could be fired at all. The heroic pluck of the great commander was all that kept the battle going till, by a fortunate puff of wind, the *Bon Homme Richard* was able to grapple with her enemy, and his men fired with musketry at short range. Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* called across to ask whether Jones had surrendered, and the little Scotchman hurled back the words—which would have been great in Nelson's mouth—"I have not yet begun to



JONES, THE COMMANDER
From the painting by Chappel

fight!" The battle went on, not only on the decks, but in the air, where men leaped from yard to yard. Both ships were afire. An hour passed and still neither side was victorious. At this critical moment Captain Landais in the *Alliance* came within range and fired three times into his own consort. Jones's officers urged him to surrender, but Yankee pluck wore out English pluck. At half past ten at night, after three hours and a half of

JOHN PAUL JONES



From an Old Print

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS

Original in the Naval History Society Library

desperate fighting, the British captain hauled down his flag. His mortification was so terrible that when he handed his sword to Captain Jones, he added the fling, "It is painful to me that I must resign this to a man who has fought with a halter around his neck." Every effort was made to save the *Bon Homme Richard*, but next day she sank.

This battle was not simply the capture of a strong vessel by a weak one of about the same size. It was the new American navy showing its power to fight the British, ship for ship. Jones had not even a crew of lusty American tars to pit against an equal number of British sailors. His was a motley crew of all nations, fused into a desperate and victorious ship's company by the courage and the seamanship of John Paul Jones. If Jones had commanded the *Serapis* and her consort, and Pearson had commanded the American fleet, the victory would have gone to Jones just the same. The English fought well. The one consummate coward in this world-famous battle was Landais, whose tactics had been to wait till Jones was defeated, and then to sail in and capture the *Serapis* with his fresh ship. For later insubordinate conduct he was cashiered, and he goes into the same limbo of traitors as Benedict Arnold.

Commodore John Paul Jones

The capture of the *Serapis* is the zenith of Jones's career. Three British squadrons were in vain sent out to find him. He was accused of being a British subject who had traitorously attacked his own country, though he had not lived in England since 1760. The English government demanded the surrender of Jones, his officers, crew and his five

JOHN PAUL JONES

hundred prisoners, on the ground that he "can only be considered as a rebel and a pirate." The French demanded that the *Serapis* be turned over to them, though Jones had entertained dreams of cruising in that fine ship. Benjamin Franklin wrote in quite another key of "your cool conduct and persevering bravery during that terrible conflict." Their "Highmightinesses the States-General," as the government of Holland was called, refused to give him up. The hospitality which the Dutch thus showed to Jones and his prizes eventually brought down upon them war with Great Britain.

The former merchant captain found himself the lion of Paris. An English lady who met him says, "The famous Paul Jones dines and sups often. He is a smart man of 36, speaks but little French, appears to be an extraordinary genius, a poet as well as a hero . . . He is greatly admired here, especially by the ladies, who are all wild for love of him." The dauntless commander, who did not hesitate to shoot one of his own men when he attempted to haul down his flag during the fight with the *Serapis*, was open to these flatteries. The English lady says: "The king has given him a



MEDAL AWARDED TO JONES BY
THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS



In the Collection of Mr. Charles A. Munn
Reproduced by permission

JOHN PAUL JONES

From a mezzotint published in London, date unknown

magnificent gold-hilted sword, which, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, he has begged leave to commit to the care of her ladyship." Besides this "ladyship," who was the Countess of Lowendahl, there was a "Delia," and various others. Buell in his life has much to say about this side of Jones's life, based in part upon letters and memoirs which are a pure invention.

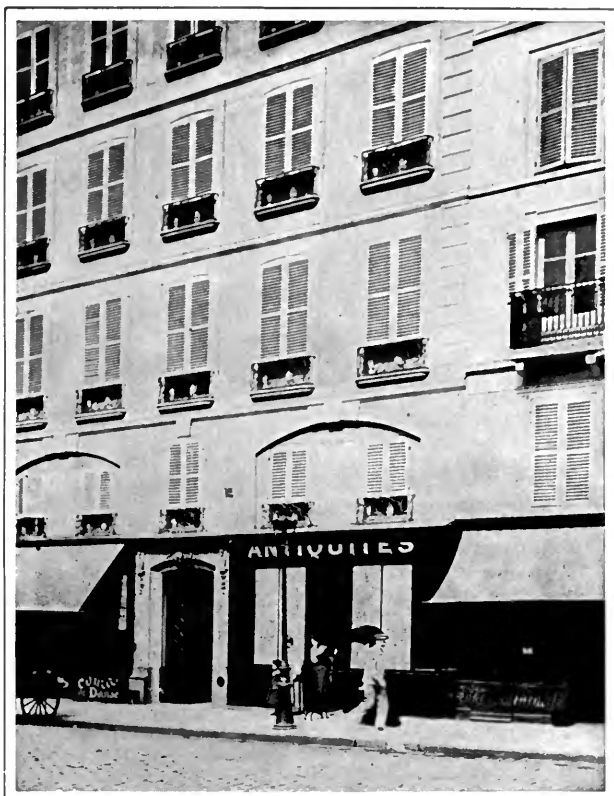
Jones's cruises in the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard* were enough for one man's glory. His next ship, the *Ariel*, was all but wrecked, and saved only by Jones's consummate seamanship. He returned to America, where Congress passed resolutions of high appreciation, allowing him to accept the Order of Military Merit given him by the king of France.

JOHN PAUL JONES

Unfortunately by this time the American navy had ceased to be a national weapon; for the French sent over fleets and ships that performed the necessary service of staving off the British fleet till the combined French and American armies could capture Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

Jones was, to be sure, made commander of the *America*, the only big ship of the line ever built by the United States. This appointment, to Jones's mind, gave him "the exclusive right of Captain of the Line." Washington alludes to him as "Commodore"—which is not an official title, and meant only that the bearer commanded a squadron. At this critical moment, Congress presented the *America* to the French; and before Jones, with all his energy, could fit out another ship, the war had closed.

A disagreeable consequence of the war was a long controversy over the prize money on his captures. Never again did the great captain stand upon the quarter deck of an American ship. Never did his indomitable spirit drive an American crew to acts of heroism. The highest title bestowed upon him by his own government was that of Captain; yet no title could equal the repute which John Paul Jones enjoyed in every true American heart, as an intrepid spirit who could weld the slenderest materials of ships and men into a man-of-war or a fleet.



Courtesy the Century Co.

HOUSE IN PARIS IN WHICH JOHN PAUL JONES DIED

The Commander died in his apartment, the third floor front of the building on the left, No. 42 Rue de Tournon (now No. 19)

Admiral John Paul Jones

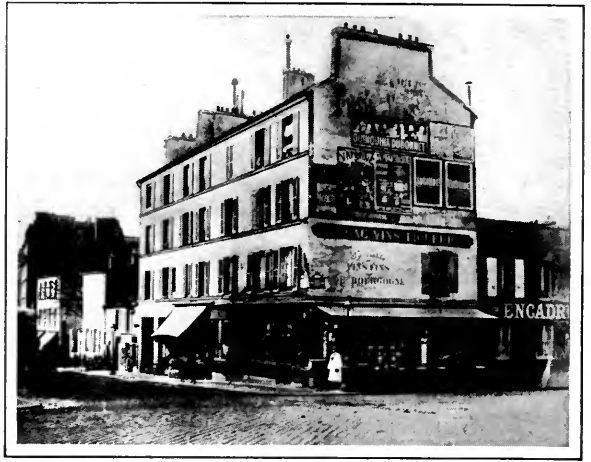
It would seem that the country might well have given its greatest sea-commander an estate or an appointment. Another nation offered him the opportunity denied him by his own government. The Empress Catherine of Russia, in 1788 was induced to invite him to enter her service by her agent in Paris, who wrote her that "If her Imperial Majesty should confide to Jones the chief command of her fleet

JOHN PAUL JONES

in the Black Sea, with *carte blanche*, he would answer for it that in less than a year Jones would make Constantinople tremble." The Commodore had no idea of losing his connection with his own land, and he wrote to Jefferson that he could "never renounce the glorious title of a *citizen of the United States*."

When he arrived at the capital, then called St. Petersburg, the Empress forthwith made him a Rear-Admiral, whereupon certain Englishmen who were in the Russian service threatened to resign, but he—and they—stayed on. The war for which he had been engaged was one of the many phases of that rivalry between the Slav and the Turk, which has now been going on for more than two centuries. The American at once joined in the attack on the fortified Turkish port of Otchakov in the Crimea, which was protected by a fleet of one hundred and twenty ships, including sixteen of the great "ships of the line." Admiral Jones had under his command one ship of the line and fourteen smaller vessels. To his great mortification, Jones found that he was in command only of the sailing vessels, while a German officer had a parallel command.

For the first and only time in his life, Jones was in a situation to command a sizable fleet in a sea fight; and it was taken from him, his advice ignored, his services disregarded! Prince Potemkin, who was in general command, wrote to the Empress, calling him "the sleepy Admiral Paul Jones . . . he was brave while he was a pirate, but he has never been at the head of many ships. No one is content to serve under him." An old Cossack, however, who made a reconnoissance with him, said: "Never in all my life have I seen a man such as he was. When he liked, he was like honey, and when necessary, like stone . . . Evidently there are people created to command." At Potemkin's desire, Catherine called him northward; and then practically dismissed him, perhaps through intrigues of English enemies.



WHERE JOHN PAUL JONES WAS BURIED
The building in Paris under which the body was found



In the possession of Mr. Charles A. Munn.
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JOHN PAUL JONES
From the Hinckley miniature

JOHN PAUL JONES

This was the end of the naval career of Lieutenant-Captain-Commander-Admiral John Paul Jones, who lived in Paris during the remaining three years of his life.

The Man John Paul Jones

Jones was still a young man, barely forty-five years old, at the time of his death; and his meteoric career was compressed into the fourteen years between 1775 and 1789. For the paling of his glory in latter years he was in part to blame. His killing of the mutineer threw a cloud upon his early life. He was gay, extravagant, over fond of the ladies, and often in money difficulties. Beginning so young, shooting up so rapidly, he made enemies who followed him to the end. A man as eager, as adventurous, as impetuous as John Paul Jones was bound to outrun cooler and more sagacious men like Franklin and John Adams.

Against these faults is to be set the amazing brilliancy of Jones's character and deeds. His successes were not those of a dashing adventurer who took all the chances and was usually lucky in winning. Jones's splendid results came from his careful preparations, his personal interest in his men, his ability to execute naval manœuvres at the precise moment. He was a naval genius also in his constructive plans. Throughout his life, Jones showed a wonderful spirit of organization. He was one of the first men to suggest a plan for the systematic building and use of the American Navy, which would have been much to the advantage of the nation had it been followed.

Jones was, like Lord Nelson, whom he so much resembles, a passionate advocate of improved ways of handling men, ships, and guns. He was the tutor of the American nation in naval warfare and deeds.



JOHN PAUL JONES

The statue by C. H. Niehaus, at Washington, D. C. This picture shows the "fighting back" of the hero. Because of its position on the monument, the back of the statue cannot be seen

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN PAUL JONES Two vols. By Mrs. Reginald DeKoven

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN PAUL JONES Edited by Robert Charles Sands
From the original letters and manuscripts in the possession of Miss Jeanette Taylor.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE CHEVALIER JOHN PAUL JONES By John Henry Sherburne

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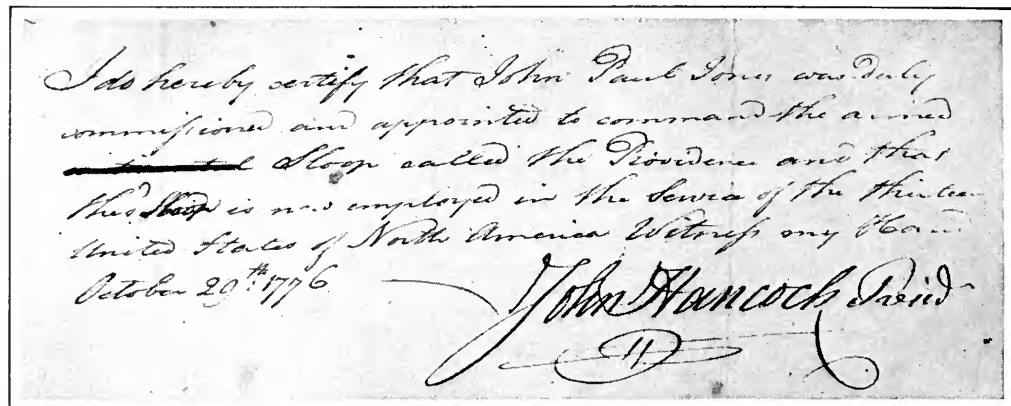
COMMODORE PAUL JONES

Brief and readable. By Cyrus Townsend Brady

PAUL JONES A Biography. By Hutchins Hapgood

***Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER



Facsimile of Commission issued to John Paul Jones. The original in possession of the Naval History Society.

Editor of *The Mentor*,

DEAR SIR: The *Mentor* grows better all the time. What astonishes me most is the quantity and variety of beautiful illustrations. How and where do you get all these pictures?

Very truly yours, etc. Mrs. D. H. B."

This letter is one of many in which the same question occurs: Where do we get our pictures? The answer belongs to all *The Mentor* readers, for it discloses the wide range and the varied character of the resources available to *The Mentor*.

★ ★ ★

Without my telling you of it, you can have no appreciation of the wealth of material that *The Mentor* has at its disposal—for your benefit. I have often told you about *Mentor Service*. I have referred to the programs for reading courses, the answers to questions, the supply of books, and the information that we give freely and gladly to members of the Association. I have not told you of the great riches in picture material that *The Mentor* has access to. This material is drawn from many sources, and wherever *The Mentor* applies, permission to use the material is readily obtained. If *The Mentor* wants illustrations from libraries, societies and private collections or from magazine and book publishers, it obtains them—and usually with assurances of cordial feeling and interest in *The Mentor* work. In the three years of our existence we have built up for *The Mentor* a good will among publishers, libraries and

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When we publish an article on early American history, we obtain the use of paintings, prints, and other picture material in the possession of historical societies. When we published the *Joan of Arc* number, the American *Joan of Arc* Society placed at our disposal its whole collection of fine, rare prints illustrating the life of the Maid of Orleans. In preparing the present number of *The Mentor*, on John Paul Jones, we enjoyed the full cooperation and assistance of the Naval History Society. There we had access to all the Paul Jones portraits and prints, also many original documents: Jones' commission, signed by John Hancock; his letters, and even the log books of his ships, written in Jones' handwriting. And whenever we have gone to publishers for permission to reprint illustrations from books or magazines, we have found a spirit of liberality that has been most gratifying to us. I take this occasion to thank the publishers who have shown their interest in *The Mentor* in such a substantial manner.

★ ★ ★

All of which means that *The Mentor* is doing a big, broad work in popular education; that this work is being recognized, and that everyone is willing to help in it.

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

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November 1. **RUSSIAN MUSIC.** By Henry T. Finck, Author and Music Critic. November 15. **CHILE.** By E. M. Newman, Lecturer and Traveler.

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THE MENTOR

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THE MENTOR

RUSSIAN MUSIC

By HENRY T. FINCK
Author and Music Critic

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 18



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Several Natural Questions



Q.—How big is Russia, and what is its population?

A.—The area of Russia exceeds 8,660,000 square miles, or one-sixth of the whole land surface of the earth. Its population is over 150,000,000—or at least it was so before the war.

Q.—How many famous Russian composers are there?

A.—Less than a dozen.

Q.—How old is Russian music?

A.—Less than 150 years. Catherine the Great (1761-1796) was one of the first to encourage national music in Russia. Before her time the music performed in Russia was imported, and was largely Italian. Catherine caused productions of music by Russian composers. She supplied the libretto for one opera.

Q.—What is the origin of Russian music?

A.—Both the music and literature of Russia had a common origin—popular inspiration. The form and spirit of the music and literature were drawn from the legends and primitive songs of the people.

Q.—When did music in Russia become, in a real sense, national?

A.—Not until the first part of the nineteenth century. Composers had been trying for fifty years to establish a national movement in music, but it was not until the advent of Glinka and his opera, "A Life for the Czar," in 1836, that the Russian school of music can be said to have been inaugurated.

Q.—Why were music and literature so late in coming to this great nation?

A.—On account of physical and human conditions. Russia is and has been a vast and absolute monarchy, consisting of millions of people held in subjection and ignorance, and with only a few great centers of civilization. Petrograd has been for years a city of brilliant cultivation, but in contrast to that there are countless towns, villages, and farms in which dwell millions of poor and ignorant people. It is only within the last century that Russia has awakened to a national consciousness and begun to shake off the grim, feudal conditions of the Middle Ages. In this new era the voice of music is first heard as a national expression.

RUSSIAN MUSIC

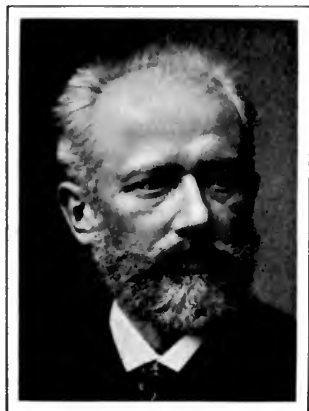
By HENRY T. FINCK

Author and Music Critic



MENTOR GRAVURES

RUBINSTEIN
MOUSSORGSKY
TCHAIKOVSKY
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV
GLINKA
STRAVINSKY



I. TCHAIKOVSKY



ANTON RUBINSTEIN



SO far as the world at large is concerned, Russian music—which has come so much to the fore in recent years—began with Rubinstein, who lived till 1894. There was, indeed, one other composer of note before him—Glinka—but Glinka's music, though very popular in Russia, remained almost unknown in other countries, whereas Rubinstein, and, after him, Tchaikovsky (also spelled Tschaikowsky), conquered the whole world.

Folk music, it is needless to say, flourished many centuries before Glinka. Folk tunes are like wild flowers, and in all countries the composers have heard the "call of the wild" and tried to woo these flowers and bring them to their gardens. This is particularly true of Russia, which has an abundance of folk songs that are unsurpassed in beauty and emotional appeal; indeed, Rubinstein and another eminent composer, César Cui (kwee), claim absolute supremacy for their country in the matter of national melodies. The tremendous size of the Empire, including, as it does, one-sixth of all the land on this globe, gives scope for an unparalleled variety of local color in songs, suggesting the great difference in costumes and customs. Asiatic traits are mingled with the European. Many of the songs are sad, as is to be expected in a populace often subjected to barbarian invasions, as well as to domestic tyranny; but perhaps an equal number are merry, with a gaiety as extravagant as the melancholy of the songs that are in the minor mode. As a rule, Russian peasants seem to prefer singing in groups to solo singing. There are many singing games; some of the current songs are of gypsy origin; and we find in the collections of Russian folk music (the best of which have been made by Balakiref and Rimsky-Korsakov) an endless variety, devoted to love, flattery, grief,



SINGING AT AN OUTDOOR SHRINE

war, religion, etc. Eugenie Lineff's "Peasant Songs of Great Russia" (transcribed from phonograms) gives interesting samples and descriptions. Lineff's choir has been heard in America.

Russian Choirs and Basses

Church music is another branch of the divine art that flourished in Russia before the advent of the great composers. Five centuries ago the court at Moscow already had its church choir, and some of the Czars, including Ivan the Terrible, took a special interest in the musical service. Peter the Great had a private choir which he even took along on his travels.

In 1840, the French composer, Adolphe Charles Adam, on a visit to St. Petersburg (now Petrograd) found that church music was superior to any other kind in Russia. The choir of the Imperial Chapel sang without a conductor and without instrumental support, yet "with a justness of intonation of which one can have no idea."

A specialty of this choir, which gave it a "sense of peculiar strangeness," was the presence of bass voices that produced a marvelous effect by doubling the ordinary basses at the interval of an octave below them. These voices, Adam continues, "if heard separately, would be intolerably heavy; when they are heard in the mass the effect is admirable." He was moved to tears by this choir, "stirred by such emotion as I had never felt before . . . the most tremendous orchestra in the world could never give rise to this curious sensation, which was entirely different from any that I had supposed it possible for music to convey."

Similarly impressed was another French composer, Berlioz, when he heard the Imperial Choir sing a motet for eight voices: "Out of the web



RUSSIAN PRIEST CHANTING

RUSSIAN MUSIC

of harmonies formed by the incredibly intricate interlacing of the parts rose sighs and vague murmurs, such as one sometimes hears in dreams. From time to time came sounds so intense that they resembled human cries, which tortured the mind with the weight of sudden oppression and almost made the heart stop beating. Then the whole thing quieted down, diminishing with divinely slow graduations to a mere breath, as though a choir of angels was leaving the earth and gradually losing itself in the uttermost heights of heaven."

Italian and French Influences

Like all other European countries, Russia more than a century ago succumbed to the spell of Italian music. Young men were sent to Italy to study the art of song, while famous Italian singers and composers visited Russia and made the public familiar with their tuneful art. It was under the patronage of the Empress Anna that an Italian opera was for the first time performed in the Russian capital, in 1737. She was one of several rulers who deliberately fostered a love of art in the minds of their subjects. Under the Empress Elizabeth music became "a fashionable craze," and "every great landowner started his private band or choir." Russia became what it still is—the place where (except in America) traveling artists could reap their richest harvests.

The high salaries paid tempted some of the leading Italian composers, such as Cimarosa (Cheemahrosah), Sarti, and Paisiello (Paheeseello), to make their home for years in Russia, where they composed and produced their operas. Near the end of the eighteenth century French influences also asserted themselves, but the Italians continued to predominate, so that when the Russians themselves—in the reign of Catherine the Great (1761-1796)—took courage and began to compose operas, Italian tunefulness and methods were conspicuous features of them.

Glinka, the Pioneer

The operas of Glinka, as well as those of Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky, betrayed the influence of Italy on Russian music. Though not the first Russian opera composer, Michal Ivanovich Glinka is the first of historic note. Rubinstein goes so far as to claim for him a place among the greatest five of all composers



RUSSIAN ORGAN GRINDER



PLAYER OF REED PIPE

(the others being, in his opinion, Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Chopin), but this is a ludicrously patriotic exaggeration. His master work is "A Life for the Czar," which created a new epoch in Russian music. The hero of the plot is a peasant, Soussanin, who, during a war between Poland and Russia, is pressed into service as a guide by a Polish army corps. He saves the Czar by misleading the Poles, and falls a victim to their vengeance. In his autobiography Glinka says: "The scene where Soussanin leads the Poles astray in the forest I read aloud while composing, and entered so completely into the situation of my hero that I used to feel my hair standing on end and cold shivers down my back." It is under such conditions that master works are created.

Although following the conventional Italian forms, "A Life for the Czar" is in most respects thoroughly Slavic—partly Russian, partly Polish. While composing the score he followed the plan of using the national music of Poland and Russia to contrast the two countries. In some cases he used actual folk tunes, including one he overheard a

cab driver sing. In other instances he invented his own melodies, but dyed them in the national colors. As the eminent French composer, Alfred Bruneau (bree'-no), remarked, "by means of a harmony or a simple orchestral touch," Glinka "could give an air which is apparently as Italian as possible



ROMANTIC DANCE



A MOUJIK (PEASANT) DANCE

a penetrating perfume of Russian nationality." By his utilizing of folk tunes in building up works of art—he did the same thing in his next opera, "Ruslan and Ludmilla"—Glinka entered a path on which most of the Russian composers of his time, and later on, followed his lead; but his influence did not stop there. He was also the pioneer who opened up the road into the dense jungle of discords, unusual scales, and odd rhythms, which have made much of the music by later Russian composers seem as if written according to a new grammar. Furthermore, Rosa Newmarch, who is the best historian in English of Russian opera, writes that "it is impossible not to realize that the fantastic Russian ballets of the present day owe much to Glinka's first introduction of Eastern dances into "Ruslan and Ludmilla."

Clearly, Glinka was the father of Russian opera. He wrote some good concert pieces, too.

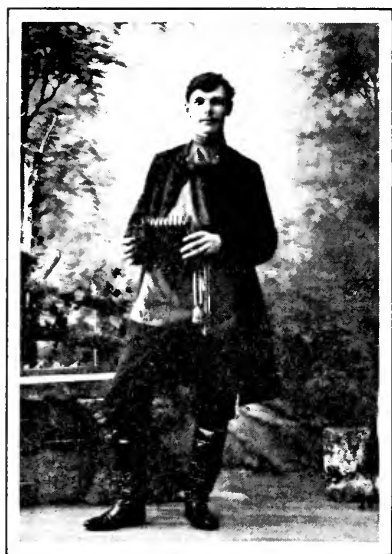
Rubinstein, the Russian Mendelssohn

Anton Rubinstein is considered to have been, next to Franz Liszt, the greatest pianist the world has ever heard. His technical execution was not flawless, but no one paid any attention to that, because of the overwhelming grandeur and emotional sweep of his playing. Like Liszt, however, he tired of the laurels of a performer, his ambition being to become the Russian Beethoven. He got no higher, however, than the level of Mendelssohn. Both Mendelssohn and Rubinstein were for years extremely popular. If they are less so today, that is owing to the superficial character of much of their music. Yet both were great geniuses; in their master works they reached the high water mark of musical creativeness. Rubinstein is at his best in his "Ocean" symphony, his Persian songs, some of his chamber works for stringed instruments, alone or with piano, two of his concertos for piano and orchestra, and his pieces for piano alone, the number of which is 238. Among these there are gems of the first water.

A Rubinstein revival is much to be desired in these days, when so few composers are able to create new melodies. When it comes, in response to the demands of audiences, which are very partial to this composer, at least three of his nineteen operas will be revived: "The Demon," "Nero," and "The Maccabees." Opera goes love, above all things, melody, and Rubinstein's operas, like his concert pieces, are full of it. He was himself to blame for the failure of most of his operas, for he stubbornly refused to swim with the Wagnerian current, which swept everything



MICHAL GLINKA



PEASANT WITH ACCORDION

Russian melodies, though not nearly to the same extent as Glinka and his followers, the "nationalists." Before considering them it will be advisable to speak of the greatest of all the Russian composers.

Tchaikovsky, the Melancholy

It is commonly believed that in music the public wants something "quick and devilish"; but this is far from the truth. For social, political, and especially climatic reasons, the Russians, with their long and dreary winters, are supposed to be a melancholy nation. The most melancholy of their composers is Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky, and of his works the most popular by far, throughout the world, is the most lugubrious of them all, the heart rending "Pathetic Symphony," which is today second in popularity to no other orchestral work of any country. "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," might well be its motto. More than any funeral march ever composed, it embodies, in the *adagio lamentoso*, which ends it, the concentrated quintessence of despair, "the luxury of woe." It was Tchaikovsky's symphonic swan song. At the time of his death there was a rumor that he had

before it. He hated Wagner intensely, yet he might have learned from him the art of writing music dramas of permanent value.

Five of his operas are on Biblical subjects. They are really oratorios with scenery, action and costumes. He dreamed of erecting a special theater somewhere for the production of these "sacred operas," as Wagner did for his music dramas at Bayreuth; but nothing came of this plan, and he became more and more embittered as he grew older, because so many of his schemes failed.

Apart from their abundant melody there is nothing in Rubinstein's best works that fascinates us more than the exhibits of glowing Oriental and Hebrew "coloring"—as we call it for want of a better word. He also made excellent use of national



MUSIC AMONG THE LOWLY

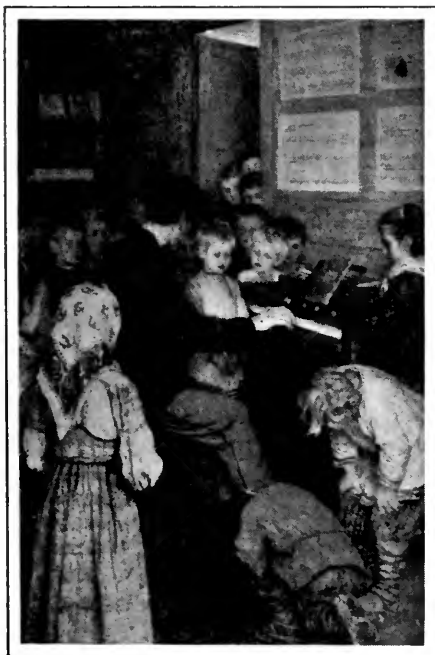
RUSSIAN MUSIC

written it deliberately as his own dirge before committing suicide; but it is now known that he died of cholera.

What endears the "Pathetic Symphony" to such a multitude of music lovers is, furthermore, its abundance of soulful melody. This abundance characterizes many of his other compositions. Indeed, so conspicuous, so ingratiating, is the flow of melody in his works, that one might think he was one of those Italian masters who made their home in Russia. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Italians have not a monopoly of melodists—think of the Austrians, Haydn, Mozart (who was the idol of Tchaikovsky's youth) and Schubert; the Germans, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner; the Frenchmen, Bizet and Gounod; the Norwegian, Grieg; the Pole, Chopin. With them as a melodist ranks Tchaikovsky, and this is the highest praise that could be bestowed on him. The charm of original melody gives distinction to his songs, the best of which are the "Spanish Serenade," "None but a Lonely Heart," and "Why So Pale Are the Roses?"



STREET MUSICIANS



THE MUSIC LESSON

There is less of it in his piano pieces, but his first concerto for piano and orchestra, and his violin concerto, have an abundance of it and are therefore popular favorites—as much as his "Slavic March," his "1812" overture, and his "Nut Cracker Suite," which is also full of quaint humor, and which had the distinction of introducing a new instrument now much used in orchestras—the "celesta"—a small keyboard instrument, the hammers of which strike thin plates of steel, producing silvery bell-like tones. This suite consists of pieces taken from his ballet of the same name.

Among his stage works are eight operas, only two of which, "Eugene Onegin" and "The Queen of Spades," have, however, been successful outside of Russia; but in Russia the first named has long been second in popularity only to "A Life for the Czar."

Moussorgsky and Musical Nihilism

One of the works most frequently performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York during the last three seasons has been the "Boris Godounov" of Modeste Petrovich Moussorgsky. It is concerned with one of the most tragic incidents in the history of Russia. Boris Godounov usurps the imperial crown after assassinating the Czar's younger brother, Dimitri. After he has ruled some years, he is driven to insanity by the appearance of a young monk who pretends to be Dimitri, rescued at the last moment and brought

up in a monastery. In setting this plot to music Moussorgsky adopted the principles of musical "nihilism," which consisted in deliberately disregarding the established operatic order of things. The musical interest centers chiefly in the choruses, leaving little for the soloists, apart from dramatic action. Moussorgsky not only liked what was "coarse, unpolished and ugly," as Tchaikovsky put it, but he refused



MODESTE PETROVICH MOUSSORGSKY

to submit to the necessary discipline of musical training, the result being that not only "Boris Godounov," but his next opera, "Kovanstchina," could not be staged successfully until Rimsky-Korsakov had thoroughly revised them, especially in regard to harmonic treatment and orchestration. The charm of "Boris" lies in the pictures it presents of Russian life, and its echoes of folk music.

Of the songs by its composer few have become known outside of Russia. Some are satirical—he has been called the "Juvenal of musicians"—and it has been said of his lyrics in general that "had the realistic schools of painting and fiction never come into being we might still construct from Moussorgsky's songs the whole psychology of Russian life."

Rimsky-Korsakov and the Nationalists

Moussorgsky and the man who helped to make his inspired but ungrammatical works presentable to the world—Nicholas Andreievich Rimsky-Korsakov—belonged to a coterie of composers known as the



PEASANTS IN MOSCOW
Listening to public band concert

RUSSIAN MUSIC

nationalists. The other three were Balakiref, whose output as a composer was small, but whose two collections of Russian folk tunes are considered the best in existence; Borodin, who is best known in this country through an orchestral piece called "In the Steppes of Central Asia" and his "Prince Igor," which has been produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, and César Cui, who is more interesting as a writer than as a composer. He has well set forth the tenets of the "nationalists," chief of

which is that a composer cannot be a truly patriotic Russian master unless he uses folk tunes as the bricks for building up his works.

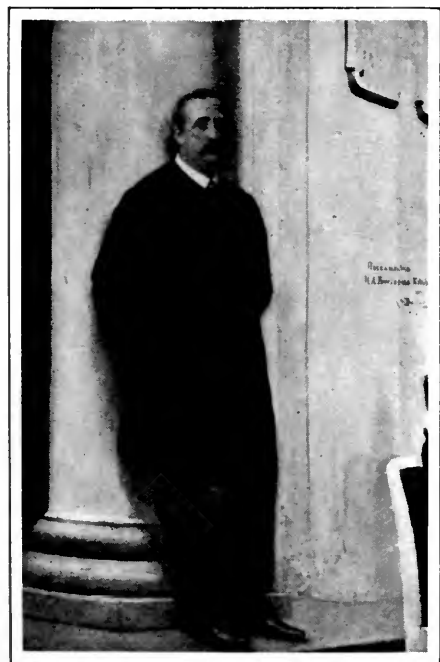
Because Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky did not do this to any extent these nationalists looked down on them, and decried them as cosmopolitans—belonging to the world rather than to Russia. Rubinstein, who had a caustic pen, retorted by declaring that the nationalists borrowed folk tunes because they were unable to invent good melodies of their



MILI BALAKIREF



RIMSKY-KORSAKOV



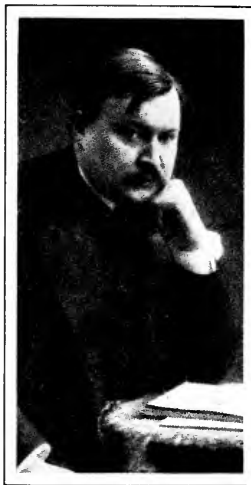
ALEXANDER P. BORODIN

own. To a certain extent this was true, but it does not apply to Rimsky-Korsakov, who is, next to Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky, the greatest of the Russian melodists and composers. Theodore Thomas considered him the greatest of them all. With this opinion few will agree, but no one can fail to admire the glowing colors of his orchestral works, the greatest of which is "Scheherazade," which is based on "The Arabian Nights," and is concerned with Sinbad's vessel and Bagdad. Of his dozen or more operas none has become acclimated outside of Russia. As a teacher he might be called the Russian Liszt, because not a few of his pupils acquired national and international fame; among them Glazounov, Liadov, Arensky, Ippolitov-Ivanov, Gretchaninov, Taneiev (tah-nay-ev) and Stravinsky.

Stravinsky and the Russian Ballet

Four of the most prominent Russian composers have visited America: Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov and Scriabin. Rachmaninov, the only one of the four still living, owed the beginning of his international fame to the great charm of his preludes for piano. Scriabin was one of the musical "anarchists" who now abound in Europe—composers who try to be "different" at any cost of law, order, tradition and beauty. One of his quaint conceits was an attempt to combine perfume and colored lights with orchestral sounds. Musical frightfulness is rampant in some of his symphonies, in which horrible dissonances clash fiercely and "without warning."

The latest of the Russians who has come to the fore—Igor Stravinsky—also revels in dissonances, but in his case they are not only excusable but even fascinating, because there is a reason behind them. He uses them to illustrate and emphasize humorous, grotesque or fantastic plots and details, such as are presented in his pantomimic ballets, "Petruschka," and "The Fire Bird." There is an entirely new musical "atmosphere" in these two works, and the public, as well as the critics, have taken to them as ducks do to water. If the Diaghileff Ballet Russe which toured the United States last season had done nothing but produce these two



ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOV



ALEXANDER SCRIBIN

entertainments, it would have been worth their while to cross the Atlantic. They have made the world acquainted with a Russian who may appeal, in his way, as strongly as Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky. His latest efforts are reported to be in the direction of the cult of ugliness for its own sake. But perhaps he will get over that—or, maybe some of us will come to like ugliness in music as we do in bulldogs. Opinions as to what is ugly or beautiful in music have changed frequently.



CÉSAR A. CUI



SERGEI RACHMANINOV

The Character of Russian Music

The musical character of the great masters is unmistakable. When an expert hears a piece by a famous composer for the first time he can usually guess who wrote it. But when it comes to judging the *national* source of an unfamiliar piece, the problem is puzzling. It is true that Italian music usually betrays its country. Widely as Verdi and Puccini differ from Rossini and Donizetti, they have unmistakable traits in common. The same cannot be said of the French masters, or the German. Gounod and Berlioz, both French composers, are as widely apart as the poles. Flotow, who composed "Martha," was a German, but his opera is as utterly unlike Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" as two things can be.

The question, "What are the characteristics of Russian music?" is, for similar reasons, difficult to answer. As in other countries, there are as many styles of music as there are great composers. Moreover, Rubinstein is less like any other Russian than he is like the German Mendelssohn. If a "composite portrait" could be made of the works of prominent Russian composers, it might, nevertheless, give some idea of their general characteristics. Tchaikovsky's passionate melody, reinforced by inspired passages from Rimsky-Korsakov and by the tuneful strains of Rubinstein, would give prominence to what is best in Russian music. A more distinct race trait is the partiality of Russian masters for deeply despondent strains, alternating with fierce outbursts of unrestrained hilarity, clothed in garish, barbaric orchestral colors. In startling contrast with the alluring charms of Rubinstein's Oriental and Semitic traits are the harsh dissonances of Moussorgsky, Scriabin, and Stravinsky. Blending all these traits in our composite musical portrait, with a rich infusion of folk-songs of diverse types, both Asiatic and European, we glimpse the main characteristics of Russian music.



MAKERS OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET

From left to right—Leonide Massine, dancer; Leon Bakst, costume and scene designer, and Igor Stravinsky, composer

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THE RUSSIAN OPERA

By Rosa Newmarch

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By Modeste Tchaikovsky

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PEASANT SONGS OF GREAT RUSSIA

By Eugenie Lineff

A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN MUSIC

By M. Montagu-Nathan

THE OPEN LETTER



RUSSIAN BALLET

A scene from "Soleil de Nuit," one of Serge de Diaghileff's ballets. The ballet was arranged by Massine, who occupies the center of the group. The music is by Rimsky-Korsakov, and the scenery and costumes were designed by Leon Bakst's favorite pupil, M. Larionoff

Russian composers of our time are in luck. A wealthy timber merchant named Balaiev (bah-lah-ee-ev) appointed himself their special patron a number of years ago. In 1885 he founded a publishing house at Leipzig, and spent large sums of money printing the works of Russian composers and financing productions of Russian music all over the world.

★ ★ ★

In America the missionary work has been carried on in a number of ways. Rubinstein toured the States in 1872, and gave 215 concerts, which created a tremendous sensation and drew attention to Russian compositions. Tchaikovsky visited America as the special guest of the festival given in celebration of the opening of Carnegie Music Hall in 1891, and during his visit, many pieces of Russian music were performed. Slivinsky, the pianist, made a tour of America, and Chaliapin, the celebrated Russian bass, appeared for one season at the Metropolitan Opera House. For several years the oldest orchestra of America, the New York Philharmonic, had for its conductor one of Russia's leading musicians, Wassily Safonoff, who frequently introduced novelties from Russia into his programs. On a larger scale, Russian standard works have been performed in New York City and on tour in

America, by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, which was founded in 1893 and conducted by Modest Altschuler.

★ ★ ★

During the 90's, Mme. Lineff brought over the large Russian choir that made Americans acquainted with their peasant songs and their unique way of singing them. Then came the Balalaika Orchestra. The Balalaika is the Czar's favorite instrument, and the Imperial Balalaika Band, which came to the United States by the Czar's permission, devoted itself largely to Russian folk music. Several of the numbers played, especially the "Song of the Volga Bargemen," made a sensational success in concert. The Balalaika is used to accompany folk songs in the manner of a guitar, but the Balalaika has a triangular body and only three strings, which are made to vibrate like those of a mandolin.

And now we have the Russian Ballet, made familiar to the American public by the famous dancer Pavlowa, and, within the last year, by the Diaghileff Ballet Company, of which the leading spirits are Stravinsky, the composer; Leon Bakst, the master designer, and Massine, the accomplished actor-dancer. Surely the day of Russian music has come.

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

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November 15. CHILE. By E. M. Newman, Lecturer and Traveler.

December 1. REMBRANDT. By John C. Van Dyke, Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, Inc., 52 East Nineteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Mentor, published semi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas H. Beck, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The Mentor, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 43, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Thomas H. Beck, 52 East 19th Street, New York; Editor, W. D. Moffat, 52 East 19th Street, New York; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 52 East 19th Street, New York. (2) That the owners are: American Lithographic Company, 52 East 19th Street, New York; C. Eddy, L. Ettlinger, J. P. Knapp, C. K. Mills, 52 East 19th Street, New York; M. C. Herczog, 48 West 10th Street, New York; William T. Harris, Villa Nova, Pa.; Mrs. M. E. Heppenheimer, 51 East 58th Street, New York; Emilie Schumacher, Executrix for Luise E. Schumacher and Walter L. Schumacher, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, 37 Wall Street, New York. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as it appears upon the books of the Company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the Company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the Company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Thomas H. Beck, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-first day of September, 1916. S. Campbell, Notary Public, Queens County. Certificate filed in New York County. My commission expires March 30, 1917.

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52 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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NOVEMBER 15 1916

SERIAL NO. 119

THE MENTOR

CHILE

By E. M. NEWMAN
Lecturer and Traveler

DEPARTMENT OF
TRAVEL

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 19

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

The Wall of the Andes

FOR more than two thousand miles the republics of Argentina and Chile are divided from one another by the gigantic barrier of the Andes. This great dividing range is the "dominating fact in the political and economic life as well as in the physical geography of the southern part of the continent. It has given these two neighboring peoples, Chileans and Argentines, different habits, different characters, and a different history."



AND now this colossal spine has been pierced. From Mendoza in Argentina we tread our way up mountain slopes, on the narrow steel trail, and at a height of nearly 12,000 feet we bore our way for more than two miles through the solid andesite rock. When the sunlight again greets our eyes we are gazing down upon Chile and out toward the western seas.



WE are now "on the other side of the hill," and we soon note the difference, not only in the geography of the land before us, but in its people. Chile, aside from its great cities, Santiago and Valparaiso, is a tranquil country, developing in a leisurely way. Argentina, even in its small towns and villages, is full of hustle and stir. The Chilean is stable and completely settled. The Argentine is restless and progressive. As James Bryce says: "The prosperous Argentine gathers money quickly and spends it freely; the Chilean retains the frugality of Old Spain, and while the former is more vivacious, the latter is more solid."



AND between these peoples, far up on the mountain heights, stands the bronze Christ of the Andes, facing toward the north so as to overlook both countries and bless them with uplifted hand—a pledge of everlasting peace between Chile and Argentina.



A view of the Andes from Santiago

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CHILE

By E. M. NEWMAN

Lecturer and Traveler



MENTOR GRAVURES

VIEW OF SANTIAGO · THE HOUSE OF CONGRESS, SANTIAGO · A HILLSIDE
LANE, VALPARAISO · THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN · BORAX FIELD, NORTH-
ERN CHILE · MIDWINTER FARM SCENE



SHOULD Chile be placed on the west coast of North America it would extend from Sitka, Alaska, to a point opposite the City of Mexico. In length it is 2,600 miles, its greatest width is 200 miles, and at its narrowest point it is but 65 miles wide. The average width of the Republic is about 90 miles.

The northern part of Chile is rainless; the southern, one of the wettest places on the globe. Chile's great wealth comes from the dry and barren north, which is nature's laboratory, where the Chileans obtain their nitrate of soda, borax and other mineral wealth. The smiling valleys of central Chile constitute the granary of the country, where may be found all the cereals grown in the United States and about the same varieties of fruit. In the extreme south, Chile is a network of islands, peninsulas and channels, providing scenery as grandly picturesque as the fjords of Norway.

Santiago, the Capital

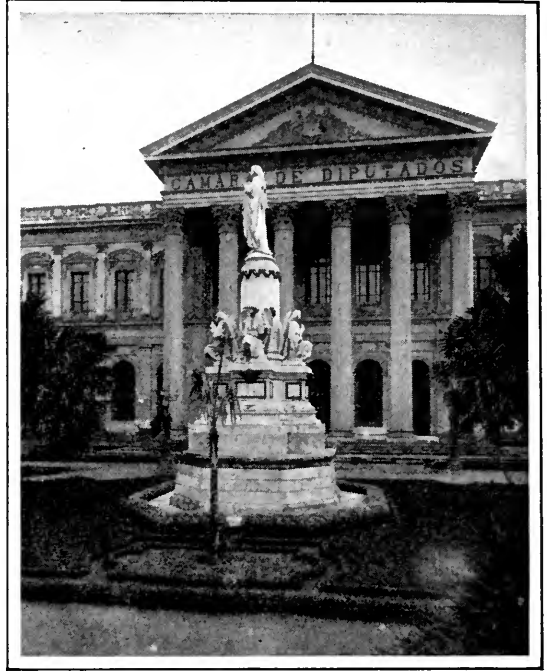
The largest and finest city in the Republic is the Chilean capital (Santiago), in population the fourth city in South America, the heart of a real nation, the center of its political energy. Modern in appearance

it is by no means a new city, for the Spanish cavalier stalked in mail through the streets of Santiago before the Mayflower landed the Pilgrims on the shores of Massachusetts, and priests were chanting services before the English founded Jamestown. There was dust on the volumes in the municipal library centuries before the building of the first little red school-house in the United States.

Rising from the center of the city is the rock known as "Santa Lucia," where in 1541 Valdivia planted a rude fort and announced to his followers that here he would found the "City of St. James," as Santiago is the Spanish for St. James. Since the days of the Spanish conqueror the city has several times been destroyed by earthquakes, only to rise again after each shock, and this accounts for its modern appearance.

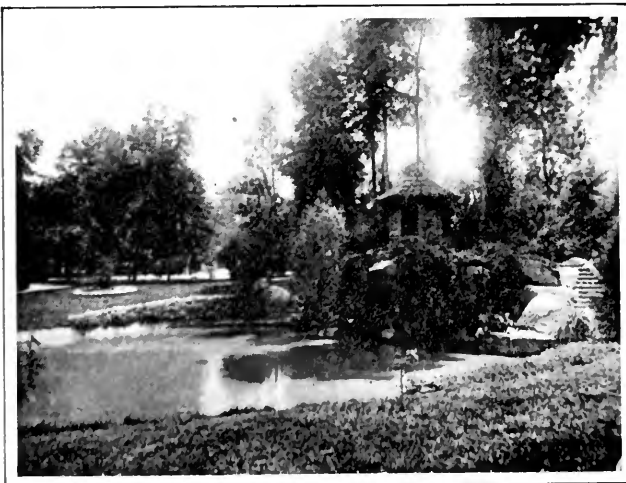
Few cities are as magnificently situated as the Chilean capital. Its background is the wonderful Andine range, which for more than 2,000 miles forms the boundary line between Chile and Argentina. Rising

grandly above the spectator is Aconcagua (Akonkagwa) soaring 23,000 feet in the air. Only in the Himalayas may one see a peak so close at hand, but not even there does a mountain rise more grandly above the spectator. Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, is said to be one of the most beautifully situated cities in the world, but its location dwindles into insignificance when compared with



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THE HOUSE OF CONGRESS, SANTIAGO



SANTIAGO

A corner in a public park

CHILE

that of Santiago. From no place can one see the "backbone" of South America to better advantage than the summit of Santa Lucia (Loo'-cha).

Government of Chile

The finest building on the west coast is the House of Congress in the Chilean capital, a modern and magnificent structure. The Chilean Congress, like our own, is composed of a Senate and a House of Deputies. Every deputy must have an income of at least \$500 a year, and a Senator must be 36 years of age. He is required to have an income of a minimum of \$2,000. The President of the Republic is elected for a term of five years, and receives a salary of \$11,000, with an additional allowance for expenses. Chile is efficiently governed, and boasts that it is the only country in South America which has not had a revolution within the memory of any living man. It is destined to become a great nation. It has the minerals to make it wealthy and the people to make it powerful. Its army, while not numerically great, is considered the best in Latin America. Every other republic has a wholesome respect for the fighting qualities of the Chilean soldier. The army has been drilled by German officers, and the influence of the severe discipline introduced by the tutors is evident in every branch of the service. There are about 20,000 soldiers in the country, and the navy ranks first among those of the South American republics.

Climate and Life in Santiago

Santiago is situated about 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, and its climate is delightful during the greater part of the year, but in the winter months of June, July and August the nights are very cold, and as few



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NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
SANTIAGO



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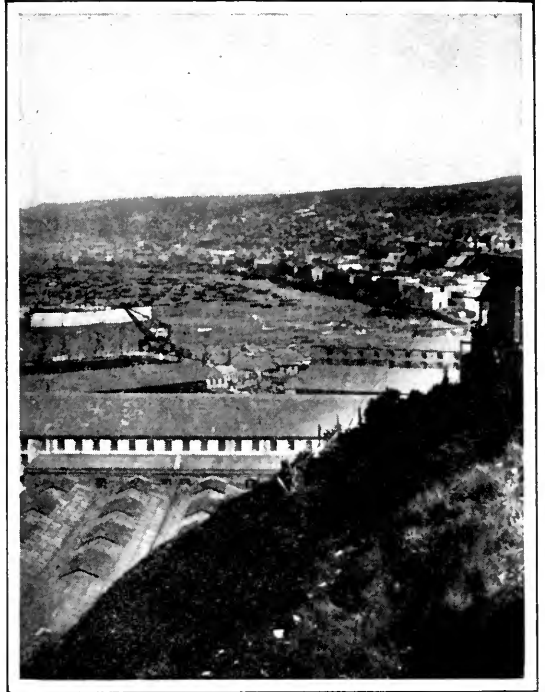
SOLDIERS OF CHILE
In Santiago

of the Chilean houses are heated, the visitor unaccustomed to these conditions may suffer considerable inconvenience. It is not unusual, during the cold months, for a Chilean host and hostess to receive their guests, the women enveloped in furs and the men wearing overcoats. Coal is expensive, so little of it is burned; and in the few houses that are heated wood is usually used.

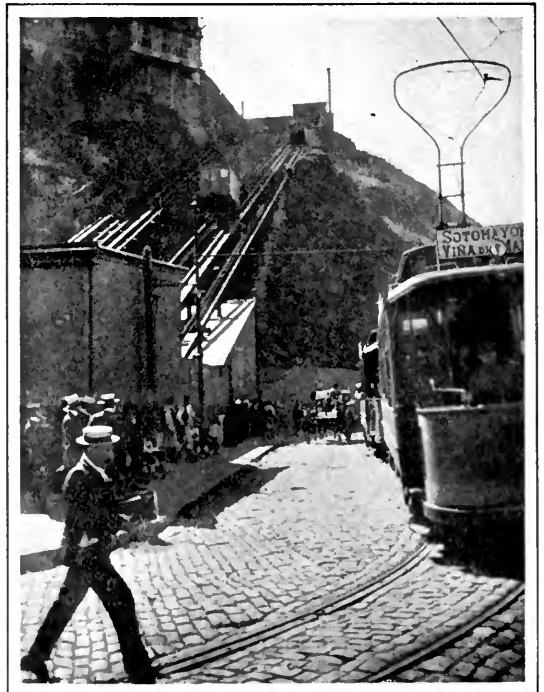
The business and residence districts of Santiago are modern to such an extent that one might imagine himself in the newer part of Boston or New York. Many of the homes are models of the latest achievements in house building by modern architects. Among the shops are several large department stores, owned by English, French and German firms, and there are a number of specialty stores where one may find the best of merchandise from nearly all the countries in the world. North Americans, as we are called, are not numerous, although many American firms are represented by agents, or have branch offices in the city.

Valparaiso, the Seaport

Second in importance to the Chilean capital is the largest seaport of the Republic, Valparaiso, a city of 200,000 inhabitants. It enjoys a commerce twice as great as that of any other city of its size, and, next to San Francisco, it is the most important port on the eastern shores of the Pacific. Four



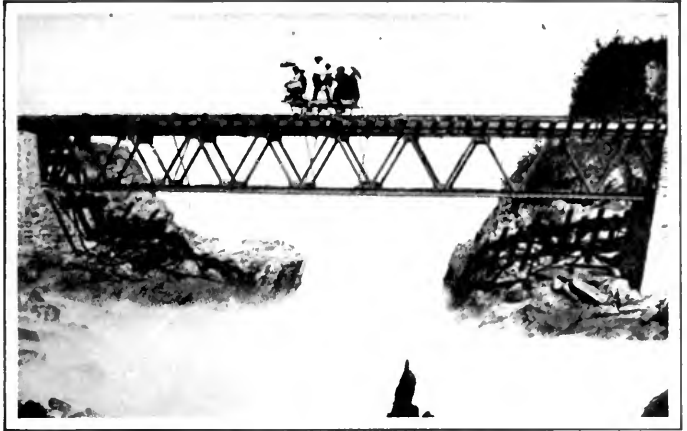
VALPARAISO BAY



THE INCLINED RAILWAY, VALPARAISO

CHILE

months after the destruction by earthquake of San Francisco, Valparaiso was similarly destroyed, and its business section laid in ruins. Like San Francisco, Valparaiso is rising anew, and has been rebuilt in a better and more enduring manner. The city is composed of an upper and lower town. In the upper section is the residence district, while



A PICTURESQUE MODE OF TRAVEL
This method is used between islands off the Chilean coast

in the lower town, on a ledge following the sea, is the business section. The two towns are connected by numerous ascensors or elevators, which carry the residents from the lower section to the hilltops, to a height of from 200 to 300 feet.



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SLINGING CATTLE ON BOARD A STEAMER

Valparaiso is about as far south of the equator as Jacksonville, Florida, is north. Its climate is, therefore, semi-tropical, and though it rains frequently, snow is practically unknown. At times the city is visited by torrential rains, which wash down the sand from the hill-tops, choking up the sewers, and causing mud and water to rise in some of the lower streets to the second story windows of some of the buildings. Everything possible has been tried to avert these catastrophes, but as yet

human effort has been in vain. Fortunately, these disastrous storms occur only at rare intervals.

Not long ago the Chileans depended for their wealth solely on the barren north, or the mineral section, but in recent years the central valleys have



VALPARAISO
Passengers being rowed out to a steamer

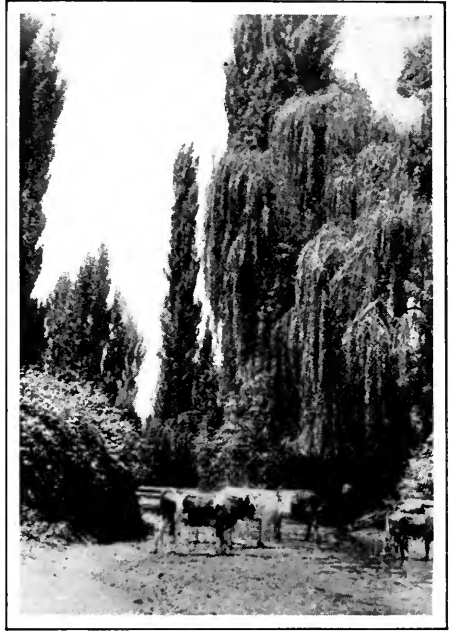
been cultivated, largely by German settlers, and the great productiveness of the soil has brought a new source of wealth to the country. In such cities as Valdivia, so numerous are the Germans that one hears almost as much German as Spanish spoken. The farther south one goes, the greater is the rainfall, and while in Valdivia it rains about 200 days in a year, in Puerto Monte, the southern terminus of the Chilean Railroad, the rainfall averages about 300 days in a year.

Southern Chile

The extreme southern part of the Republic is practically uninhabited, and it is in this section that one comes upon great forests, almost in a virgin state. Untold wealth in hardwood lumber is awaiting the establishment of sawmills and transportation facilities.

The scenery in this section is like that of Norway—wild, rugged and grand. Along the foothills of the Andes is a chain of fresh-water lakes, and extending almost as far south as the Straits of Magellan are snow-covered mountains and numerous volcanoes, most of them extinct, but several still active. There is a majestic grandeur to the scenery that would make southern Chile a Mecca for tourists, were hotels constructed and accommodations afforded for visitors. When the tide of travel turns down the west coast of South America, southern Chile will become one of the playgrounds of the world, as few places on earth contain more to attract the eye of the tourist and satisfy the ambition of the world traveler.

Chile now extends not only as far south as the Straits of Magellan, but the Island of Tierra del Fuego, south of the Straits, has been divided between Chile and Argentina.

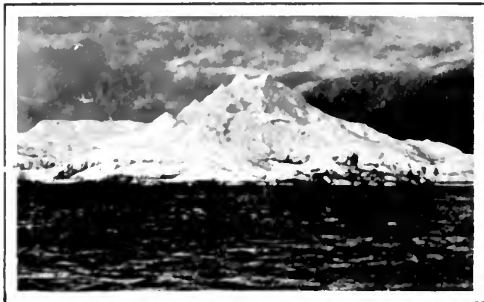


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A CHILEAN LANDSCAPE



MT. OLIVIA



MT. SARMIENTO
The Straits of Magellan

CHILE

Land which a few years ago was considered worthless, now teems with thousands of roaming sheep. Tierra del Fuego (the land of fire) was so named because when Magellan discovered the Straits he saw there flames rising from the camp fires of the Indians. Since his time the Indians have almost disappeared, and now but a few wandering bands may be found.

Southernmost City of the World

In the Straits of Magellan is Punta Arenas (Poonta Araynas), which is the Spanish for Sandy Point, the name given to the town by the English. It has a population of about 17,000, and for its size is one of the most prosperous communities in the world. The sheep and wool industries have grown to such proportions that a number of millionaires have sprung up in recent years. There are now about 200 automobiles in this little city, almost all of which are of American manufacture. Punta Arenas is the southernmost city in the world, and during its winter months averages but two hours of daylight in every 24 hours. Cold as is the climate, it is considered a healthful place in which to live, and the inhabitants who have become acclimated enjoy life in this far away city to a greater extent than one might imagine. It has its cinema palaces and other places of amusement, and the foreign residents, among them English, French, German and Americans, may be seen dancing the fox-trot, one-step and hesitation, just as in the large cities of the United States.

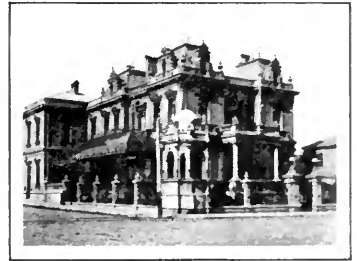
Coal has been found only near Coronel in southern



A SCENE IN PUNTA ARENAS
The southernmost city in the world



A NATIVE CARRIAGE
In Punta Arenas



PRIVATE RESIDENCE
Punta Arenas

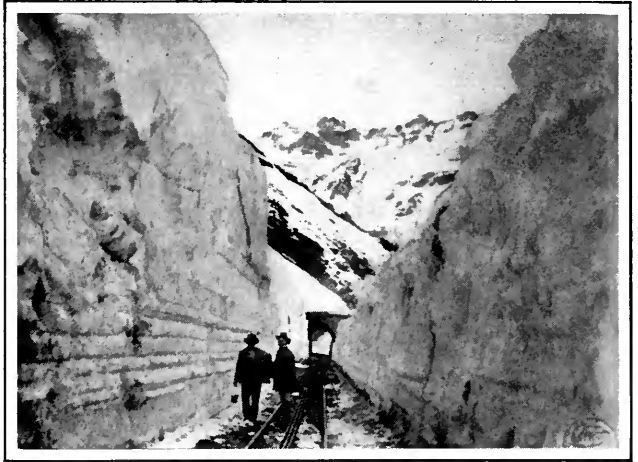


THE PRINCIPAL PLAZA, PUNTA ARENAS
Plaza de la Gobernacion

Chile, and while it is not of the best quality, it is sufficiently good for ordinary purposes. Most of the coal has heretofore been brought from England or Australia, but recently steamers laden with coal have arrived from the United States, and in the future more American coal will probably be used than any other.

Resources and Future Development

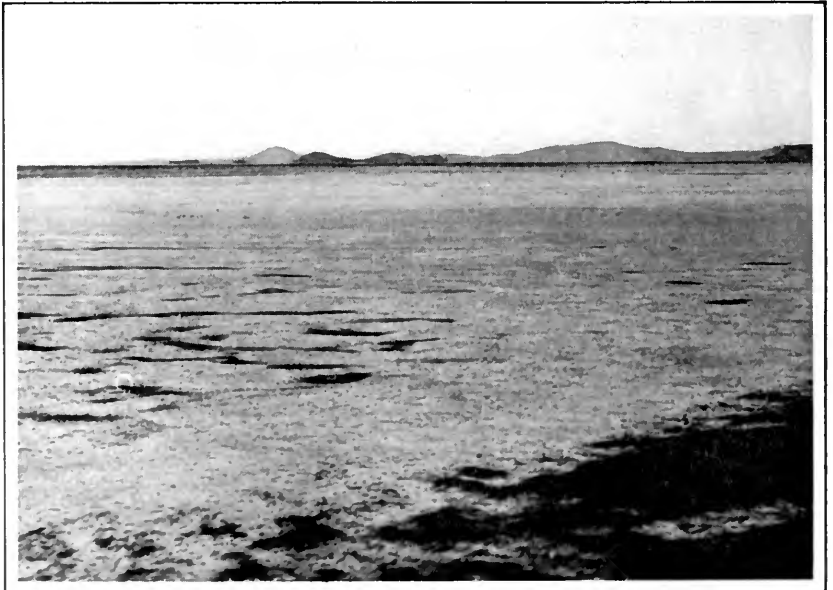
Until recent years Chile has practically been isolated from the rest of the world. It was a journey of from five to six weeks from any part of Europe to Chile by way of the Straits of Magellan, and while this was shortened by nearly two weeks when the Trans-Andine Railway was completed, the road is closed by snow at times, so that the benefit to Chile in the saving of time is limited. The completion of the Panama Canal, however, has materially changed former existing conditions, and it is now possible to go from New York City to Valparaiso in about three weeks. When a line of fast steamers is placed in service, there will be no



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ON THE TRANS-ANDINE RAILWAY



NITRATE OF SODA
DEPOSIT. NOTICE
THE MIRAGES



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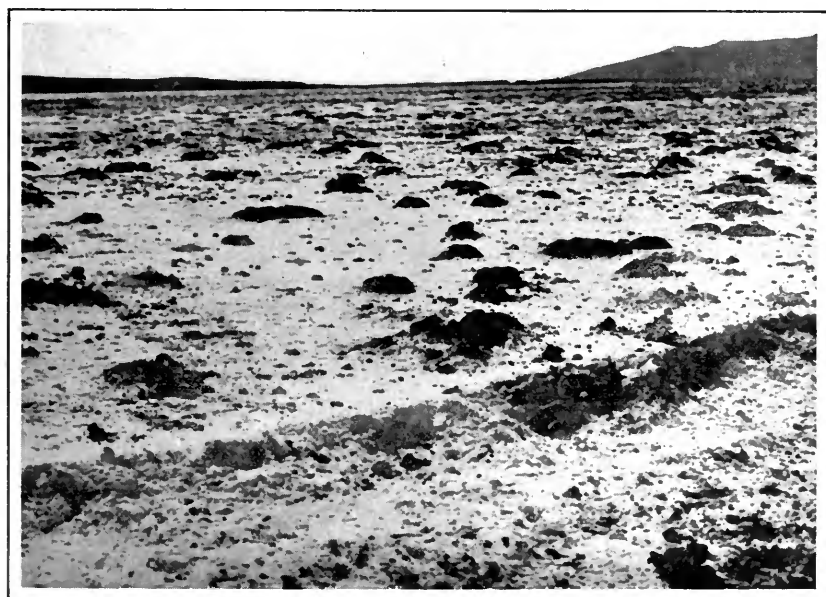
ACONCAGUA

An imposing peak almost continually visible to travelers on the Trans-Andine Railway

part of the Republic, which was taken by conquest from Peru and Bolivia, is the storehouse of Chilean wealth. It is in the rainless north that one finds lakes of nitrates and borax, mines of gold, silver and copper. In a country where it never rains, where nothing will grow, nature has provided one of the best fertilizers known to man, "nitrate of soda."

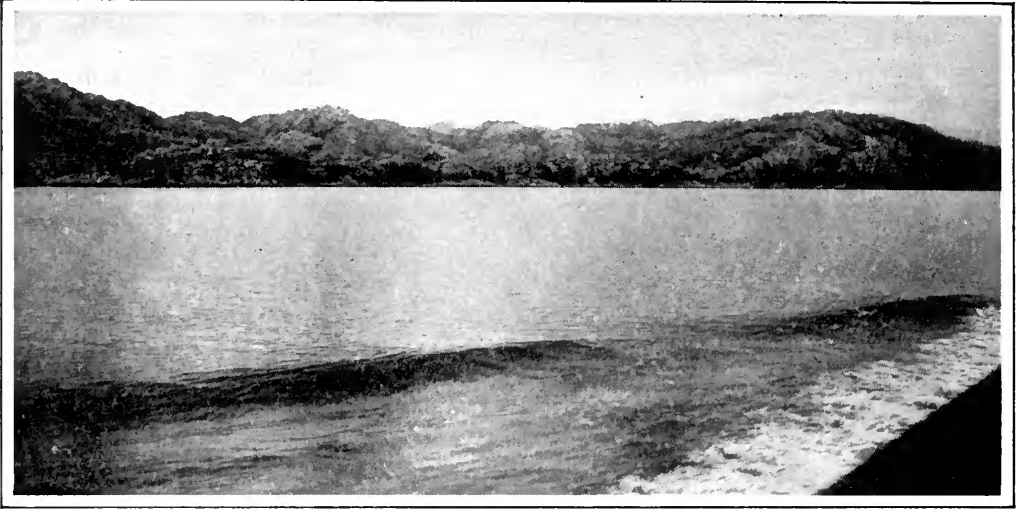
From the nitrate not only fertilizer is obtained, but nitric acid is manufactured and high explosives are made. High in the Andes one may see ground apparently covered with snow, which on closer inspection is

difficulty in making the journey in two weeks. This will open vast possibilities for the future of the Republic. It will bring Chile nearer to Americans than to any of the European nations, and make it a natural market for the United States. When we remember that the Chileans in normal times import annually about \$300,000,000 worth of merchandise, its commercial importance to us is apparent, and worthy of consideration by our business men. The northern



SALTPETRE
DEPOSITS IN
NORTHERN
CHILE





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IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

found to be a nitrate lake. Usually the upper layer is so intermingled with dust that it has become worthless. It is the second layer, found from 20 to 40 feet below the surface, that produces about 50% pure nitrate. This is called "caliche," and in this layer iodine is also obtained. Chile formerly exported more than \$100,000,000 worth of nitrate annually, and about \$14,000,000 worth of iodine. The export duties exacted on these products by the government form by far the greater percentage of its revenue. Nitrate of soda, which in reality is saltpetre, is mined by drilling holes into the earth to a depth of several feet below the "caliche," which is blown into the air by the use of dynamite, and is afterwards treated at the mill, before it is ready for shipment. The dirt and foreign substances are all removed, and the iodine separated, before the product leaves the country.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO
The Land of Fire

American wealth has been rolling into Chile in recent years. A short time ago the Bethlehem Steel Company purchased two mountains, paying for them several million dollars. These mountains are said to be almost solid iron. The iron ore will be brought to the United States and smelted here. A fleet of steamers is now being built for the purpose of conveying



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THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

the ore. One of the largest smelters in the world, with a capacity of 50,000 tons of copper ore daily, is now being constructed by the Guggenheim interests. These enormous investments indicate that American capitalists are awake to the wonderful opportunities afforded in the rich mineral district found in the northern part of Chile, and future developments will no doubt reveal untold wealth in this laboratory of nature.

The Crest of the Andes

No visitor should leave Chile without a visit to the crest of the Andes, which towers 3,000 feet above the tunnels through which the Trans-Andine line passes, in the journey from Valparaiso, or Santiago, to Buenos Aires

(bway'-nos eye'-rez). There in the awful solitude of the snow-covered Andes is the most remarkable monument in the world, the famous "Christ of the Andes." It was constructed in 1904 as a symbol of peace between the republics of Chile and Argentina. On it is this inscription:

"Soonér shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chile and Argentina break the Peace, to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

Nowhere is there a more impressive monument than this. Standing as it does on the crest of the mountains, about 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, it is a perpetual symbol of peace between the two republics. The Chileans are a sturdy race of people, with a remarkable history. Their development under the most adverse circumstances has been little less than wonderful, and now that means have been provided to bring the Republic closer to progressive and civilizing influences, it will retain its place, commercially and politically, as one of the most important of the Latin American republics.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR

By Annie S. Peck

THE SOUTH AMERICANS

By W. H. Koebel

SOUTH AMERICA

By James Bryce

MODERN CHILE

By W. H. Koebel

CHILE

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CHILE AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY

By Nevin O. Winter

CHILE; ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL PROGRESS

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THE HIGHEST ANDES

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THE INDEPENDENCE OF CHILE

By A. Stuart M. Chisholm

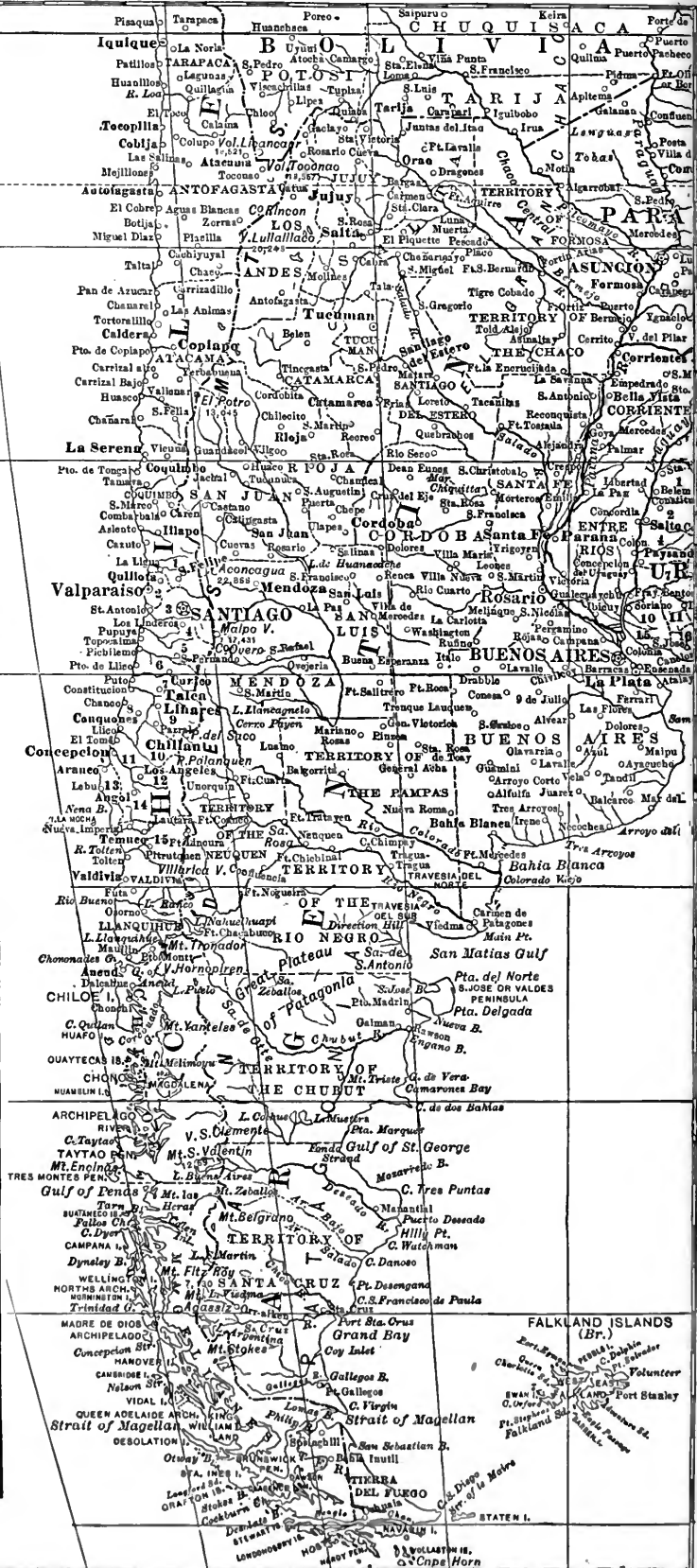
*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN

JUAN FERNANDEZ IS.
(To Chile)

Chile and Argentina

Chile is long and narrow, and essentially different in character in the north, middle and southern parts. There are really three Chiles. The northern part, running from Coquimbo up, is arid desert, some of it profitable in nitrates, but most of it useless. The southern part, running down from Chiloe Island, is an archipelago of wooded isles and a narrow strip of wooded mainland, drenched by many rains and tropically rich. The central part of Chile alone is densely peopled. This tract, about 700 miles long, has high, noble mountains, fertile valleys, and an excellent climate. This is the real Chile—the home of the nation.



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Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College

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Author and Editor.

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THE MENTOR

REMBRANDT

By JOHN C. VAN DYKE
Professor of the History of Art
Rutgers College

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

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NUMBER 20

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Christmas Giving



THE old question—What shall we give? Too often answered by giving the easiest thing. “There, that’s off my mind for another year!” Yes, off your mind—but how does your heart feel when your friend sends *you* something that shows that he has cherished a little special thought of you?



CHRISTMAS giving may be a blessing or a blight—according to the spirit of the giver. It is a blessing when it carries with it a thought that honors the one that gives and benefits the one that receives.



BENEFIT is the end of Nature,” says Emerson, “and he is great who confers the most benefits. Beware of good staying in your hand. Pay it away quickly to someone.”



THOUSANDS of you tell me in the daily mail how The Mentor benefits you. Can you give a better gift to your friend than this same benefit? If we benefit you, we can also benefit him. With whole heart we pledge full service to him as to you. Give, then, this Christmas, The Mentor and all its service to your friend. Your message of friendship will be repeated to him twice a month throughout the year.

THE EDITOR.

REMBRANDT

By JOHN C. VAN DYKE

Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College

MENTOR GRAVURES

SOBIESKI

DETAIL OF THE
ANATOMY LESSON

THE MILL



Portrait
of the
Artist



MENTOR GRAVURES

ELIZABETH BAS

PORTRAIT OF SASKIA
HOLDING A FLOWER

COPPENOL



By
Himself

In the Collection of Mr. Henry C. Frick,
New York City



THE visitor to the Netherland art galleries should leave his notions of Greek and Italian art with his umbrella, at the entrance. Holland is no place to talk about canons of proportion or types of beauty or ideals of any kind. The Dutch are now, as they have always been, a people confronted by the realities of existence, and see life, literature, and art as facts rather than as fancies. There has never been much romance about them, but, on the contrary, a realization of the existent, a grasp of the truth and vitality of things, a keen penetration into the human problem. There never was any need for far-fetched fancies or ideals. The life about them interested and impressed them, and, from the very beginning, the Dutch painters were painting the portrait of their own land and people. The result was an art that has a distinct quality of its own—just as distinct a quality as the art of Persia or Japan. You would not think of judging Japanese art by that of Italy. Why then think of Dutch art in any other terms than its own?

Rembrandt and Raphael

To carry out the thought in illustration, it may be said that Rembrandt, the great Dutchman, was the very opposite of Raphael, the great Italian. He painted no allegories on Vatican walls, was not led away by

Renaissance revivals of Greek form, dreamed no dreams of uniting pagan types with Christian ideals. Even technically he was widely different from Raphael. He painted the easel picture in oils, had no love whatever for Italian line and composition, did all his drawing and modeling by catches of shadow, and produced his most startling effects by the dramatic use of light and color. In all this Rembrandt was merely reflecting his time and his people in his own ingenious way. He was emphatically true to the Dutch point of view, and today his art is full of truth, force, vitality, character. In fact, that word "character" is the key-note to all his work. It furthermore explains that æsthetic paradox, sometimes applied to Rembrandt, "the beauty of the ugly." For many of his people are ugly, if we regard

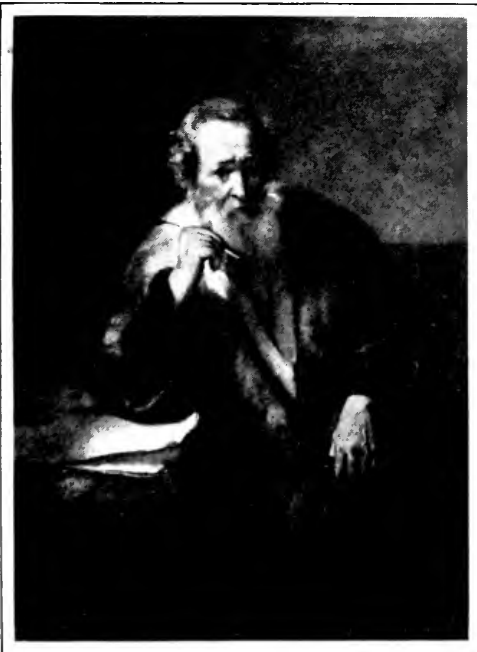


PORTRAIT OF A MAN
Altman Collection of Metropolitan Museum,
New York

them for the straightness of their foreheads and noses, the oval of their chins, or the proportions of their figures; but they are beautiful in their simplicity of presence, their unconscious sincerity, their profound truth of character.

Rembrandt as a Leader

No country in Europe produced a finer quality of art, or a more learned school of craftsmen, than Holland. There was a master genius there as elsewhere, and that genius was Rembrandt. He came when Holland had reached her highest pitch of power—came on the crest of the wave of which he and his fellow painters were the light and color. He has been acclaimed as her great painter and he deserves that title, for of all the Dutch masters he was practically the only one who was universal in his scope. His art alone,



THE ARCHITECT
In the Gallery at Cassel, Germany

REMBRANDT

in its appeal, travels beyond the confines of the Netherlands. What he has to say is world-embracing, and finds sympathetic response with all peoples. He is profound in his humanity, in his penetration into life problems, in his sympathy with his fellow man. The poor, mean-looking Amsterdam Jews that he portrayed in so many of his pictures are pathetic in their humility, their suffering, their patience. He was always taking for models the humble, the despised, the lowly. His heart seemed to go out to them.

His Biblical Pictures

And with such types what a new interpretation he gave the Bible! How he realized Bible truth and brought it home to his own people by using the Jew of the quarter and the boor of the polder for models! Look at the "Supper at Emmaus"—look for the intensity of the types rather than for any regularity of form. What pathos in the pale, blue-lipped Christ, with the phosphorescent glimmer of the tomb about the architecture at the back! What amazement in the disciples at the table! What fear in the boy bringing in the dish! This was perhaps the first time in art that the "Supper at Emmaus" was made real and believable. The story was not only realized, but humanized. All of Rembrandt's Biblical pictures were of this nature. Look again at the "Manoah's Prayer," or the "Tobit and the Angel," or the "Sacrifice of Abraham." They are Dutch types again, in Dutch costumes and surroundings. Rembrandt knew very well that the Biblical characters were not Dutch in type, and that the people in the time of Christ did not dress like the boors and burghers of Holland. He purposely painted his own people in their native costumes, that he might the better and the more forcefully bring realization home to them. It was not, is not, affectation. Study the Manoah and his wife, the Abraham, the family of Tobit on the doorstep, and you cannot find in all art people of more unconscious sincerity. Rembrandt believed in them. And that is why you and I believe in them today.



JAN HERMANZ KRUL
In the Gallery at Cassel, Germany

Rembrandt as a Portrait Painter

Rembrandt painted many Biblical pictures, which are at present widely scattered throughout the European galleries. In all of them he gave a new interpretation, a profound insight, a real meaning, to Scriptural

story. In addition he painted many figure compositions of a historical or mythological cast. But his great success, after all said and done, was with the portrait. His technical methods were well suited to the portrait, and he was unsurpassed in giving the truth of presence in his sitter. The quiet dignity of his Dutch burghers, their repose and simplicity, the complete absence of anything like pretense about them, made up Rembrandt's point of view; but to this he added a cunning hand and a technical skill that were wonderful. How superbly with his catches of light and shade he could draw an eye, a forehead, a nose, a chin! How instantly and inevitably he caught the salient feature and turned it by sharp emphasis into positive expression! What significance he could get out of an outstretched hand, a bent back, a bowed head! These were features wherewith he proclaimed the character of his sitter. The "Portrait of an Old Lady," in the National Gallery, London, has the flabby cheek, the trembling lip, the wrinkled brow of the aged; but you can also see that hers has been a life of suffering, and that the eyes have often been blinded with tears. On the contrary, the



PORTRAIT OF JOHN SIX
In the Six Gallery, Amsterdam



WOMAN WITH PINK
In the Gallery at Cassel, Germany

"Portrait of a Man"—the so-called Sobieski, at Petrograd, has the determination and force of the warrior. It has grip and firmness and courage about it. These are not only in the features, but Rembrandt has even put them in the brush work—the manner of handling. Again, by way of contrast, the heads in the "Lesson in Anatomy" are put in calmly, serenely, inevitably just right. What intelligence, seriousness, and living presence they have! They are what might be called speaking likenesses, in the sense that all they lack of life is speech. And what can one say that will adequately describe the loveliness of mood, the eternal womanly, in the "Portrait of Saskia," at Cassel! It is a wonder as a piece of color, but

still more wonderful as a characterization of the painter's wife. Once more, for a further contrast, look at the "Portrait of Coppenol." He is supposed to be a writing master because he is sharpening a quill pen, but whatever his profession or pursuit, have you any difficulty in seeing here a dull-witted person of very limited intelligence? The very fatness of the forehead, so remarkable in its realistic rendering, the narrow eyes, with their vacant stare, the pumpkin cheeks and head, the soft, lazy hands, seem to point to some clerk or pedagogue, who had not enough brains to know that he wanted more.

Rembrandt was easily one of the great group of portrait painters with Titian, Velasquez, and Holbein. And by this I mean no faint praise. It seems to be thought in some quarters that portraiture is somehow an inferior branch of painting. It is said to require no invention or imagination. But nothing could be more mistaken than such an idea. When we speak of Rembrandt, Titian, Velasquez, and Holbein we are speaking of the world's great masters, and perhaps their most satisfactory masterpieces are their portraits. A painter who can adequately portray his fellow man, as Rembrandt did, has practically said the last word in art. That Rembrandt had this gift and accomplishment is evidenced by the high esteem in which his work is held by painters even to this day.

His Technical Method

There was no trick about Rembrandt's painting. He was no slave to a peculiar color, canvas or brush. He painted at times with a palette knife: at other times with his thumb. He kneaded the surface, ploughed



THE NIGHT WATCH* In the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam

*A fine gravure reproduction of this painting appears in *The Mentor*, Number 17, "Dutch Masterpieces."



SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH HALL* In the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam

through it when it was wet, did almost anything to get effects by catches of light and shade whereby he drew and modeled. But none of these small peculiarities explains his technical success. His methods were sound enough, and for the most part were known before his day; but he applied them better and increased their carrying power. He has been called the master of light and shade, and so, indeed, he was within a limited range. It was the same light and shade known to Leonardo, Giorgione, and Carravagio, and probably Rembrandt got it from pictures of the Neapolitan School, though he never was in Italy. But Rembrandt improved upon the Italian method of using shadow. He made it transparent, enveloping, mysterious. And its antithesis, light, he made penetrating and dramatic by putting it in sharp contrast. Out of the two he got wonderful effects. In doing the portrait head, for instance, he threw his highest light on the collar, the nose, the chin, the forehead. This high light ran off quickly into half-light and then into shadow, so that by the time the ear or side of the neck was reached, dark, even black, notes were used. The decrease was rapid; in fact often violent, but this only served to focus the attention more keenly upon the dominant features of the face. The result was what has been called "forced," but it was very effective. It was the same effect that one sees today at the opera, when the chief actor is in the spot-light and the rest of the stage is in gloom.

The Night Watch

But this violent focusing of light had its limitations even in Rembrandt's hands. The "Night Watch" exemplifies them. This was to be a portrait group of the sixteen members of the Frans Banning Cock

*A fine gravure reproduction of this painting appears in The Mentor, Number 8, "Pictures We Love to Live With."

Shooting Company. The members wanted their portraits painted in a group, after the manner of the time, and Rembrandt conceived the idea of painting the portraits and making a stirring picture of the company coming out of its quarters, at one and the same time. It was an ambitious scheme, and not wholly successful, because here came in the limitations of his method. He painted sixteen portraits with his spot-light illumination, each one being completed under its own light. The picture lacked that one light which should have bound together the whole company. As a result there were sixteen separate portraits on the one canvas, held together in measure by shadow, color and atmosphere, but spotty in the lighting. The French writers of the eighteenth century could not understand the lighting, and were led to think the picture represented a night scene. They called it the "Ronde de Nuit," and, later, Sir Joshua Reynolds translated this into "Night Watch." But nothing is more certain than that Rembrandt intended it for a day scene in full sunlight. It was simply his arbitrary way of handling light that made a night effect out of daylight.

That is about the only criticism that can be lodged against the "Night Watch." Light and color have both been sacrificed to shadow; but when that is conceded the picture still remains a marvel of color, shadow, and atmosphere, and a wonder of life and action. The movement—the bustle of it—is superb. The Captain and his Lieutenant in the foreground are in full light, but back of them and around them, emerging out of the gloom, are nebulous heads, flashing casques, plumes, halberds, guns, drums,



THE ANATOMY LESSON In the Hague Museum

dogs, street urchins—all the belongings of a militia company on parade. They are not only wonderful in their action, but in their mystery of appearance, coming out of shadow depths into light. Of course, the picture was not entirely satisfactory to the sixteen. They had bargained for their portraits, and little knew then how cheaply they were purchasing immortality. Those

in the background complained that they were not sufficiently spot-lighted, not treated with sufficient importance; in fact, subordinated to those in the front row. But the picture, as a picture, is certainly successful, is a great favorite with all art-lovers, and in the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam, where it now hangs, it is considered one of the world's great masterpieces. Truer lighting—that is truer to the facts of general illumination—is seen in the earlier "Lesson in Anatomy" and the later "Syndics of the Cloth Hall," but neither picture has the fascination nor the imagination of the "Night Watch."



THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM
In the Old Pinacothek, Munich

Rembrandt's Styles

Rembrandt's work is usually divided into three different periods. At first his method of handling was calm, measured, even at times

smooth. His light and color were gray, as also his backgrounds. This period has been called his "gray period." The "Lesson in Anatomy," the "Sacrifice of Abraham," the "Coppenol," the "Elizabeth Bas," the "Old Lady" of the National Gallery, London, all illustrate this early manner. It was gradually encroached upon and finally superseded by a fuller, freer handling of the brush, with much warmer color and light, tending toward reddish gold. This has been called his "golden period," and marks the midday of his career. The beautiful "Saskia," at Cassel, and the so-called "Sobieski," at Petrograd, illustrate the beginning of this period—the changing from gray to warmer notes of red, yellow, and gold. The "Woman with the Pink," at Cassel, the "Manoah's Prayer,"



THE ANGEL LEAVING TOBIT
In the Gallery of the Louvre, Paris

at Dresden, the "Night Watch," were done further along in this middle period. It was the time when Rembrandt was in his full strength, saw comprehensively, handled a full palette of color, and was almost infallibly accurate with his hand. In his third and last period Rembrandt's work became rather hot and foxy in color, dark in illumination, kneaded and thumbled in the surface, and sometimes uncertain in drawing. He was expanding into a larger view and vision up to the last—seeing objects in their broader relations and proportions rather than in their surfaces. Toward the close he often slurred the surfaces, neglected textual qualities, and threw his whole force into the rendering of mass in relation to light, air, and color. The pictures of this period are hard for the beginner in art to understand,

because he is misled by the roughness of the surfaces, the messy state of the pigments, the apparent fumbling, kneading, rubbing out and amending, of the brush work. But, as we have said, Rembrandt was purposely slurring surface truths for the greater truths of bulk, weight, and general relationship. The best example of this late work among our illustrations is the "Syndics of the Cloth Hall," in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam. In it Rembrandt went back to his early method of lighting, but continued with his late manner of handling and coloring. It is superbly broad in vision, absolute in its truth to life, and convincing in its incident. The cloth merchants are seated about a table, perhaps figuring up their year's balance, when someone opens the door to enter



BLESSING OF JACOB
In the Gallery at Cassel, Germany

and they all look up to see the incomer. Nothing could be simpler, more direct, or truer. Rembrandt never painted anything better. For here he completely fulfilled expectations. Many of his later canvases he could not complete. The "Blessing of Jacob," at Cassel, for instance, he probably gave up in despair, or was working upon at the time of his death. He had reached a pitch in his career when he saw and strove for things that his hand or brush could not realize or pin down to canvas. That is the great stone wall that even genius encounters and cannot surmount.

The Master's Life

The story of Rembrandt's career is recited elsewhere in this number of *The Mentor*, but it may be said here that it was not different from that of many other painters. He came up to Amsterdam from the outlying country, and achieved celebrity at an early age. Praise and pay and pupils poured in upon him. He married the beautiful Saskia and was happy. But as he expanded in vision and methods he went beyond the understanding and the appreciation of his public. His pupils, such as Bol and Flinck, who had a more commonplace point of view, and a smoother, prettier style of painting, outdid him in public favor. The public began to desert him, the fair Saskia died, the great master fell upon evil days, and finally passed out in penury and want—evidently neglected and possibly forgotten by the age and people he had done so much to glorify. The record of his death in the Burial Book of the Wester Kirk, Amsterdam, is pathetic in its meagerness. "Tuesday, 8th Oct., 1669. Rembrandt van Rijn, painter on the Roozegraft, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children."

It almost looks as though he were identified only by the squalid quarters in which he died. And this was Rembrandt; the greatest master north of the Alps, and a genius of almost Shakespearian quality!

Many Pictures Attributed to Him

It seems that not only was Rembrandt and his art misunderstood in his own time, but that he is still misunderstood at the present time. This is in measure due to many pictures which are mistakenly attributed to him. One need not be an expert to find it strange that of twenty pupils of Rembrandt, who painted more or less in his style, there remain hardly twenty pictures apiece, and of some



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY
In the National Gallery, London

REMBRANDT

of them not even one. What paralyzed their hands or destroyed their works? What became of their pictures? You begin to get a glimmer of light when you understand that to Rembrandt there are assigned a thousand or fifteen hundred examples; that these are painted in fifteen or twenty different styles, though all superficially resembling Rembrandt's style. Almost everything that is Rembrandt-*esque*, or even casually resembles Rembrandt, has been signed up and sold as his since the master came back to popular favor. The name is one that now brings thousands of dollars in the auction room, and what wonder that it is often misused!

These Rembrandtesque pictures were done by other hands than his, are pupils' works, or school work or copies, or, in a few cases, forgeries. Rembrandt's work has never been critically studied as that of Leonardo or Giorgione (*jore-joe'-nee*). Strange, again, is it not, that Leonardo and Giorgione in the final analysis should have less than a dozen pictures apiece left to them, while Rembrandt should still be given his thousand? Northern art has not had a critical searchlight turned upon it, as had Italian art thirty years ago. When it does, the present catalogue of Rembrandts will crumble. In the meantime, the art student would better accept Rembrandt only in his best authenticated works, such, for instance, as are reproduced in this number of *The Mentor*. Half of the so-called Rembrandts in the European galleries are now to be taken with a grain of salt. They may be, and often are, exceedingly good pictures, but they are not by Rembrandt.



SASKIA VAN ULENBURGH*
In the Gallery at Cassel, Germany

*A fine gravure reproduction of this painting appears in *The Mentor*, Number 28.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

GREAT MASTERS OF DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTING London, 1909.	Bode	REMBRANDT (Les Grands Artistes), Paris.	Verhaeren
OLD MASTERS OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND Boston, 1882.	Fromentin	REMBRANDT Paris, 1877.	Vosmoer
THE DUTCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING London, 1885	Havard	REMBRANDT (Klassiker die Kunst), Stuttgart.	Valentiner
REMBRANDT New York, 1894	Michel	REMBRANDT, A STUDY OF HIS LIFE AND WORK New York, 1907.	Brown

*** Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

"Why are pictures repeated," asks one of our readers. We rarely repeat a picture, but we *do* print more than one picture of the same subject—and for a most excellent reason: The Mentor is not through with a subject in one number. That would be a poor and meager educational service. The plan of The Mentor Association is to present subjects to its members in various ways, so that they may consider these subjects from different points of view. This is done so as to give the reader a broad, comprehensive grasp of things. Let me illustrate. The Taj Mahal is one of the most beautiful buildings in existence. When, therefore, we published The Mentor on "Beautiful Buildings of the World," we printed, of course, a picture of the Taj Mahal. When we came to the subject of India in Mr. Elmendorf's series of travel numbers, we could not overlook the exquisite Taj Mahal—which is one of the sights of India. We shall later on have a number of The Mentor on Oriental Architecture. The Taj Mahal being one of the finest examples of oriental architecture, cannot of course be ignored in that number simply because we printed two pictures of the building in former Mentors. In each case the reader is asked to consider the Taj Mahal from a different point of view. And, moreover, we do not repeat the same picture. We print three different views of the Taj Mahal.

★ ★ ★

Another instance. We printed in The Mentor devoted to "Masters of the Violin" a very fine portrait of the Spanish violinist, Sarasate. This picture not only happens to be a most interesting portrait of the great violinist, but it has a special art value in having come from the brush of Whistler. Next year we shall devote a number of The Mentor to the work of James MacNeil Whistler. When we do so it will be impossible for us to ignore this wonderful portrait of Sarasate, for it is a distinguished example of Whistler's art. The present number is another case in point. We have considered Rembrandt's art several times in The Mentor. He occupied a prominent place, as you know, in the number devoted to

"Dutch Masterpieces." He also appears in the number on "The Wife in Art." And now we devote a number exclusively to him.

The basic idea of The Mentor is a broad one. We do not consider that a subject, once treated, must be boxed up and shelved. Oh, no! While we make our excursions into the different fields of knowledge, we shall often turn our faces back to some great subject of interest that we have already observed and consider it anew from a different point of view.

★ ★ ★

When you write to The Mentor always sign your name and address. The old time-worn signatures of "Reader" or "Friend" make it hard for us to give Mentor service. The following came into the office a few days ago:

"Have greatly enjoyed your Mentor this last year. One suggestion I would make, though, is relative to the Madonna Ansidei. That famous painting was purchased by Morgan a number of years ago. In 1910 it was in the National Gallery, as a loan, and at present is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, one of its greatest treasures. Ought our public to be informed by The Mentor that it is in London?"

A READER.

Where our reader got the notion that the Ansidei Madonna is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, I am at a loss to understand. If that famous work had ever been brought to America, surely the whole world would have known of it. Works of art of such importance are not moved about without the public being advised of it. The Ansidei Madonna is in the National Museum, London, and the circumstances of its being placed there are exactly as stated in The Mentor. It was purchased for the National Museum from the Duke of Marlborough's collection for about \$350,000. The Raphael Madonna, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, that our reader refers to, is known as the "Madonna of St. Anthony of Padua." I hope that this will catch the eye of our friendly reader, and especially I hope that he will not continue to entertain the thought, or impart it to others, that The Mentor is giving the public incorrect information concerning the Ansidei Madonna.

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

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IN ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, HISTORY, NATURE, AND TRAVEL

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LAND OF SUNSHINE. By Charles F. Lummis,
Author and Editor.

January 1, 1917. KEEPING TIME. By C. F. Tol-
man, of the United States Weather Bureau.

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DECEMBER 15 1916

SERIAL NO. 121

THE MENTOR

SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA
THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

By CHARLES F. LUMMIS
Author and Editor

DEPARTMENT OF
TRAVEL

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 21

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

"Just California"



'Twixt the seas and the deserts,
'Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves,
It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

It lies where God hath spread it,
In the gladness of His eyes—
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry
Beneath His shining skies,
With the green of woven meadows,
And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers
And the flash of poppled plains.

Days rise that gleam in glory,
Days die with sunset's breeze,
While from Cathay that was of old
Sail countless argosies;
Morns break again in splendor
O'er the giant new-born West,
But of all the lands God fashioned
'Tis this land He loves best.

Sun and dews that kiss it,
And the balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
Upon its peaks of snow;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below the white seas swirled.
Just California stretching
Down the middle of the world!

JOHN STEPHEN MCGROARTY.



SAN LUIS REY MISSION

The second oldest Mission in California, situated north of San Diego. Picture taken before restorations were made

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By CHARLES F. LUMMIS

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE JUNIPERO SERRA CROSS ON MOUNT RUBIDOUX, NEAR RIVERSIDE · FRANCISCAN MISSION AT SANTA BARBARA · CAMULOS, THE "HOME OF RAMONA" · OIL WELLS IN PACIFIC OCEAN, SUMMERLAND · THE BAY OF AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND
RAVINE BETWEEN LOS ANGELES AND PASADENA



ALTHOUGH California is longer than from Boston to Charleston, and wider than the State of New York; while the area of its fifty-eight counties is nearly that of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania put together (or Prussia, Saxony, Württemberg, Baden and Alsace-Lorraine combined; or England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Barbados, Bermuda, Malta, Mauritius, the Straits Settlements, Cyprus and Hong Kong in a bunch; or our Philippines, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Samoa and Guam, with room for Massachusetts and Connecticut besides)—*California is one State!*

For decades there have been sporadic attempts to "divide" it, like the Carolinas—solely because of the discomfort of so many in having to travel as far as from Boston to Buffalo to reach the State capital. But none of these crusades has amounted to a paper of safety pins. The romance of California has been stronger than its selfishness. It is the only "Wedded State"—the virile North with its Greater Alps, its incomparable trees, roaring rivers, 1,500 glacial lakes and even surviving glaciers; the feminine South, with its cordial sun, its native palms, its gaunt, great ranges, its riverless rivers (save in winter flood), its mirage-like valleys (which I tramped a third of a century ago as deserts, and have seen the hand of

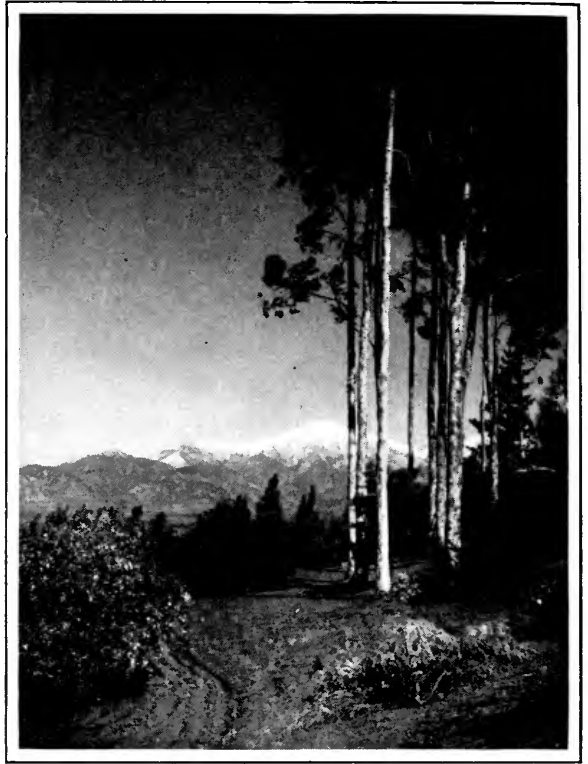
man translate to Eden), its Gardens of the Hesperides, its incomparable range of productivity, from gold and oranges to oil (in each of which it out-yields any equal area), and its unprecedented growth of a selective population.

If "figures cannot lie" (they are tiresome anyhow), we live our lives not by arithmetic but by averages. Statistics are half misleading—for they do not lead most of us at all.

But comparison and simile are friendly guides. No one can comprehend California without measuring its physical and other features by more familiar yardsticks.

One as California is on the map, it has for twenty-five years been "divided" in the public mind here and abroad. To the average traveler, "California" means practically from

Santa Barbara to San Diego and their immediate valleys; their huge "Back Country" an almost unknown matrix for these now famous gems.



CLIMATIC CONTRASTS

Orange trees to the left, 100-foot Australian Eucalyptus trees to right, snowcapped Mount San Bernardino (11,800 feet) in the back

Climate

"Southern California"—a popular but not a political entity—is differentiated from the other sections of the State, not so much by parallels of latitude as by a strange physical fencing apart. A thousand miles of Mount Washington's wall California from the easterly deserts, and turn their wonderful slope to the Sunset Sea. But Southern California begins where California, "The Right Arm of the Continent" (as I called it long ago; and look at your map to see) bends its mighty elbow of a coast-line at Point Concepcion. San Francisco is as far *west* of San Diego as *north*; California "leans out" upon the Pacific as the Atlantic seaboard upon its own ocean from Boston to Florida. And each ocean responds in terms of climate. As the warm Gulf Stream dampens the Eastern coast so far north as it can follow, so the vast cold flood of the Kuro Siwo (Japan Current) swinging back from Alaska, chills the north Pacific Coast, and gives Oregon its tremendous rains and San Francisco its volleying fogs. But at the sharp elbow of Concepcion it

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

keeps straight on, far outside the flanking islands of Southern California, and never touches the American coast again.

This is the simple explanation why there is, in the southern third of California's great reach, about half the rainfall of the northern two-thirds, about 50 per cent. more hours of sunshine, about 50 per cent. less average dampness in the air. It is why people can sit on porches every day of the year; and "in winter" thousands go to the peaks to snowball, high as Mount Washington, and after two hours by electric car go swimming in the Pacific surf. It explains the 40,000 carloads of lemons and oranges a year. It explains the stalwart legs and arms and necks and chests of the youngsters—they live outdoors. It also explains why a city the size of Worcester, Massachusetts, is added to the population every year. It means, I hope, that the prophecy of Bayard Taylor, seventy years ago, was not hollow: "Here there will at last be a *happy* American-born race. . . . Nature must be false to her promise, or man is not the splendid creature he once was, if the art and literature and philosophy of Ancient Greece are not one day rivaled on this last of inhabited shores!"

The climatic "range" of Southern California is a vital factor in any consideration of it. It includes the highest mountain in the United States (Alaska excepted). Mount Whitney is 14,898 feet—more than twice the height of Mount Washington. Almost at its foot is Death Valley, the lowest depression in all the New World, 480 feet below sea-level. No other "Jumping-off Place" in the world is so startling. The

familiar parallel is Mount Moab (4,400 feet) and the Dead Sea, 1,295 feet lower than the Mediterranean. But that is only a 5,695-foot "drop" compared to Whitney's 15,378. East of the great Sierra Madre (Mother Range) is mostly a desert as stark as the Sahara. West of it is a paradise. Pine and cypress and palm, apple and orange, peach, lemon and pineapple, corn, wheat and



A BIT OF COAST NEAR SAN DIEGO
The shore of Southern California is rugged and mountainous in places



FERTILE VALLEY LAND
View from Smiley Heights, Redlands

cotton—all thrive at their proper levels. The new-planted Imperial Valley turns out half a million bales of cotton this year. Southern California is much less than half the State in area—it is only as large as all six States of New England, with two Delawares thrown in. And with all its relative femininity as beside the North, it has the trout-brooks of Maine and the Valley of the Nile (in the delta of the Colorado River); nobler

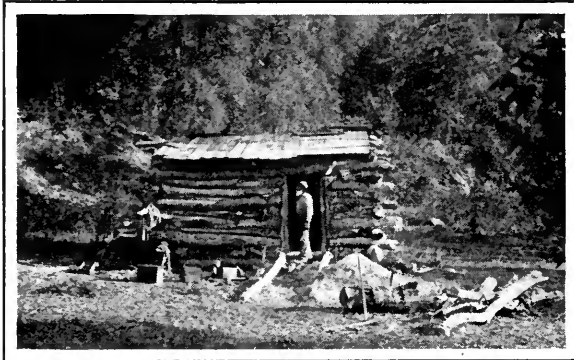
trees in its mountain forests than ever grew east of California; such hundred miles of all-the-year beaches, such magic islands, such harbors, such gamut of air, scenery and product as are literally incredible until seen. No wonder that within five years Los Angeles County has become "Capital of the Moving-Picture World." Not only can the film operators work here all the year round; they can "stage" Palestine, Italy, Colorado, Egypt, or almost any temperate or tropic land. If you see a "movie" of "Julius Cæsar" or "Ben Hur" or Assyria or the Holy Land, the chances are ten to one it was "staged" in Southern California.

Population and Growth

The populations of California north and south are as unlike as those of Boston and Richmond—but here the F. F. V.'s are in the north, the

Yankees in the south. San Francisco is the only typical "Western" city left on the continent. Los Angeles is not "Western" at all, but "more Boston than Boston." A larger proportion of its people are of the old strain of New England and its migrations—northern New York, "the Western Reserve" of Ohio, and that northerly tier, clear to Minnesota. At a recent picnic of Iowans in Los Angeles County there were present more Iowans than the total population of the second city of Iowa itself.

This seems to be the straight answer when Eastern people look incredulous at the reports of our development. Seven-tenths of us are recent Easterners; with money to travel, somewhat; with education enough



HERMIT'S CABIN

A bit of primitive life near Los Angeles



HIGH SCHOOL, SO. PASADENA

An example of the fine structural art of Southern California

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

to wish to stir; with the mental independence to be able to *change*.

Back there it was expensive to change. Out here they had a free hand—and they did what they had been thinking. The city of Los Angeles, when I walked into it, had 12,000 people. It now has 600,000. It was the first city in the world whose streets were lighted throughout with electricity. It had cable and electric cars when horse-cars still ran on Broadway, New York. Southern California has today the best and longest urban and interurban transit in America. Its lines would serve from Boston to Chicago. I have “railroaded” many million miles; but the other day, for the first time in my life, I reeled off curves at seventy miles an hour—and as easy as a rocking-chair.

Mindful of old Dobbin and his sorry roads, the newcomers have made Southern California the paradise of the automobile. There is the great State Highway; but in Southern California there are a thousand miles of city and county boulevards, over which you can drive at fifty miles an hour—unless the “speed cops” catch you, as they are reasonably sure to do; for the fines for exceeding the “limit” go far toward the municipal expenses of many canny towns. Within five years this marvelous system of boulevards has been constructed. No wonder there are more automobiles per capita than anywhere else—the auto demanded the good road; the good road multiplied the auto. There were over 200,000 licensed machines in California in the first six months of 1916—twice as many in Southern as in Northern California. Telephones? Southern California has a half more per capita than any other region in the world. I remember “farming as she was farmed” in my native State. The winters, the droughts, the



COURT OF MISSION INN

A favorite resort and one of the beauty spots of Riverside



AVENUE OF PALMS, LOS ANGELES



THE BROAD OCEAN BOULEVARD
Leading from Los Angeles to Venice

sunstrokes, the slush, the mud, the loneliness. Here, the farmer has bathtubs, plumbing, piped water, a 'phone which connects him with his neighbor, the market, the cities and towns within 500 miles; probably electric light; either his own car or a swift electric near, so the big city is only an hour away; church, public library and school right at hand. And I wish every Board of Education in the East could be transported to inspect the high schools in the little towns of the San Fernando Valley, where ten years ago the only architecture was sage-brush, and the only citizens jack rabbits. This is eminently true of all Southern California—now the Land of the Transplanted Yankee. Perhaps I need not say that the standards of these schools are in keeping with their buildings. Worthy pupils of the "Little Red Schoolhouse" did better when they had the chance.



THE PLAZA, SAN DIEGO

Irrigation

Remembering also that it was inconvenient to lose a year's crop if the rains forgot to come, these Graduate Easterners took the regulation of the rains into their own hands. The vast wheat and barley fields depend on the season; but the vital crops of Southern California are *insured*. We bore a hole a few hundred feet—or even two thousand—and up spurts a brook, perhaps ten feet in air; and we guide it down appointed channels to every tree and flower—and if a drop of rain didn't fall in a year, the flower and tree would never mind. The Indians of the Southwest, more than a thousand years ago, knew enough to irrigate. The Spaniard and the Mexican followed this insurance. We have im-



PALM AVENUE, PASADENA

proved upon it. I have seen the East, from Kansas to Maine, scorched with drought—and enough wetness running in their watercourses to give drink to every acre in our national domain. Out here, we have made farming (as the motto of the National Irrigation Congress has it), "Science, not Chance."

As Los Angeles grew near the limit of its visible water-supply, it calmly went to Mount Whitney; and tunneled mountains and bridged

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

valleys, and brought a river about the normal size of the Merrimac, the Scioto or the Passaic, to its doors from as far away as from Boston to New York, or New York to Washington.

It was first to harness the waterfall to little copper wires that pull a million passengers a day and light a million people a night, hundreds of miles away from the leaping waters that do the work. The first long-distance transmission of water-power was in Southern California—and here still are the longest systems.

Oil Wealth

Foremost in the modern application of electricity, Southern California also leads the world in "getting the good" of oil. In 1875 the greatest of American geologists (Whitney) wrote that while there were surface indications of petroleum in California, the geological formation made it impossible that the industry should ever become important. Particularly, there could be "no flowing wells like those of Pennsylvania."

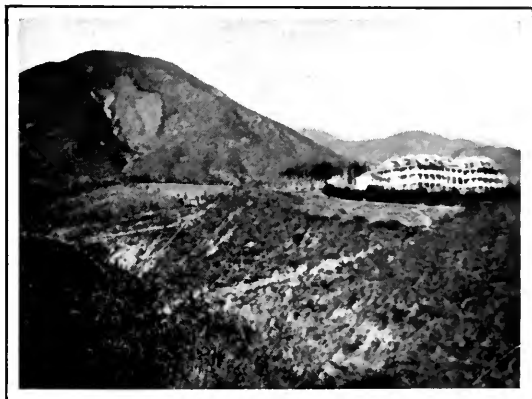
Today Southern California is the largest oil-producer in the world, with forty million barrels a year. There are hundreds of "gushers"; and whole valleys are dammed to hold the spurting flood of petroleum. The "Lake-view" well alone, spouting *fifty thousand barrels a day*—an unremitting black geyser thundering 250 feet in the air, and worth \$25 a minute (or \$36,000 a day) to its owners for months—set the world's record.

But the petroleum of Southern California (and the production is nearly all in this end of the State) is much more important than for its mere revenue—though this equals that of all the other mineral products, or of the oranges and lemons. It is the most extraordinary factor in the progress. The millions of dollars' worth of "good roads" I have mentioned are made from the granite gravel of the hills, raked in and steam-rolled with the petroleum from the wells. It makes a boulevard equal to asphalt paving, at a fifth the cost. The railroads burn petroleum—so there are



CORONADO BEACH

Looking from the Hotel down the "Silver Strand"



"THE ARROWHEAD"

A natural scar on the mountain near San Bernardino

no cinders in your eye. The roadbeds are "watered" with petroleum—so there is no dust. Factories, hotels, newspapers, steamships—all run by petroleum. I rode on oil-burning locomotives in Peru twenty-three years ago; but Southern California was first in the United States to adopt this wonderful improvement. Hundreds of miles of pipe-lines, with relay pumping-stations, convey the black, sluggish oil from the wells to railroad or ship. On the Ventura County coast you will even see *oil-wells drilled in the ocean floor*, and pumping their greasy gold from the end of long piers. The dry out-cropping of this petroleum mended the stone utensils and water-proofed the baskets of the swarming aborigines a thousand years ago, and even enabled their beautiful inlays and mosaics in soapstone. The exhibit of the arts and crafts of the Southern California prehistoric "savages," shown in the Southwest Museum (Los Angeles), is a wonder, not only for its skill of hand, but its art feeling.

This same "brea" (out-cropping asphalt) water-proofed the first churches and schools in California, in 1769. Two hundred thousand years ago it served a stranger function—and even more important science. Within the city limits of Los Angeles are the unique "pits" of the old Rancho La Brea. In those prehistoric days, Southern California was a tropical forest, peopled with the "imperial elephant" (several times as big as Jumbo), the giant sloth, the great saber-tooth tiger, with tusks six inches long, and many other creatures unknown for ages except to geology. Through a crack in the earth's crust slowly oozed up, in a hollow, a pond of thick asphalt, covering perhaps an acre. In rains, water gathered on this sticky surface—today you can still see the petroleum bubbling up in the pond and around its banks.



OIL WELLS IN LOS ANGELES



A "GUSHER"

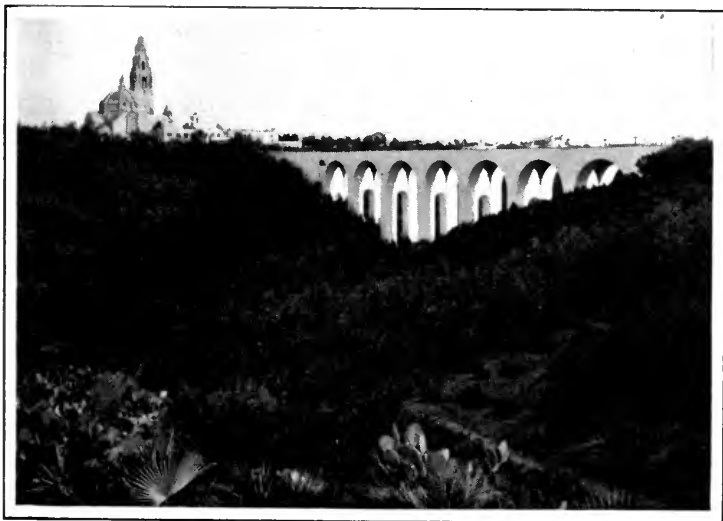
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

In the dry summer the elephants came here to drink; and waded in and "bogged down" in that oily quicksand. And the great tigers sprang from shore upon their helpless backs and ate of them alive. And other tigers disputed the prey, and fell off into the same death trap. I have myself seen rabbits and owls thus caught within the week. And slowly the asphalt covered its victims—thick as you could pile jack-straws. The bones are perfectly preserved. Thousands of these extinct skeletons have been exhumed in half an acre. Hundreds have been cleaned, identified, and "set up," and are now on exhibition. It is beyond comparison the most wonderful and important "find" ever made by science in the prehistoric animal kingdom. Of course man does not enter.

So, you see, petroleum means something to California. The State has produced fifteen hundred million dollars in gold; but its oil is already a greater factor. By the way, gold was found and "washed out" in Southern California eight years before the "discovery" at Sutter's Mill, which set the world afire in 1848.



"REAPING" SALT
In an ancient inland sea



CABRILLO BRIDGE, BALBOA PARK
A beautiful bit of San Diego scenery

Romance of California

But Southern California has an even greater asset than oil and oranges and gold. Greater, indeed, than all of them put together.

That is its *romance*. Its Italian skies, its Grecian coastline, its Alps, its dream-like valleys, its beckoning climate—not all these together are more potent than the magic of its story. Out of every hundred thousand visitors, not 600 visit the historic gold-mines of '49, immortalized by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Not 2,000 visit any of the oil-fields which have

changed the markets of the world. But practically every one of them visit some of the old Missions—and 10,000 of them make pilgrimage to all that line of noble monuments. Thousands of automobiles a day traverse "El Camino Real" (the King's Highway), now no mere footpath for sandaled friars, but as perfect a road as there is in the world. They cannot hear too much of Junipero Serra, the wonderful Apostle of California, who founded these Missions, on this far shore, while the War of the Revolution was still in the balance.

The Home of Ramona

Nor can they get enough of "Ramona." When I was city librarian of Los Angeles we had 100 copies of that extraordinary "purpose novel" of Southern California—and there was always a long waiting-list to find a copy "in." The book's characters are pure fiction—though you may be shown a dozen birth-places and marriage-places of her, and even a toothless old squaw for "Ramona" herself—but the scenes are photographically true; and so is the story of our sins against the first Americans in Southern California. The "home of Ramona" was the Camulos Rancho, the last of the old California principalities. I remember it as, a third of a century ago, the most ideal patriarchal home in all the three Americas. All were welcome who came. It was the last stand of old Spanish California—when you could travel from San Francisco to Valparaiso without a letter or a dollar; and at every palace or house or hovel you were sure of hospitality, fresh clothing, a fresh horse, money (if they had any) and board and lodging for as long as they could gently coerce you to stay.



CHURCH NEAR SAN DIEGO

Where, according to the story, Ramona was married



THE BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL



INTERIOR OF SAN GABRIEL MISSION

California Atmosphere

From this patriarchal era and the mission era, which mothered it, comes that strange "atmosphere" which most of us do

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

not realize, even as we breathe it. The old Missions were not "just churches," but also industrial schools, where as many as 3,000 converted Indians at a time in each learned to be carpenters, masons, weavers, tanners, soapmakers, and every other homely craft of civilization. The half-century since Mexico pillaged them wrecked nearly all; but their spirit is alive in this material age; and the Landmarks Club has already re-roofed an acre and a half of their buildings, and restored half a mile of their walls, and is working harder than ever.

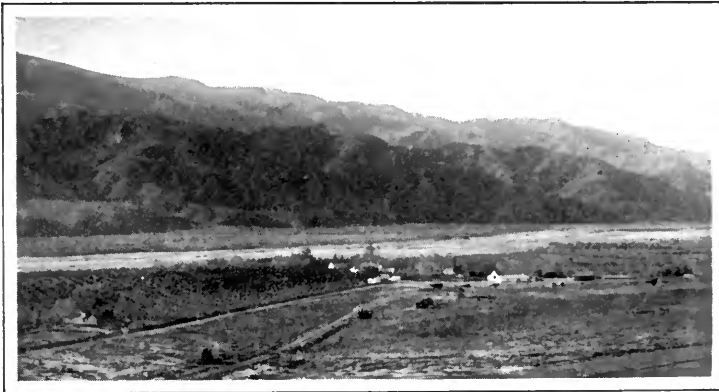
California has had a long and romantic story. It was discovered half a century before any part of our Atlantic seaboard. It has been peopled and dominated by three nations; has changed the standards of the world in money, agriculture and fuel; has caused the two most marvelous migrations in American history—and it is "just started."



SAN FERNANDO MISSION

The young girl is the great granddaughter of the last Administrador (manager) of the Mission in 1834

CAMULOS
The Home
of the
Gentle
Ramona



CAMULOS
The Last of
the Old
California
Rancho
Homes

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

A most interesting account of Southern California in the early days. *By R. H. Dana*

IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. Illust. *By George Wharton James*

THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY. Illust. *By George Wharton James*

CALIFORNIA, ROMANTIC AND BEAUTIFUL Illustrated *By George Wharton James*

CALIFORNIA: AN INTIMATE HISTORY *By Gertrude Atherton*

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THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA. A brief, interesting, popular history. *By Henry K. Norton*

A TRUTHFUL WOMAN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA *By K. A. Sanborn*

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

The picture on this page offers us the distilled essence of Southern California. It shows the cultivated desert land, the great mountains, the Franciscan Mission, and the picturesque palm tree. No tourist, however unobserving, can fail to note these four features. For my part, I cannot believe that any individual can travel through that country and remain unobserving, for Southern California is an arena of wonders and surprises. Whether it be the work of nature or of man, it is just one strange thing after another. That is what keeps the visitor interested. He is ever looking for "the next thing" in the way of soil products, scenery or human achievement.

★ ★ ★

And the changes of physical conditions are so sudden! As we leave Barstow on our way to Los Angeles, we are in the midst of the Mojave Desert. After winding through a pass in the mountains we descend 2,700 feet, all in 25 miles, and run into San Bernardino, where we find ourselves at once in the garden of California. The contrasts are sometimes more abrupt than this. From what seems to be the very heart of the desert we ride, in the course of a few rods, into a town where the streets are well paved, the lawns are fresh and green, and the houses nestle in the cool, dense shade of overhanging trees. The transition from a smooth-finished street to the sands of the desert is one of only a few yards. Again, we are surprised when in an exclusive section of Los Angeles and admiring the homes of luxury and leisure located there, we find ourselves suddenly gazing upon an extended area where black oil derricks bristle in countless number.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
The Mission of San Fernando Behind Its Palms

And when riding through the shaded streets of Pasadena, with our heartswarming to the thought of what a lovely residential spot for human beings it is, we come suddenly upon—an ostrich farm.

★ ★ ★

The answer to most of the contrasting geographic conditions is, of course, *irrigation*. Water has worked wonders. A number of years ago, so it is said, there served water there "by the teaspoonful." Today it is pumped up from wells or led down from the mountains into reservoirs, and delivered to plantations and individual consumers just like gas and electricity. The development and expansion of the irrigating system of California are amazing. And how quick and effective the work of water is! The soil has been slumbering there for years, storing up riches, and dreaming of the time when man would come to waken it with life-giving water. When the water is turned on, the landscape is transformed as if by magic.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Lummis has called attention to the representation in California of other States. Many people who go there to visit end by staying. On the Cabrillo Bridge, in Balboa Park, San Diego, I met two middle-aged people who had gone out to the Coast, and could not make up their minds—and hearts—to leave. "We came to see Southern California two years ago," they said, "and we are still here. There are thousands like us." And indeed my own feelings were much like theirs, for I found it hard to turn my back on that fair summerland. I was glad that I left on a night train, for then there was no looking back. Under the folds of darkness the beauty of it all passed away "like a dream that is told."

W.D. Moffat
Editor

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THE MENTOR

KEEPING TIME

By C. F. TALMAN
of the
United States Weather Bureau

DEPARTMENT OF
SCIENCE

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 22

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Time

TIME is not only the measure of life. It is the very stuff that life is made of. "It is one of the provoking but interesting things about life that it will never stop a moment," says David Grayson. "No sooner do we pause to enjoy it or philosophize over it than it is up and away, and the next time we glance around it is vanishing over the hill—with the wind in its garments and the sun in its hair."



IT is so with a thought, and with an act—it is so with the words that I have just written. They are *here*, they *were* here, they have *gone*. We may find new words, we may perform new acts, but we can never bring back the old ones. The past is always past, the future always future, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to fix it.



EACH moment as it passes is the meeting place of two eternities. As the clock strikes the moment that begins a New Year, we are standing at a pivotal point, vividly conscious that the Trinity of Time—Past, Present, and Future—faces us with a question. It is only natural, then, that we should draw out our personal balance sheet, consider our old accounts—and ask for extended credit.



TIME was is past; thou canst not it recall: time is thou hast; employ thy portion small; time future is not; and may never be: time present is the only time for thee.

KEEPING TIME

By C. F. TALMAN
Of the United States Weather Bureau

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE GREAT CLOCK,
STRASSBURG, GERMANY

TIME SERVICE ROOM
AT UNITED STATES
NAVAL OBSERVATORY,
WASHINGTON

PULPIT TWO-HOUR
GLASS, HAND-CARVED

SUN-DIAL
Set in the
wall of a



MENTOR GRAVURES

• WATCH-TESTING
CABINET, U. S. BUREAU
OF STANDARDS

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK
AT UNITED STATES
NAVAL OBSERVATORY,
WASHINGTON

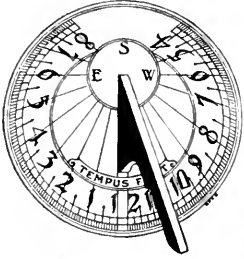
MATHER SUN-DIAL,
PRINCETON, N. J.

house in
Rhode Island



MODERN civilized man finds it difficult to imagine a state of human society without accurate methods of keeping time. We live by the clock. We consult it anxiously on rising in the morning, mindful of the fact that at a certain fixed hour we are due at the breakfast table, and that another precise moment of the day should find us beginning our work. Our tasks and our pleasures are carefully measured out in hours and minutes. Even seconds have their importance—as, for example, when it is a question of catching a train. Time-saving—which implies exact time-keeping—has become a mania with us; resulting, no doubt, in the promotion of efficiency, but also, alas! in the wearing out of nerves and the spoiling of manners.

Yet Greece and Rome were civilized nations before the invention, not only of clocks and watches, but also of minutes and seconds—and even, one might say, of hours, since the “hours” known to classical antiquity were of quite variable length. For centuries after mankind had acquired laws and systems of government, graphic and mechanical arts, and many other things that pertain to an orderly existence, ideas concerning intervals of time were extremely vague, because no accurate means of measuring them had been discovered.

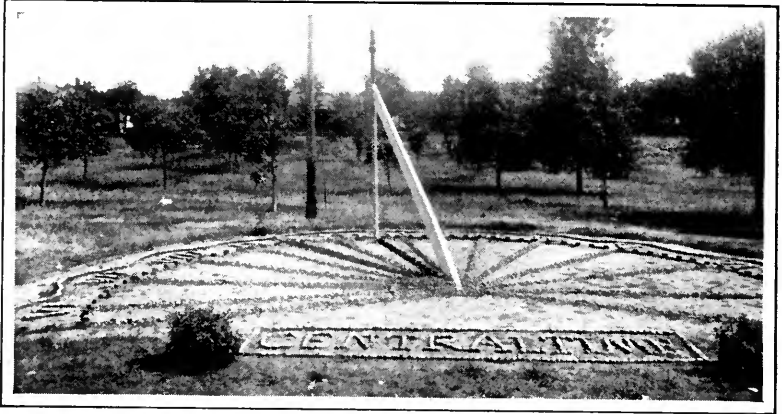


MODERN SUN-DIAL

The Origin of Time-Keeping

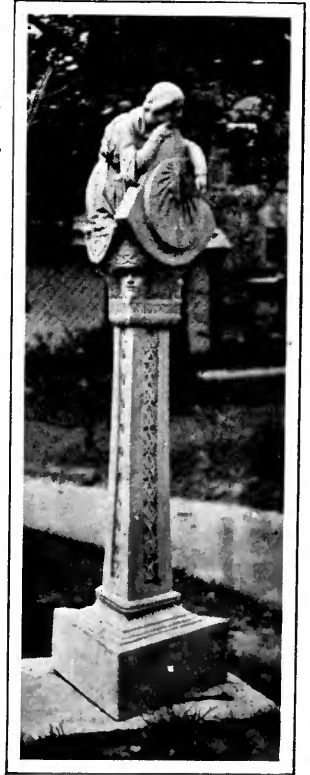
It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Nature knows nothing of uniform intervals of time. Periodic natural phenomena are rarely punctual in their recurrence. The most famous geyser in Yellowstone Park, "Old Faithful," derives its name from the fact that ever since its discovery, in 1870, it has spouted approximately once an hour; but the actual time between its performances is anywhere from 60 to 75 minutes. The nearest approach to an accurate natural measure of time of which we have any knowledge is the rotation of the earth on its axis, and our whole modern system of time-keeping is based on the *assumption* that the period of this rotation is absolutely uniform; yet astronomers have a strong suspicion that it is not. The friction of the tides is thought to be responsible for a gradual slowing up of this movement, though the retardation, if it exists, is so excessively minute that it may be disregarded, not only for practical but also for most scientific purposes.

Of course primitive man knew nothing of the rotation of the earth; much less did he know that the earth is a relatively small body revolving around an immensely distant sun. Concerning the real movements of the heavenly bodies he was completely ignorant, but their *apparent* movements early impressed themselves on his attention, and gave rise to conceptions of time that, with minor modifications, prevail to the present day. In the light of modern knowledge, the methods of time-keeping that we have inherited from our ancestors seem rather absurd. Without unduly anticipating explanations that are to follow,



SUN-DIAL ON LAWN AT DODGE CITY, KANSAS
Showing Central Time. Standard Time changes from Central to Mountain Time at Dodge City, the difference being one hour

A BEAUTIFUL SUN-DIAL
At the home of Horace J. Smith, Esq., Germantown, Pa.



KEEPING TIME



SUN-DIAL ON LAWN AT DODGE CITY, KANSAS
Showing Mountain Time

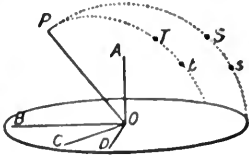
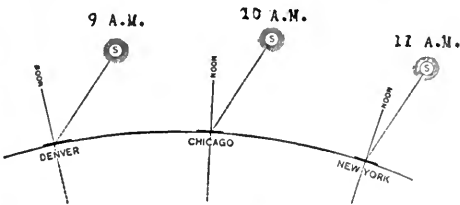


DIAGRAM
Showing principle of the
sun-dial (see page 5).

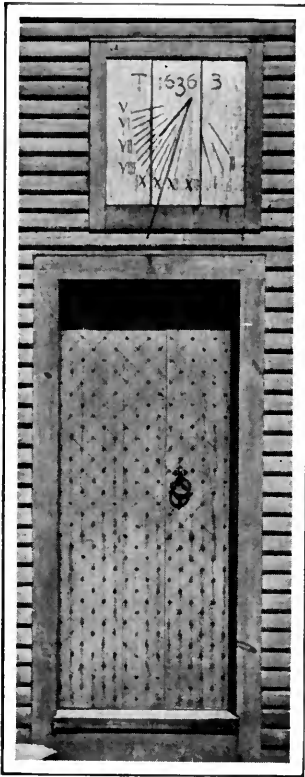
we may assume the reader to be familiar with the fact that when, according to local modes of reckoning time, it is noon in New York City, it is midnight on the opposite side of the globe. In other words, an identical moment of time is *called* noon in one place and midnight in another.



From Todd's Astronomy
SUN TIME
"Sun time" differs in different longitudes on
account of the curvature of the earth's surface
(See page 10)

Perhaps the day will come when this paradox will be abolished for all purposes, as it has already been abolished by astronomers and mariners, whose clocks and chronometers all keep the time of Greenwich, and are therefore alike all over the world.

The paradox arose from the fact that man got his first idea of measuring time from the apparent movement of the sun across the sky. The sun was seen to rise in the east and set in the west, and to attain its highest point in the heavens when it had run half its course and stood due south of the observer. We now know that, since the world is round, these events occur at different times in different longitudes; but our forefathers were only concerned with the fact that local sunrise and sunset were the limits within which most

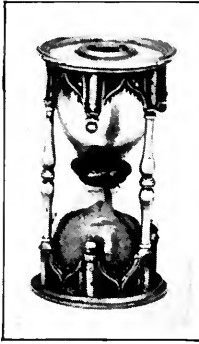


SUN-DIAL OF WOOD
Set above the nail-studded door of
solid wood of an old New England
house

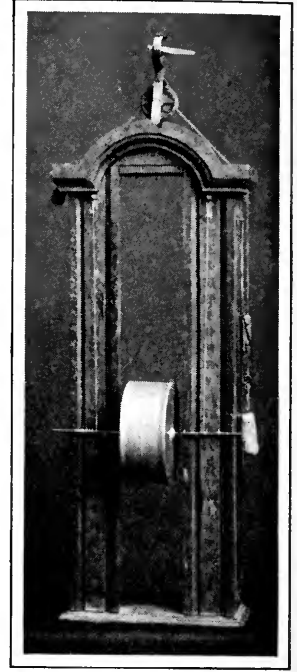
of their own occupations were confined, and that local midday was a convenient intermediate landmark.

Thus the daylight *day*, from sunrise to sunset, was the first time interval to be recognized by man; and even among the Greeks and Romans, at the height of their civilization, this period, known as the "natural

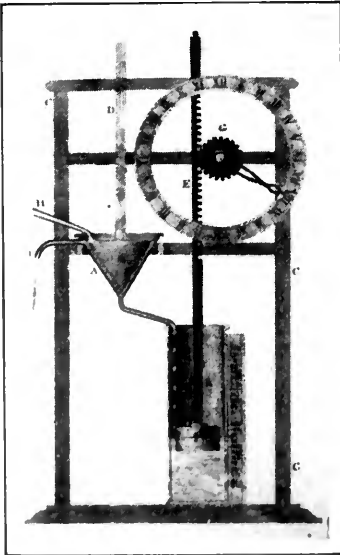
day," was considered much more important than the "civil day," which corresponded to our modern day of twenty-four hours. Now it is a well known fact that, except at the equator, the length of the daylight period varies with the season. In summer we observe that the sun rises and sets farther north, and remains longer above the horizon, than in winter. Hence when man began to divide the natural days into parts, these parts also varied in length with the season. In the time of Homer only three parts were recognized—morning, midday, and afternoon. Later the morning and the afternoon were each divided in half. Finally, with the introduction of sun-dials and water-clocks, the natural day was divided into twelve "hours," and these hours were, of course, longer in summer than in winter. At Rome the length of an "hour" was only 44 minutes at the time of the winter solstice, when the days are shortest, while it was 75 minutes at the summer solstice. Hours of uniform length throughout the



FRENCH HALF-HOUR GLASS
Of the eighteenth century. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City



A CLEPSYDRA
Or water clock. In the United States National Museum at Washington



ANCIENT CLEPSYDRA
Or water clock

year were never in common use in ancient Greece and Rome, though they were known to the ancient astronomers. Such hours were, however, generally used by the Egyptians.

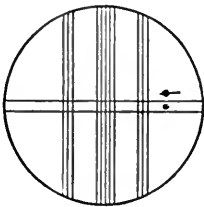
The evolution of the longer intervals of time, such as weeks, months and years, belongs to the history of the *calendar*, which we must reserve for a future number of *The Mentor*, as our present space is limited.

Early Artificial Time-Keepers

The simplest artificial time-keeper is a perpendicular column, the shadow of which, under the light of the sun, varies in length with the time of day, being shortest at noon and longest at sunrise and sunset. This is a form of sun-dial, and is sometimes called a *gnomon* (a name also applied to sun-dials in general, or to the pointer which casts the shadow on the face of the dial).

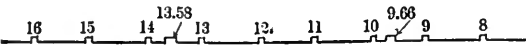
KEEPING TIME

The gnomon is a poor time-keeper. The direction in which its shadow falls at midday is constant throughout the year—hence it constitutes a useful “noon-mark”—but at other hours the direction of the shadow depends upon the season of the year as well as upon the time of day. This is illustrated in the diagram on page 3, where *AO* represents the gnomon, and *P* is the north pole of the sky; that is, the point around which all the heavenly bodies, including the



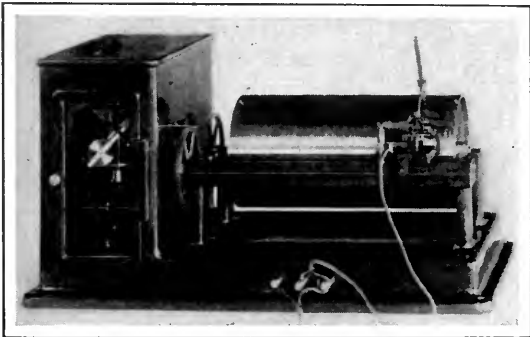
STAR CROSSING THE FIELD OF THE TRANSIT INSTRUMENT

As each “spider line” is crossed, the observer presses a key, thus making a mark on the record sheet of the chronograph



SPECIMEN CHRONOGRAPH RECORD

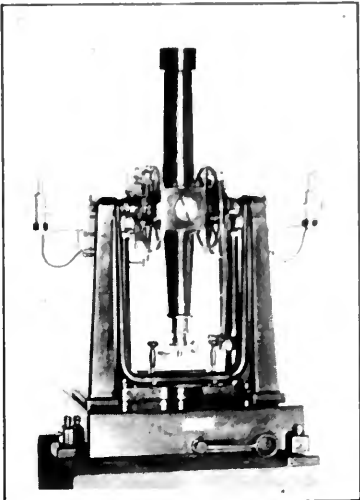
The notches at regular intervals are recorded each second by the clock. Marks registered by the observer are seen between the ninth and tenth and between the thirteenth and fourteenth seconds



Courtesy Warner & Swasey Co.

STANDARD CHRONOGRAPH

When in use, a sheet of paper is rolled around the cylinder, which is turned by clockwork. A slight lateral motion of the pen causes it to trace an endless line, on which little notches are made every second by an electrical contact in the clock that is being compared



Courtesy Warner & Swasey Co.

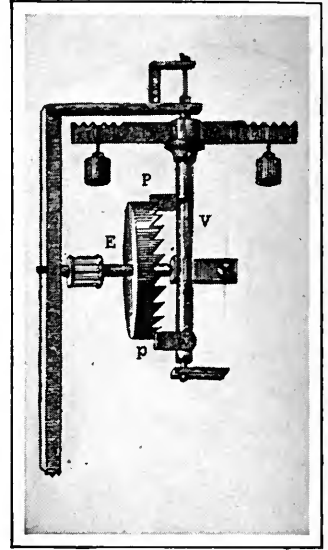
FOUR INCH COMBINED TRANSIT AND ZENITH TELESCOPE

An instrument for getting time from the stars

sun, appear to revolve once a day, in consequence of the rotation of the earth. *OB* is the shadow cast by the gnomon at midday, and is in the same position whether the sun is in its low winter position, *s*, or its high summer position, *S*. At any other time, however, such as nine o'clock in the morning, the shadow lies in the direction *OC* if the sun is in its winter position, *t*, but in the direction *OD* with the sun in the summer position, *T*. If, instead of making our column perpendicular, we incline it in the direction *OP* (parallel to the earth's axis), the position of the shadow at a given hour will be the same throughout the year. By this expedient we convert the gnomon into the more useful and familiar form of *sun-dial*. The staff of the sun-dial, which casts the shadow, is called the “style.” It must be given an inclination depending upon the latitude in which it is to be used. The higher the latitude the more nearly its position must approach the perpendicular. Sun-dials with inclined styles were well known to the ancients, who also sometimes used dials in which the shadow was cast into a bowl-shaped cavity instead of upon a flat plate.

The earliest sun-dial of which we have any record is mentioned in a Chinese manuscript of about 1100 B. C. The "dial of Ahaz," referred to in the Bible (ii. Kings xx, 11, and Isaiah xxxviii, 8), probably belongs to the eighth century B. C. The Greeks learned the use of sun-dials from the Babylonians in the sixth century B. C., while the first sun-dial erected in Rome was among the spoils captured from the Samnites in 290 B. C. Another was brought from Sicily in the year 263 B. C. This dial, having been constructed for use in a more southerly latitude, was not an accurate time piece in its new location; but so little did the Romans understand such instruments that the error was not detected for nearly a century.

Water-clocks, or clepsydras, are of great antiquity. Public clocks of this character were used by the Assyrians as early as 640 B. C., and they were known in Greece in the fifth century B. C. The clepsydras commonly used by the ancients were of simple design, consisting of vessels of various shapes from which the water was allowed to run out slowly through small holes in the bottom. The amount of water discharged furnished a rough indication of the time elapsed since the flow began. These devices are most frequently mentioned by classical writers in connection with their use in the law-courts to limit the time of speakers. Julius Cæsar refers to their use in Roman camps to measure the four watches into which the night was then divided. The extent to which clepsydras were used instead of sun-dials for showing the hour of day is uncertain. They possess the obvious advantage over the latter that they can be utilized at night and in cloudy weather, and it was for this reason that a public clepsydra was set up in Rome in the year 159 B. C., but neither sun-dials nor clepsydras played anything like the important part in the daily life of the Greeks and Romans that clocks and watches do in that of modern mankind.



VERGE ESCAPEMENT
With "Foliot" balance
(See page 8)



TYPICAL HOUSE CLOCKS

Terry clock in the center, Willard clocks on each side

KEEPING TIME

Descriptions have come down from antiquity of several elaborate forms of clepsydra, equipped with wheels, pointers, and the like, and with devices for taking account of the different length of the hours at different seasons of the year, but none of these appear to have been in *general* use.

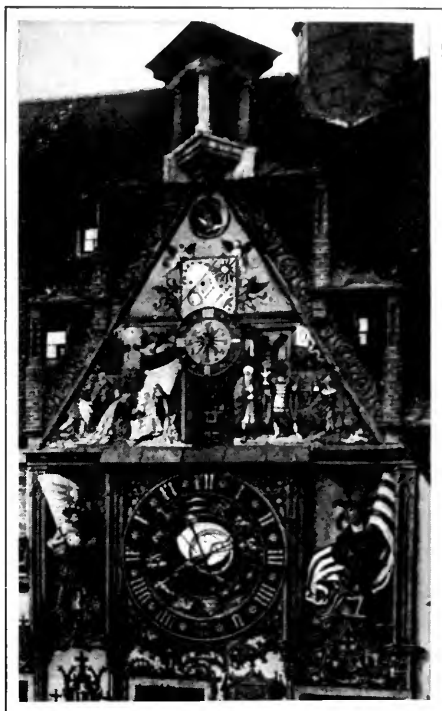
The use of clepsydras and sun-dials continued through the Middle Ages, even after the invention of modern timepieces. In the seventeenth century water-clocks were sometimes equipped with pendulums. The art of "dialling," or constructing sun-dials (and even moon-dials!) was assiduously cultivated down to the end of the eighteenth century; in short, until clocks and watches became so cheap that sun-dials could be dispensed with altogether, except for artistic purposes.

The *hour-glass*, or *sand-glass*, is similar in principle to the simple form of clepsydra; sand being substituted for water. The invention of this device is ascribed to one Luitprand, (loo'-it-prand) a monk of Chartres (shartr), who lived in the eighth century A. D. King Alfred the Great, of England, is said to have used burning candles, graduated with marks an inch apart, for keeping time. A more recent device involving a similar idea is a night-lamp, in which the time is shown by the level of the oil in the reservoir.

Clocks and Watches

The word "clock" is connected with the German "Glocke" and the French "cloche," (closhe) both of which mean "bell." The earliest clocks driven by weights were probably, in most cases, designed merely to strike the hour; the dial appears to have been a later improvement. The origin of weight clocks has been the subject of much controversy. Their history cannot be traced with any certainty farther back than the fourteenth century, during which Peter Lightfoot, in England, and Henry de Vick, in France, constructed timepieces that have come down to the present day.

In order that a clock or a watch may run at a uniform speed it must be provided with an attachment serving as a brake upon the motion of its wheels, and two principal devices—the *balance* and the *pendulum*—have been employed for this purpose. Between this regulating device and the train of wheelwork is introduced an ingenious piece of mechanism called the *escapement*. It is the escapement which makes a timepiece tick.

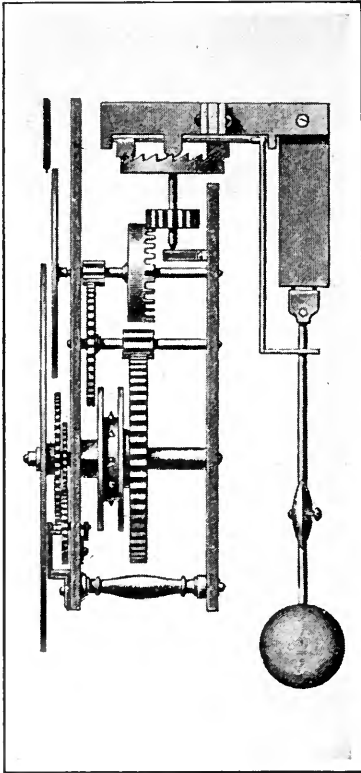


CLOCK ON THE TOWN HALL AT ULM, GERMANY
Constructed in the sixteenth century

For about three centuries after weight clocks were invented their regulating attachment consisted of a rude form of balance, called the *foliot*, connected with the clock by a *verge escapement*. These are shown in the design on page 6. The vertical rod, or *verge*, *V*, is suspended so that it may turn freely. At its summit it bears a cross-bar, from which two weights are hung, while from the surface of the rod project two small flanges, or *pallets*, *P*, *p*, set nearly at right angles to each other.

E is the *escape wheel*, which is connected with the main wheelwork of the clock, and therefore turns under the action of the descending weight. (The wheelwork and weight are not shown here.) The teeth of this wheel engage the pallets alternately, causing the cross-bar to swing back and forth, and the latter, in turn, by its momentum, serves as a check on the movement of the escape wheel, and hence the main clockwork. The amount of resistance offered by this device to the working of the clock may be varied by shifting the weights along the cross-bar.

A revolution in clock-making was brought about by the invention of the *pendulum*. The fact that a weight swinging from a fixed point makes its swings at perfectly regular intervals, and that the time occupied by these swings (if we disregard a trifling variation with latitude) depends solely upon the distance of the weight from the point of support, was discovered by Galileo, who—as every schoolboy has heard—was led to this discovery by observing the swinging of a lamp in the cathedral at Pisa (pee'-sa). This was in the year 1581, but it was not until more than half a century later that the principle



HUYGENS' PENDULUM CLOCK
About 1656

was successfully applied to the regulation of clocks. Who made the first pendulum clock is uncertain, but this achievement is commonly ascribed to Christian Huygens, the Dutch philosopher, who published an account of such clocks in the year 1658.

The transition from the foliot balance to the pendulum is a comparatively easy one. In the diagram of the verge escapement, page 6, imagine the verge to be set in a horizontal position, and one of the arms of the cross-bar to be eliminated. The remaining arm will now hang vertically and constitute a pendulum, the swings of which are controlled by the force of gravity, and are almost independent, as to speed, of the driving force of the clock. Huygens' (hei-genz) clock is shown in the accompanying

KEEPING TIME

picture. In order to lessen friction, the pendulum, we notice, is no longer hung on the axis that carries the pallets. Subsequent improvements in the pendulum have been especially in the direction of freeing it from disturbances due to changes of temperature. Expansion by heat lengthens a pendulum, and hence, according to the principle discovered by Galileo, increases the time of its swing; but this effect can be offset in various ways, one of which is to use for the weight or "bob" a jar of mercury. This liquid expands upward as the pendulum elongates, thus keeping the center of gravity in the same place.

Greater improvements have been made in the escapement. It would be impossible to describe here all the forms of this device that have been introduced for clocks and watches. Several are shown in the annexed figure.

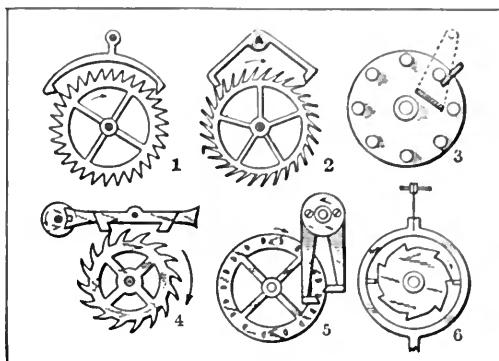
About the end of the fifteenth century clocks began to be made in which a coiled spring was used as the driving force, in place of a descending weight. This invention is attributed to Peter Hele (hay'-lay), of Nuremberg,



From Britten, "Old Clocks and Watches."

"JACK, THE SMITER,"
SOUTHWOLD CHURCH,
ENGLAND

A time beater of the early
fifteenth century

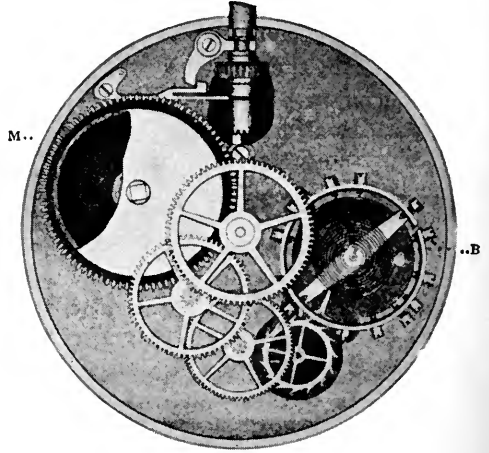


CLOCK AND WATCH ESCAPEMENTS

1. Recoil escapement. 2. Dead-beat escapement. 3. Lantern-wheel escapement. 4. Lever escapement. 5. Pin-wheel escapement. 6. Ring escapement.

who utilized his invention in the production of the first pocket clocks, or watches. The early watches were provided with verge escapements, and were very poor time-keepers, because as the spring uncoiled and its driving force diminished, the vibrations of the foliot, or balance, grew slower. Several devices were introduced to remedy this difficulty, but the problem was not fully solved until the invention of the *balance-spring* by Robert Hooke, about 1658. This contrivance is exemplified in the hair-spring of the modern watch. The tension of the spring controls the vibration of the *balance-wheel*, just as the force of gravity controls the vibrations of a pendulum. While the balance-spring is constantly striving to bring the balance-wheel to rest, the driving-force of the mainspring, acting through a train of wheels and the escapement, keeps it in motion. The speed of this motion depends upon the shape and weight of the balance-wheel and the tension of the balance-spring, and so long as these are kept constant, the timepiece runs at a uniform rate.

The balance-wheel and its spring are even more affected by changes of temperature than is a pendulum, and must therefore be "compensated." When the temperature rises, the balance-spring is lengthened and its elasticity is diminished, while the balance-wheel would, but for the compensating device, increase in size. The effect of both these changes would be to make the watch run slower. Now glance at the accompanying diagram of a watch "movement" (the name applied to the moving parts collectively) and notice the balance-wheel *B*. The rim of this wheel is made of two strips of metal, brass outside and steel inside.



WATCH MOVEMENT

M, mainspring. *B*, balance-wheel, with hair-spring

It is also broken at two points, so as to allow free expansion. Under the same change of temperature brass expands much more than steel, but as the two strips are securely fastened together, the effect of changing the temperature is to change the curvature of the rim. With an increase of temperature, this change in the shape of the rim diminishes the diameter of the wheel and thus alters its momentum just enough to offset the retarding effect due to the weakening of the spring.

Lastly, the rim is pierced with a number of screw-holes. Into some, but not all of these holes are inserted the large-headed screws seen in the diagram. In the original adjustment of the watch these screws are moved about from one hole to another, until their weight is so distributed as to give the balance-wheel exactly the right rate of vibration.

The balance-wheel of a watch makes 18,000 vibrations each hour, and travels about 18 miles a day.

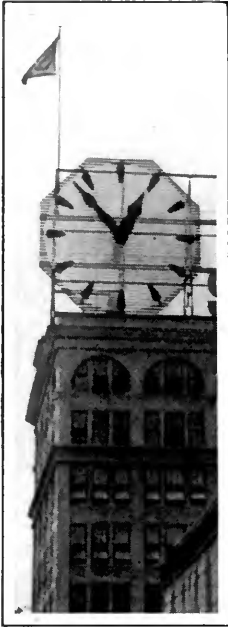
The Principles of Modern Time-Keeping

We have not yet altogether abandoned the primitive notion that the position of the sun in our own skies should determine the time of day. The figure on page 3 shows why, at one and the same instant, it is nominally 9 o'clock at one place, 10 o'clock at another, and 11 o'clock at a third. The dotted line shows, in each case, the direction of the sun, but not its distance, which should be more than a hundred thousand times as great as here drawn, in order to be in proportion to the rest of the diagram.

The sun is, however, a poor time-keeper, for more reasons than one. If we note the interval between two successive passages of a star across our "meridian" (the north-and-south line drawn through our place of observation), we shall find that it is always the same, but this is not true of the sun. Owing partly to the varying speed of the earth's revolution around the central luminary, and partly to other causes, the sun is

KEEPING TIME

sometimes "fast" and sometimes "slow" with respect to a clock running at a uniform rate. It is for this reason that the time shown by a sun-dial ("apparent solar time") generally differs a little from that shown by a clock ("mean solar time"). This difference is called the *equation of time*, and when greatest amounts to about sixteen minutes. On only four days in the year do the clock and the sun-dial agree. Nowadays, mean solar time is generally obtained from the stars, and not from the sun. The meridian passage of stars whose position is accurately known is observed by means of a *transit instrument*, and, as the stars are always on time they furnish a means of determining whether our clocks are equally faithful.



THE LARGEST CLOCK
IN THE WORLD

Dial 33 feet 5 inches in
diameter. Co'gate Building,
Jersey City, N. J.

But even if the sun were as punctual as the stars he would only give us correct *local* time. The traveler would need to alter his watch with every change in longitude, and such was, in fact, the situation before the introduction of *standard time*. According to this system, the world is divided into longitudinal zones averaging 15 degrees in width (their actual boundaries are modified in this country to suit the convenience of the railways, and in Europe to fit political frontiers), and within each zone the time is uniform, being just an hour faster than in the next zone to the west, and just an hour slower than in the next zone to the east.

The starting-point in this system is the mean solar time of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, the meridian of which is taken as the center of the first time zone. When it is noon at Greenwich it is 7 A. M., standard time, at New York and Washington, 6 A. M. at St. Louis and Chicago, 5 A. M. at Denver, and 4 A. M. at San Francisco. In other words, the readings of standard time clocks in different time zones throughout the world differ by whole hours, and agree as to minutes.

A new complication in time-keeping was introduced in the year 1916, when several European countries adopted the expedient of keeping their clocks an hour faster in summer than in winter; not, as has been commonly stated, in order to hoodwink people into the belief that they were getting up at seven o'clock when it was really six, but for the sake of securing a better utilization of daylight, with a minimum confusion in nominal time schedules.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

OLD CLOCKS AND WATCHES AND THEIR
MAKERS

By F. J. Britten

SUN-DIALS AND ROSES OF YESTERDAY

By Alice M. Earle

TIME AND CLOCKS By H. H. Cunynghame

TIME AND ITS MEASUREMENT By J. Arthur

THE STORY OF TIME By A. B. Olston

THE BOOK OF SUN-DIALS By Mrs. A. Gatty

***Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

The Mentor Clock is striking its last for nineteen hundred and sixteen. Twelve strokes sound—one for each month of the Old Year.

One, two, three—the first months pass before us, and we recall the Ring of the Nibelung, the Golden Age of Greece, and the War of 1812.

Four, five, six—the strokes bring back the memory of Masters of the Violin, Pioneer Prose Writers, Old Silver, and Shakespeare's country.

Seven, eight, nine—the summer numbers come to mind; Gardens of New England, The Weather, and American Poets of the Soil.

Ten, eleven—echoes start of the Yosemite Valley, and South America; then the figures of Walter Scott, John Paul Jones, of Raphael and Rembrandt, and Russian Masters of Music stand before us.

Twelve—another Mentor year is completed; a year of happy, hopeful endeavor and rapid, substantial growth. And now with a number on Keeping Time, we extend a hearty New Year greeting to our many members, and turn our faces toward the twelve months before us.

★ ★ ★

The year's promise is rich and full. The program for the coming twelve months is wide in scope and varied in interest. I can say this with conviction and a full heart, for it is what might be called a "Request Program." That means a great deal to me. It means that The Mentor members take a real, vital interest in our development—and show it by suggesting good, practical ideas for future numbers.

This very number, "Keeping Time," was suggested to us by an enthusiastic Mentor member. Another good friend suggested a full course on South America. Two of these numbers have already appeared, as you know,—Argentina and Chile. These will be followed during the



GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK
Of walnut inlaid with satin-
wood. Sheraton style. English
make. Date about 1770

coming year by numbers on Brazil and Peru. In answer to many requests, we shall publish a Mentor devoted to the Planets. And so, too, as the result of a suggestion, Mr. Mabie will give an account of the Literature of the South. When we published Mr. Talman's first article last summer on the Weather, several asked us for a Mentor on Earthquakes and Volcanoes. This will appear in July. Then in August we will continue the series of Mentors on the Great Rivers of the World. We have told the story of the Rhine and of the Danube. Professor Hart will tell the story of the Hudson, and later on the Mississippi and the Amazon.

The following suggestion from a member was most interesting. "So much fiction has been written," he said, "in which the primitive world life has been fantastically misrepresented, that it would surely be well for The Mentor to publish two numbers by some one of recognized learning, who would tell us some

real facts about life in the world in prehistoric times." In response to this suggestion, we have prepared a Mentor on Primitive Life, in which the great prehistoric animals are pictured and described; and this will be followed by a number in which primitive man will be similarly treated—both by a well-known authority, and illustrated with pictures obtained from the New York Museum of Natural History.

★ ★ ★

And these are but a few of the fine things planned for the future. Art, Travel, History, and Literature—all favorite departments—will be represented by many interesting and attractive numbers. The Mentor Plan grows bigger and broader every year, and the Mentor membership has much to do with the making of it.

W. S. Ufford
EDITOR

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40. Angels in Art	82. Favorite Trees	
41. Famous Composers	83. Yellowstone National Park	
42. Egypt, the Land of Mystery		

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January 15. AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINT- February 1. GEMS. By Esther Singleton, Author.
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THE MENTOR

AMERICAN
MINIATURE
PAINTERS

By MRS. ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

Author

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

VOLUME 4
NUMBER 23

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AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

By ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY
Author and Critic



Lord and
Lady Fairfax

By courtesy of
Mrs. Frank Ralston,
New York

Attributed to
Charles Willson
Peale

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE GOLDEN HOUR, by *W. J. Baer*

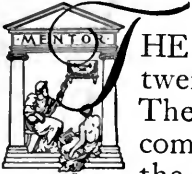
THE HOURS, by *Edward G. Malbone*

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD, by *Lucia Fairchild Fuller*

MRS. BECKINGTON, by *Alice Beckington*

PERSIS, by *Laura Coombs Hills*

JOHN LAWRENCE, by *John Trumbull*



THE revival of miniature painting in America in the last twenty-five years has awakened interest in its past history. The installation in the Metropolitan Museum of Art of the comprehensive collection of miniatures owned by the estate of the late J. Pierpont Morgan has no doubt done much to increase this, and inspire the purchase and gifts of examples by American painters, for the Museum collection, that are now on permanent exhibition there.

Just when the art had its beginning has never been definitely determined, but its evolution from the portrait painting in illuminated manuscripts and parchments of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is generally accepted. In these, small heads and portraits were painted into the text and often in the first letter of the first word of a paragraph. This was extensively practiced in Italy, where this work assumed a necessarily religious character, being executed almost exclusively in the monasteries, for ecclesiastical use.

Minium, the Latin name for a red mineral coloring matter, was the pigment used by the early scribes for the initial letters and headings of these manuscripts. Thus, the term "miniatura" generally came to be

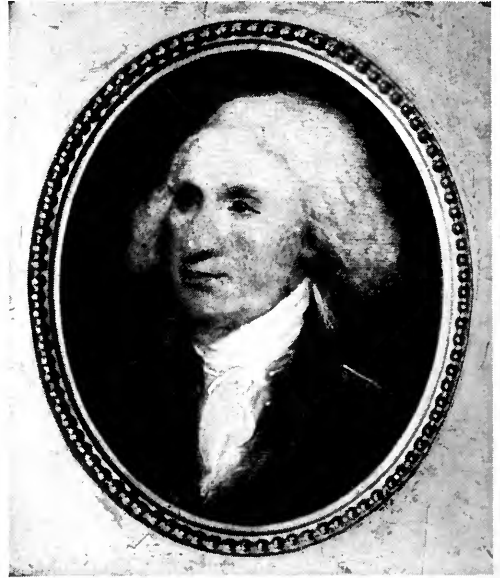
AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

applied to these portraits, which later became known as "miniatures." Miniature painting on ivory, or paintings "in little," as they have been called, gradually developed into a "personal" art, because of their peculiar appeal to the sentiments and affections, and for their "companionable proportions." They were often framed in black wood, usually in gold, however, sometimes mounted in jewels or set in a locket that could be readily worn on a chain or ribbon about the neck, or kept in intimate touch upon the dressing table or desk. In them the fashions and vanities of costume and head-dress of all periods have been recorded in the daintiest and most minute detail.

The history of miniature painting, however, is not complex—the methods and materials being much the same throughout its development or decline. The art is largely confined to the simple portrayal of heads, with only occasional contributions of fanciful subjects. Were it not, therefore, for the changes of fashion, one would have difficulty in remembering the painters, and an approach to monotony would result.



MAN'S HEAD, BY JOHN SINGLETON
COPLY
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York City



GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER, BY JOHN TRUMBULL
In the possession of the New York Historical Society

Curiously enough, the first notable miniature painter, Hans Holbein, has remained the undisputed prince of miniature painters. Indeed, it may be said that the birth of miniature painting as an enduring means of expression in art dates from the time of Holbein's arrival in England, in 1526. Following Holbein, Nicholas Hilliard became England's most distinguished exponent of the art—then Richard Cosway and his contemporaries in England, France and Italy. This period, the eighteenth century, marks the introduction of miniature painting into America, where it became popular as an expression of art during and after the Revolution, as large oil portraits had been before.

Charles Willson Peale, the famous painter of George Washington (of whom Peale is said to have painted fourteen portraits) was the

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

best known of his era, many of his miniatures being painted while in camp on the battlefield. His brother James, likewise won a reputation in miniature painting, his work being notable for its extreme delicacy and beauty. We are told that starting life as a carpenter, he was able to make the frames used by both his brother and himself for their portraits and miniatures.



MARTHA WASHINGTON GREENE, BY
EDWARD G. MALBONE

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York City



MRS. RICHARD C. DERBY, BY
EDWARD G. MALBONE

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York City

John Singleton Copley was another famous artist of this period. He was renowned for his large portraits in oil, which were characterized by a skilful treatment of silks and rich fabrics for both costumes and elaborate



WASHINGTON
ALLSTON,
BY RICHARD
M. STAIGG,
In the Metro-
politan Museum
of Art, New
York City

backgrounds, and yet he painted many miniatures. John Trumbull, known chiefly as a painter of stirring historical subjects of the Revolutionary era and for his portraits of Washington, also worked in miniatures, as did John Hesselius, in Annapolis. Gilbert Stuart, while a prolific painter of portraits, is not said by his biographers to have painted miniatures, although several have been attributed to him.

The fact that many miniatures, even by the greater artists, were not signed or dated, has made it difficult to determine the origin of some of the most beautiful examples, or to place them definitely as the work of American painters. Moreover, miniatures brought back as souvenirs by those who were able to travel abroad in those

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

days introduced the work of foreign artists, often unsigned, among American miniatures, thus making identification more difficult.

Edward G. Malbone, born in Newport, R. I., in 1777, was destined to become the most important miniature painter of his time in America. Malbone had the gift of realism; of simple, unaffected grace and a sureness of rendition that compelled attention. His portraits were likenesses of intimate and convincing truth. "The Hours," Malbone's most famous work, a fanciful subject depicting the past, present and future hour and painted in 1801, after a short period of study in England, is now the property of the Providence

Athenæum. Many of his portrait miniatures are owned by individuals throughout the South, where he spent several years, and prematurely died in the height of his career, at the age of thirty. A group of his portraits is also included in the Metropolitan Museum collection.

Charles Fraser, Malbone's contemporary and friend, likewise excelled, especially in male portraiture. Others of this period and men who after-



JULIANA M. McWHORTER, BY BENJAMIN TROTT
In the possession of the New York Historical Society



GILBERT STUART, BY SARAH GOODRIDGE

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York City



GILBERT STUART, BY ANSON DICKERSON

In the possession of the New York
Historical Society

wards forsook their art for other interests, but who were recognized as successful miniature painters, were Robert Fulton (1765-1815) the inventor of the steamboat, and Alvan Clark, the most notable of all lens grinders. John Ramage, an Irishman by birth, became a well known miniature painter in Boston and New York about this time, and also Richard

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

M. Staigg, who, though born in England, was prominently identified with American art as one of the original members of the National Academy of Design and a miniature painter of distinction, strongly influenced by Malbone. Benjamin Trott was a contemporary of Malbone's and Fraser's, whose painting was characterized by strength and delicacy.

Anson Dickinson, John Wesley Jarvis, Joseph Wood, Henry Inman of Philadelphia, and Charles Cromwell Ingham, may also be mentioned among the miniature painters of the early nineteenth century, together with Sarah Goodridge, a protégé of Gilbert Stuart's, and whose work reached a great degree of excellence about 1840, and later John Henry Brown.

About this time miniature painting began to decline, owing to the introduction of the daguerreotype and the photograph. Such American artists as devoted their efforts to miniature painting struggled on with-

out sufficient recognition until, feeling the need of organization and the encouragement in this branch of art that an association would lend, the American Society of Miniature Painters was founded in 1899 by William J. Baer, Alice Beckington, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Laura Coombs Hills, John A. McDougall, Virginia Reynolds, Theodora M. Thayer, and William J. Whittemore. It was the intention of the Society to hold annual exhibitions, where the work of all American miniaturists could be passed upon by a competent jury and then be seen by the public. The first annual exhibition was held in January, 1900, at the Galleries of Messrs. Knoedler & Co., New York City. Isaac A. Josephi, prominent as a miniaturist at this time, became its first president, and is accredited with the conception of the Society. William J. Baer, sometime president and afterwards treasurer of the Society, contributed largely through his efforts to make the Society the factor that it has since become in the art world.

The impetus thus given to miniature painting led, unfortunately, to the production of cheap substitutes of artistic work in the form of colored photographs made to simulate miniatures. These tawdry imitations were sold broadcast to indiscriminating persons, and did much



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, BY ISAAC A. JOSEPHI
In the possession of the New York Historical Society

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS



© 1907

PRIMAVERA, BY W. J. BAER

toward creating the opinion that a miniature could not be a serious work of art. Some merely regarded miniature painting as a remarkable feat of technical skill—a “stunt,” in which the feature of interest was the astonishing minuteness of detail that could be introduced on a very small area. It was to counteract this popular fallacy and encourage the work of really good artists that the American Society of Miniature Painters lent its best efforts—with the coöperation of the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters,—an offshoot from the older organization.

These exhibitions revealed a miniature art of a high order of merit. But even among examples supremely fine in quality there are to be found many productions that were simply good, honest workmanship, without inspiration. Painting on ivory is not easy of control, and it is unresponsive to the intention of the hand. The colors wash up readily, or at best are apt to be spotty and unmanageable. In consequence, the painter must resort to stippling (a process of drawing by means of dots) and repeated light touches to produce the required flow of form or surface. The results, therefore, except under the hand of a master, are apt to run



NANETTE SIEBERT, BY W. J. BAER

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

to labored effects, due to the loss of freshness and directness. The expression, "It is art to hide art," may be taken to mean that an artist's results should appear comfortable, spontaneous and unrestrained.

William J. Baer

In these characteristics there is no more proficient exponent than William J. Baer, although his earlier efforts in art were devoted to magazine illustrating, painting in oil and teaching drawing at the School of Applied Design for Women, Cooper Institute and Chataqua. It may be interesting to note here how circumstances often cause the door of opportunity to open for a man, in fields quite different from those to which he dedicated himself. For example, S. F. B. Morse (1791-1872) who was the most able portrait painter in the United States in his time, found his place in the Hall of Fame as the inventor of the telegraphic code.

So Mr. Baer's activities as a portrait painter were turned into another field of art. Having painted a successful portrait of the late Alfred Corn-

ing Clark, of New York City, in 1892, and afterwards a replica in a miniature, Mr. Baer began his career as a miniature painter, showing unrivalled skill and an acknowledged excellence of conception, character, color and suggestion of detail. In 1896 he painted his first ideal subject,—*"The Golden Hour,"* and in 1908 what he considers his most important and ambitious endeavor, *"Primavera,"* representing *"Flora,"* the handmaiden of spring, in which the color scheme is rendered in delicate pinks, blues, greens and grays. *"Aurora,"* owned by Mr. Henry Walters of Baltimore; *"Daphne,"* a charming conception of the nude; *"Summer,"*; *"Mildred,"* a fancy head representing spring; *"Doris,"* another female nude, and *"Young Diana,"* are also among the ideal subjects for which Mr. Baer has become famous, while the portrait miniatures of



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BETTY, BY W. J. BAER



JEANETTE, BY W. J. BAER

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

many prominent persons can be numbered as the result of his able brush.

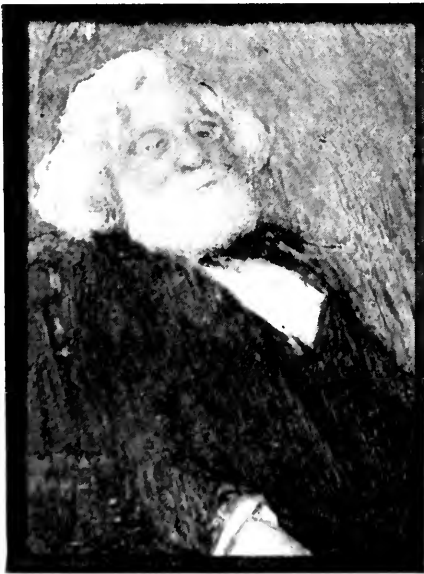
Laura Coombs Hills

In freshness and brilliancy of rendition Laura Coombs Hills, of Boston, is a recognized leader among living miniaturists. Her work is charmingly natural and unaffected, with vivacity evident in every essential part of her work. Especially true is this of her miniature entitled "Persis," in the Metropolitan Museum, a "5 x 6½" oval. In this a child with brownish red hair, dressed in faded pink, is seated in relief against the reds and blues of the background. "The Goldfish" is another beautiful miniature by Miss Hills, in which her treatment of the bright golden tresses of a girl, her gown and the illusive tones of the background, denote the artist to be a colorist of the first rank. "The Bride," a harmony of gray, gold and blue, is also a notable example of her work that marks her as a craftsman of great talent.



Courtesy of Mr. George D. Pratt

THE GOLDFISH, BY LAURA COOMBS HILLS



PARKE GODWIN, BY THEODORA W. THAYER
In Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

Theodora W. Thayer

Theodora W. Thayer's short career (1868-1905) as a miniature painter measures well up to that of Malbone's in its quality and good art. Perhaps Malbone will be more popularly remembered by reason of the fact that he painted a number of works, whereas the available works of Miss Thayer are few. The latter artist had the distinction of being "different" from other miniaturists, although quite without eccentricity.

In her portrait of Parke Godwin, at the Metropolitan Museum, we see a person we should like to know. A charming portrait of an old gentleman, with a

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

mass of white hair that dominates the picture. This is not only a characteristic example of Miss Thayer's art, but is an eloquent portrayal of fine manhood. In the profile portrait of Miss Gray the genius of this artist is again seen, also in her portrait of Bliss Carman, the poet, in profile.

Lucia Fairchild Fuller

The successes of Lucia Fairchild Fuller, like those of Miss Hills and Miss Thayer, followed immediately upon Mr. Baer's. Mrs. Fuller's painting, like Mr. Baer's, is full of tenderness, reflecting sympathetically and affectionately the details of her subjects. Feminine grace and the charm of child life are special qualities of her work. In the Metropolitan



ELEANOR B., BY WILLIAM J. WHITEMORE
Exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

Museum may be seen a masterpiece of child portraiture—a little girl standing in her nightgown, caressing her doll. In this the color scheme is delicate throughout—in the tender pearly flesh and the pale blue background. In "Mother and Child," the portrait of a woman with a classic profile, dressed in red brocade with ivory white draperies over her shoulders, upholding the nude figure of a little girl with outstretched arms, is again seen a perfection of arrangement, line and fine color, and a predominating human interest that attracts by its sympathy.



MISS M., BY WILLIAM J. WHITEMORE

Alice Beckington

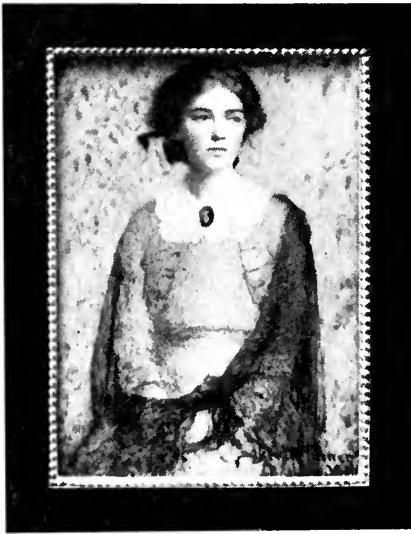
Alice Beckington, like the other miniaturists just referred to, was one of the original members of the American Society of Miniature Painters. A close friend of Miss Thayer's in the latter's lifetime, she profited much by that influence. Her work is distinguished by its dignity and reserve.

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

Her most successful miniatures tend to warm schemes of color. In her portrait of her mother ("Portrait of Mrs. Beckington") in the Metropolitan Museum, the coloring of the dress is of a faded blue, against a background of a warm, dull coloring—not gray, not brown, while the reddish color of the chair provides the only note of difference needed to satisfy the eye. This picture is essentially characteristic of Miss Beckington's art, representing her straightforward and

GIRL WITH
THE GREEN
SHAWL,
BY HELEN
M. TURNER.

In the
Metropolitan
Museum of Art,
New York
City



BESSIE MOORE, BY VIRGINIA REYNOLDS
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City



ELIZABETH HUMPHREY, BY MARTHA S. BAKER
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

sincere simplicity, combined with an appreciation of subdued color harmonies.

William J. Whittemore

William J. Whittemore is well known as a painter in oils and in water color—one who essayed miniature painting without ever deserting the other mediums. His work is marked by a fondness for completeness of beauty and fineness of finish, whether in oil or miniature. As a master of form and an excellent painter of likenesses, Mr. Whittemore has executed a great number of portrait miniatures. His "Burgomeister," in which an old man wearing a ruff appears against a somber background, is a fine bit of characterization, strongly expressed.

AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

Among other artists who are now prominently identified with American miniature painting may be mentioned Elsie Dodge Pattie, whose work is represented in the larger type of miniature, rendered with much tenderness and directness, as in the portrait heads of her own children. Also Margaret F. Hawley, of Boston, a thorough craftsman, as is evidenced in her fine portrait of Alexander Petrunkevitch. The work of Heloise G. Redfield, who has had a Paris training, is characteristic of the method of the French school (a method which has found little favor with American miniaturists generally) wherein there is a free wash of color on the surface of the miniature instead of the granulated appearance of stipple work. The work of Katherine Smith Myrick is in direct contrast, being entirely of stipple-producing qualities, while Mabel R. Welch uses free washes, qualified with delicate and well controlled stipple that never obtrudes in her finished work. The miniatures of Lucy M. Stanton, a southern painter, now in New York, are rendered rather in the manner of the late Theodora W. Thayer, and are strong in characterization. Those of Margaret Kendall are virile and natural, and her portraits of children are always charming. Maria Judson Streat's portraits are refined, and painted, with lightness and freedom. The work of Lydia E. Longacre is personal and has much charm. Harry L. Johnson, of Philadelphia, known as a miniaturist but a few years, has painted effectively both landscapes and figures on a diminutive scale. W. Sherman Potts is a competent and scholarly craftsman, who has established a summer school in miniature painting in Connecticut. Emily Drayton Taylor, who has been president of the Philadelphia Society of Miniature Painters since its organization, has been a prolific worker in the field.



ALEXANDER PETRUNKEVITCH
BY MARGARET F. HAWLEY

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

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CHATS ON OLD MINIATURES

By J. J. Foster

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

Miniatures are painted in water color and in oil—more commonly the former. Some of the early Dutch and German miniatures were painted in oil, and, as a rule, on copper. The miniatures painted during the eighteenth century were chiefly in water color, and on ivory. It is said that ivory came into general use during the reign of William III (1689-1702). Miniatures before that time were painted on vellum or cardboard.



MRS. PARSONS
By Richard Cosway, R. A.

early English miniature painters. The first of whom anything definite is known was Nicholas Hilliard (1547-1619). His work shows a close observation of the art of Hans Holbein. His little portraits look as if they had been



SIR CHARLES OAKELEY
By John Smart

father, but a little bolder in treatment and richer in color. Some years later came Samuel Cooper (1609-1672), reck-

The development of miniature painting, especially as it is applied to portraits, is largely English, and our early American miniaturists drew their art from English painters. We present on this page reproductions of the work of four of the most famous

taken out of illuminated manuscripts. His colors are solid, and gold is used to heighten the effect. Some of his pictures, moreover, are accompanied by Latin mottoes. Nicholas Hilliard had a son, Lawrence, whose work was similar to that of his

oned by some the greatest English miniaturist. His work was broad and dignified, and has been referred to as "life-size work in little." His portraits of the prominent men of the Puritan period are vigorous, and true to life. The picture of Colonel Sidney, printed herewith, is interesting as showing the photographic fidelity of Cooper's work. There were many miniature painters during the eighteenth century, among whom Richard Cosway (1742-1821) stands prominent. His works were greatly admired for their smartness and brilliancy. In miniature form he pictured the pretty girl of the day.

There were many people, however, of that same time that preferred the work of John Smart (1741-1811), for while he lacked the dashing style of Cosway, he excelled in refinement, power and delicacy—in "silky texture and elaborate finish." Smart's work was very popular, for he pictured fine people in fine style. The little portrait of Sir Charles Oakeley, printed here, is a typical example of Smart's work.

The Cosway and Smart miniatures on this page are taken from the collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; the Hilliard and Cooper miniatures from the collection of the Duke of Portland.



A YOUNG MAN IN MOURNING
(1616) By Nicholas Hilliard



COL. HENRY SIDNEY (1665)
By Samuel Cooper

W.D. Moffat
EDITOR

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February 15. THE ORCHESTRA. By W. J. Henderson, Author and Music Critic.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE GEMS



WHEN the god of the mines called his courtiers to bring him all known gems, he found them to be of all colors and tints, and of varying hardness, such as the ruby, emerald, sapphire, opal and amethyst. He took one of each; he crushed them; he compounded them, and said: "Let this be something that will combine the beauty of all; yet it must be pure and it must be invincible." He spoke; and lo! the diamond was born, pure as the dew drop and invincible in hardness; but when its ray is resolved in the spectrum, it displays the colors of all the gems from which it was made.



PEARL," said the god, "must be the gem of the universe; for my queen I will create one that shall be the greatest gem of the sea." And for her he made the pearl.



DIAMOND and pearl—supreme creations of a magic hand! The dazzle of the earth in one: the filmy texture of the sea in the other! Of what transcending beauty are all these precious gems! Their shifting colors seem to penetrate one like scent. Though products of the earth, they look indeed like tiny fragments of heaven.

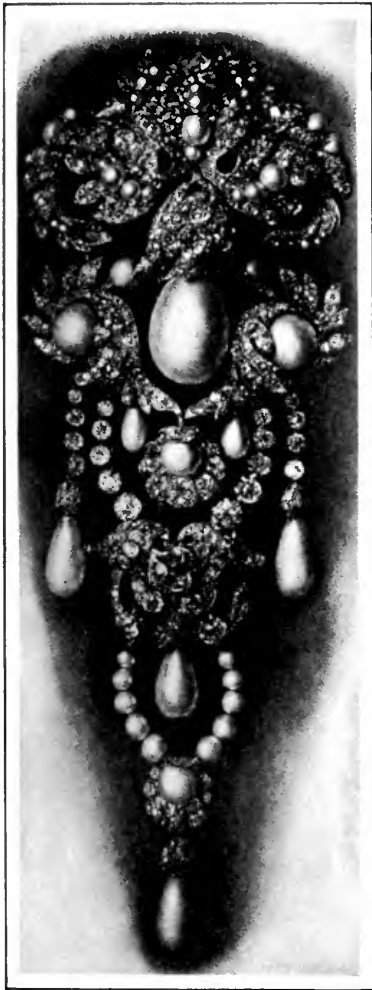
PRECIOUS GEMS

By ESTHER SINGLETON



MENTOR GRAVURES

FAMOUS GEMS (TWO PLATES) · QUEEN ELIZABETH IN COURT COSTUME WITH JEWELS
INDIAN NECKLACE · HOLY PICTURE COMPOSED OF GEMS · GREAT PEARL NECKLACE
OF THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS



PART OF THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS
Containing "The Regent Pearl," 337 grains,
four pear-shaped pearls of 100 grains each,
and 100 carats of diamonds

OF all beautiful things in this beautiful world, mankind best loves the brilliant gems that lie hidden in the earth's depths. Their fascination seems almost hypnotic, and has led men to commit dark deeds and to undertake long and bloody wars for their possession. No wonder that a special lore regarding their almost supernatural power has grown up around them, and that they should have been, and still are, used as talismans and amulets and charms against sorcery and to further the cause of love.

Engraved Gems

The jewels in the wrappings of mummies and in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum and other places would prove the taste the ancients had for such ornaments, even if classic literature were not full of references to them. Moreover, every person of wealth and position owned a ring cut with his signet. The gem-cutter held to the rich men of Greece and Rome the position of our modern photographer. Portraits were cut in *cameo* (high relief) and the reverse of cameo, called *intaglio* (pronounced in-tal'-lee-oh, and meaning sunk into the stone) producing a cameo effect on the wax when the seal is lifted.

These engraved gems are the only portraits we have of many famous personages. The ancients cut on such hard stones as emerald, amethyst and sapphire, as well as sard, onyx, chalcedony and carnelian. Under the Ptolemies and Romans the early Christian

and Gnostic* (pronounced nos'-tick) gems appeared with their peculiar symbols. Engraved gems are a special study. About 10,000 authentic specimens exist in public and private collections. Of the latter, perhaps those of the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Marlborough are the most renowned.

Oriental Magnificence

It is in the Far East that we find the greatest love of jewels. India was always the object of conquest, largely for her gems. Mahmud of Ghazni (gaz'-nee), in the tenth century, repeatedly invaded the Punjab and carried home a vast amount of treasure. In his last days he visited his storehouse and wept at the heap of pearls, rubies and diamonds from which he knew he must soon part.

The Spanish ambassadors who visited Tamerlane at Samarkand in 1403 described the "Scourge of the World" (as Tamerlane was called) as wearing an immense ruby in his head dress; and among the curiosities that they saw in his palace was a golden tree the size of a man, on the branches of which hung such fruit as rubies, emeralds, turquoises, sapphires, and "wonderful pearls, selected for their shape and beauty."

Thus there seems to be some foundation for the story of Aladdin's jeweled orchard in the subterranean cavern opened to him by the magician. Tamerlane's descendants, the Mogul Emperors, were not the only potentates in India who were magnificent in gems. Every rajah of every province had, and has today, in his treasury quantities of superb jewels. When the kingdom of Mysore (mei-sore') fell to the British in 1831 gorgeous jewels were among the immense spoils. In Windsor Castle is preserved a large bird of paradise, encrusted with rubies, diamonds, sapphires,

and emeralds, which hovered over the throne of Tipu, (tip'-poo) "the tiger."

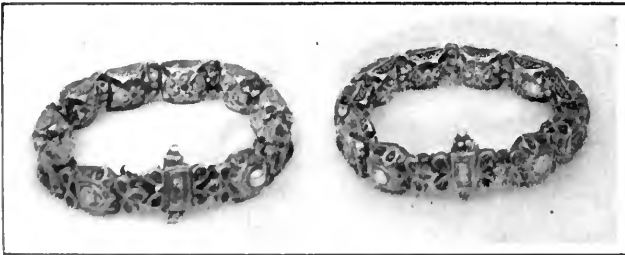
The most splendid Eastern collections today are owned by the Nizam (nee-zahm) of Haidarabad, in whose domain are rich mines, the Gaikwar (geek'-war) of Baroda, and, even more particularly, the Shah



ANTIQUE GEM (left) AND ITS WAX IMPRESSION (on right).
Head of Julius Cæsar cut in amethyst



ANCIENT GREEK GEM
Head of Alexander the Great
—turquoise cameo. Renaissance setting



HINDU ARMLETS
Studded with pearls and diamonds

*The Gnostics were certain special sects of early religious thinkers.

PRECIOUS GEMS

of Persia, who has many treasures dating from 1739, when Nadir (nah'-der) Shah sacked Delhi and carried the Peacock Throne and all the other jewels of the Mogul Emperors to Persia.

Some Famous Diamonds

Jewels have been the motive power for much dark history and romance. Precious stones of ancient pedigree have been so frequently stolen and recut that the true history of many famous jewels has been lost. Most of the great historical gems, however, came from India.

There are about eighty great diamonds in the world with romantic histories. The Shah of Persia wears, set in bracelets, the magnificent Taj-e-Mah (Crown of the Moon) which weighs 146 carats, and the Darrya-i-noor (Sea of Light); and, as the latter is of the same size and shape as the Koh-i-noor before it was recut, there is some foundation for the tradition that these two gems were the eyes of the famous Peacock on the throne of the Mogul Emperors.

The Orloff ($194\frac{3}{4}$ carats) now in the scepter of the Czar of Russia, is an old Indian jewel, once the eye of an idol in Seringapatam. It was brought to Europe and purchased in Amsterdam by Prince Orloff for the Empress Catherine. The "Moon of Mountains" (120 carats) also owned by the Russian Czar, seems to have belonged to the Mogul Emperors.

The "Great Mogul," described by Tavernier, has disappeared. It was presented to Shah Jehan by Jemula, an emir in the court of the Rajah of Golconda, who used "to count his diamonds by the sack." Tavernier said it weighed $274\frac{9}{16}$ carats. It may be still in the Persian treasury; or, it may have been cut up into several stones. It may be,

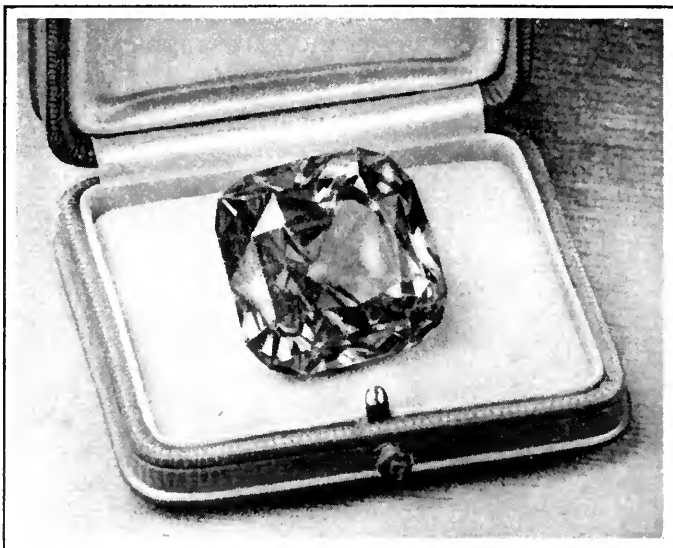
therefore, that many historic diamonds known to Europe are parts of the "Great Mogul."

"The Pitt," or "Regent" ($136\frac{3}{4}$ carats), is another Indian stone. It was bought by Mr. Pitt, the father of the first Earl of Chatham, in Golconda, in 1702, for £1,000 (\$5,000), and it was sold to the Duke of Orleans when Regent of France. It disappeared in the robbery of the French Crown Jewels in 1791,



THE WORLD-FAMOUS "HOPE DIAMOND"—(actual size)
Photographed from a crystal model

was found, sold to a Berlin merchant and recovered by Napoleon I, who wore it in his sword. Captured at the Battle of Waterloo by the Prussians, it is now owned by the German Kaiser. It is said to be worth £480,000 (\$2,400,000). The "Sancy" (53 ½ carats), also an Indian diamond, came to Europe in the fifteenth century. It was owned by Charles the Bold, then by Baron de Sancy, Henri III of France, Queen Elizabeth, and James II,



THE CELEBRATED YELLOW "TIFFANY DIAMOND"
Known also as the "Canary Diamond"—(actual size). Photographed
from a crystal model

who sold it to Louis XIV for 625,000 francs (\$125,000). Louis XV wore it at his coronation. It was lost in the robbery of the Crown Jewels of 1791 and recovered in the time of Napoleon, who sold it to the Czar of Russia. Then it went back to India and became the property of the Maharajah of Puttiala, upon whose death in 1880 it again returned to Europe.

The largest diamond in the world, the Cullinan, re-named by George V the "Star of Africa," was found near Pretoria in 1905. It weighed 3,025 ¾ carats—over a pound! Purchased by the Transvaal people for \$150,000, it was given to King Edward, who had it cut in Amsterdam. Two splendid stones, one a pendeloque, or drop brilliant (516 ½ carats, of 74 facets), the other a square brilliant (309 ⅓ carats, of 63 facets), ornamented the crown and scepter respectively.

Tavernier brought home a superb "blue diamond," of a "lovely violet" color. It was bought by Louis XIV and it was lost at the robbery of the Garde Meuble in 1791. It is supposed that the diamond bought by the London banker, Henry Thomas Hope, in 1830 for £18,000 (\$70,000) from a man named Eliason, who could give no pedigree for it, is a part of this famous Indian gem, which had been broken up and re-cut. Like many other Indian jewels the "Hope Diamond" is said to bring ill-luck to its possessor.

The most beautiful yellow diamond is the "Canary" (125 ½ carats), found in the DeBeers mines, South Africa, in 1875. It was cut in Paris and bought by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. of New York. It is of a beautiful color and luster.

The "Austrian Yellow," in the Imperial Treasury, Vienna, is a large and famous stone, once owned by Maria Theresa, and in the Green

PRECIOUS GEMS

Vaults of Dresden there is a very rare green diamond, long the property of the Kings of Saxony. Red diamonds are excessively rare. One, the "Halpen," is described as being of "the rich color of an African sunset."

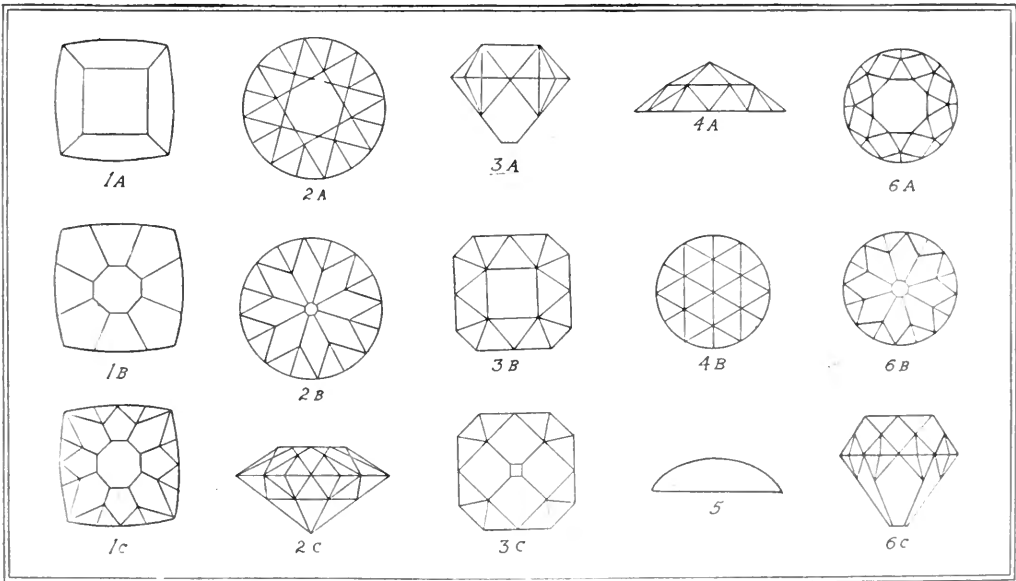
Gem Cutting

The art of the lapidary (gem cutter) is comparatively modern. In India, the home of jewels, precious stones are imperfectly cut. To sacrifice size for the sake of increasing brilliancy and beauty is not practised by Orientals; but Europeans and Americans consider a moderately fine stone, artistically cut and polished, of more value than a finer gem not so well worked.

The art of cutting the diamond into regular facets to increase its play of light was discovered by De Berghem in 1456, in Bruges (broozsh). He experimented with three diamonds of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. One was the "Beau Sancy"; the second passed into the possession of Pope Sixtus V; and the third the Duke of Burgundy gave to Louis XI. De Berghem's pupils took the art into Paris, Antwerp and Amsterdam.

The original cut was "table," as shown in design below; the "rose cut" was introduced about 1520; and the "brilliant" was invented by Ven-
 cenzio Peruzzi (ven-chen'-zee-oh per-root'-see) of Venice, in the seventeenth century. Cardinal Mazarin was the first to have a diamond cut "brilliant"; and he had twelve of the French Crown Jewels re-cut in this style in 1660.

The "brilliant," the favorite cut today, has two cones united at their bases. The upper cone is cut off a short distance from the top, and the lower cone, having merely the apex cut off, ends very nearly in a point. The end of this lower cone is termed the "culet" (coo-let). The plane



Old brilliant cuttings—1A, 10 facets; 1B, 18 facets; 1C, 50 facets. Modern American cut—2A, top; 2B, bottom; 2C, side. Old square cut brilliant—3A, side; 3B, top; 3C, bottom. Old Dutch Rose—4A, side; 4B, top. En cabochon—5, side view. English round cut brilliant—6A, top; 6B, bottom; 6C, side

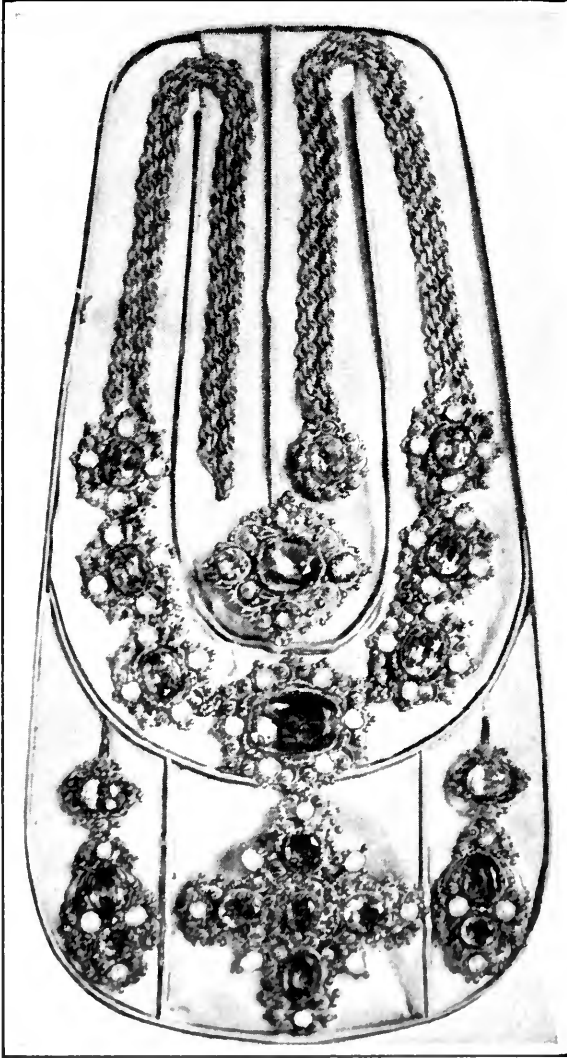
surface at the top is called the "table." The junction of the two cones is the "girdle." The portion between the table and girdle is the "bezel" (bessle); and the portion between the girdle and the culet is the "pavilion." According to the number of facets, the brilliant is "single," "double," or "Old English."

The "rose," resembling an opening rosebud, is flat below, with a low pyramid above, covered with small facets (fas-set) in two rows. In the center there are generally six triangular facets. A "Dutch Rose" has 24 facets; a "Rose Recoupé" (Rec-coo-pay), 36 facets; and a "Brabant Rose," 12 (or fewer) facets. When the facets decrease gradually as they approach the table and culet, the gem is "step cut."

When a stone has one or two convex faces, with or without facets at the base, it is "convex cut"; and when it is flat, with a polished convex top, it is "*en cabouchon*" (ohn cab'-oo-shohn).

The Sparkling Diamond

A diamond described by a jeweler as of "the first water" is colorless and transparent. Uncut, the diamond is an irregular, rough, luminous, gray pebble; but, under the skilful hands of the workman its inherent qualities are brought out. It is carbon and the hardest substance in the world. "Diamonds," to quote from the famous British scientist, Sir William Crookes, "vary considerably in hardness, and even different parts of the same crystal differ in their resistance to grinding and cutting. It is not the hardness of the diamond, so much as its optical qualities, that make it so highly prized. It is one of the most *refracting* substances in nature, and it also has the highest *reflecting* properties. In the cutting of



NECKLACE AND PENDENT CROSS, WITH BROOCH AND EARRINGS, SET WITH PINK TOPAZES AND PEARLS
Property of Lady Ramsay, England

PRECIOUS GEMS

diamonds advantage is taken of these qualities. When cut as a brilliant the facets on the lower side are inclined so that light falls on them at an angle of $24^{\circ} 13'$, at which angle all the incident light is totally refracted. A well-cut brilliant should appear opaque by transmitted light, except at a small spot in the middle, where the table and culet are opposite. All the light falling on the front of the stone is reflected from the facets, and the light passing into the diamond is reflected from the interior surfaces and refracted into colors when it passes out into the air, giving rise to the lightnings, the effulgence and coruscations for which the diamond is supreme above all other gems. The late Gardner Williams, general manager of the

DeBeers Mines, South Africa, who knew more about diamonds than any other man, said: "I have been frequently asked, "What is your theory of the original crystallization of the diamond?" and my answer has always been, "I have none." All that can be said is that, in some unknown manner, carbon, which existed deep down in the internal regions of the earth, was changed from its black and uninviting appearance to the most beautiful gem that ever saw the light of day."

After exposure for some time to the sun, many diamonds glow in a dark room. Some diamonds are fluorescent, appearing milky in the sunlight; and Dr. Kunz discovered that a small amount of friction, even with a cloth, causes diamonds to exhibit a phosphorescence of greater or less intensity, and to become positively electric.

There are diamonds of all shades; from pure white to jet black; from pale yellow to deep orange; from light cinnamon to dark brown; and also in various shades of pink, green, and blue.

The Glowing Ruby

Burmah is the home of the ruby. The finest rubies come from mines near Mandalay; and when a particularly large stone is discovered it is escorted to the royal treasure house by a procession of high dignitaries, soldiers, and elephants. One of the King of Burmah's titles is "Lord of the Rubies."

The choicest rubies are a pure, deep red, described as "pigeon's blood"; and the test of a fine ruby is to match it with the blood of a freshly killed pigeon dropped beside the ruby. A perfect ruby is worth two or three times the price of a diamond of the same size, weight and quality. A ruby appears at its best by artificial light. Then it blazes in dazzling beauty and with depth of color.



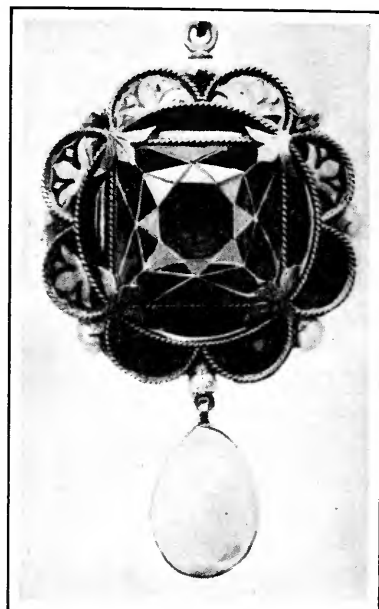
CROWN OF ST. EDWARD
Official crown of England. Studded with pearls
and precious stones

The rubies of Siam rank next to those of Burmah. The ruby and sapphire are practically the same mixture of alumina, or aluminium, and oxygen. They are called "corundums," from a Hindu word. The true oriental ruby is supposed to presage misfortune, illness, or death to its wearer by growing dark and lusterless. The spinel is frequently mistaken for the ruby. It is composed of alumina and magnesia, with small and variable proportions of other metallic oxides. The spinel is noted for its great range of color. The most valuable variety is the "Balas (balah) ruby," rose tinted, with a tinge of blue.

Sapphire and Emerald

The gem color of the sapphire is a deep cornflower blue, and the more "velvety" the stone the greater its value. A perfect sapphire is nearly as costly as a diamond of the same weight. The finest sapphires come from Siam. Sapphires may be green, yellow, gray, or white. The latter are often mistaken for diamonds. A very splendid sapphire, known as the "Eye of Allah," was carried away from Delhi by Nadir Shah. Another interesting sapphire is in the English crown. It is said to have belonged to Edward the Confessor, who died in 1066. Some corundums contain clouded strata in the crystal, which when cut *en cabouchon* exhibit six rays. Hence they are called "star-sapphires," or "star-rubies." The ancients called these stones "asterias," and valued them greatly. The star-sapphire is more common than the star-ruby; but neither are so valuable as pure sapphires and rubies.

A flawless emerald is the rarest of all gems; for, the better the color the more faulty the stone. The color, due to oxide of chromium, varies from grass green to greenish white; but the choicest emerald is dark green and "velvety." The emerald is a beryl. Heliodorus gave a perfect description when he said "emeralds were green as a meadow in the spring, but illumined with a certain oily luster."



THE FELICINI JEWEL

Shown in the painting of the Madonna by Francia, now in the Bologna Gallery (Italy). It is a huge amethyst, with pendent pearl. The painting was made to picture this jewel



FAMOUS PEARL NECKLACE

Of the unfortunate Empress Carlotta, widow of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico

PRECIOUS GEMS

Emeralds are found in the Ural and Altai Mountains and in North Carolina. The Spaniards took home chests full in the sixteenth century and increased the popularity of the stone. Cortes gave his bride in 1529 five wonderful emeralds, which were afterwards lost at sea.

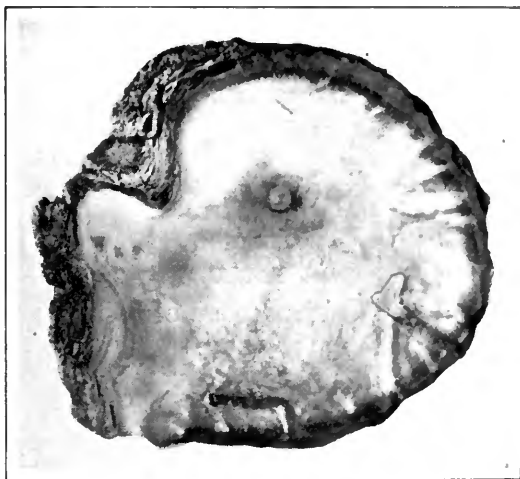
The emerald was greatly valued by the ancients. Pliny tells us that it was so refreshing to the eyes that gem-cutters often gazed upon its "soft green luster" to revive their tired sight. In Cleopatra's time it was a royal gem. The famous ring which Polycrates (pol-lik'-kra-teez) threw into the sea to appease Fortune and which was found in a fish served at his table, was an engraved emerald. When Pope Adrian IV gave the lordship of Ireland to Henry II of England, he sent an emerald ring to Henry as the symbol of authority—most appropriate for the "Emerald Isle." Benvenuto Cellini (chel-lee'-nee) (1500-1570), the great goldsmith, tells us that an emerald in his day was worth four times the price of a diamond. Fifty years after his death the reverse was true. The emerald is a gem of much romance and superstition. The wearer of an emerald considers it an ill-omen if the stone falls from its setting. When George III was being crowned a large emerald dropped from the crown. The colonial gem—America—was lost in his reign.

Cat's Eye and Tourmaline

The Oriental cat's eye, a variety of chrysoberyl, is valued according to the perfection and brilliancy of the luminous line in the stone, which should be sharp and straight, and clearly defined, but not too broad. It must have a vitreous and slightly "greasy" luster, and exhibit a changeable gleam like a cat's eye in the dark. A dark olive is the proper hue. Stones of clear apple green are also valued. Cat's eyes are cut *en cabouchon* (see page 5). The East Indians, who rank the stone high, believe that it warns its wearer of danger or trouble, and is a charm against sorcery.

Curious is the tourmaline because of its optical and electrical qualities. Its chief constituents are silica and aluminum, in about equal quantity and forming three-fourths of the whole. The fourth part is variable. The stone is classified under various names according to color; for the tourmaline is yellow, pink, blue, brown, or gray. Sometimes, too, the gem is particolored—one part being green and the other pink.

The Dutch brought it home from Tourmal, Ceylon, in the seventeenth century. In 1820 it was discovered in Maine. The soft and somber tones of the tourmaline endear it to connoisseurs.



From "The Book of The Pearl," Century Co., Pub.

SHELL OF PEARL OYSTER, SHOWING PEARL ATTACHED

Topaz and Amethyst

Mineralogists include under this name three stones: first, the true topaz; second, the yellow sapphire, or Oriental topaz; and third, the false topaz, or a variety of Scotch quartz. The true topaz is found in all shades, from pale straw to sherry brown; and also in light blue, pink and light green.

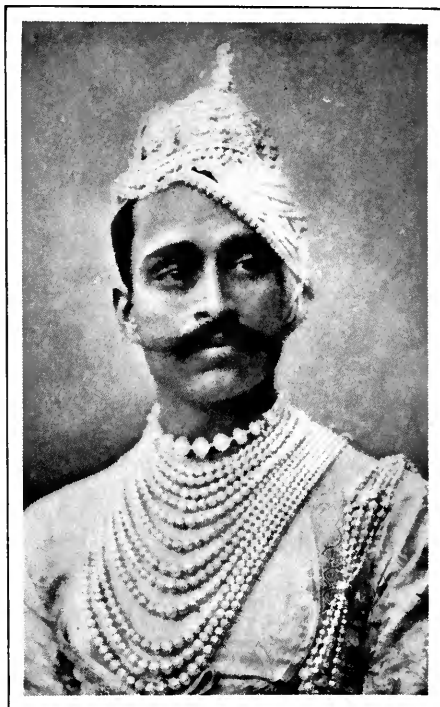
If the amethyst were a rarer stone, it would be more highly valued. It is rock-crystal colored by manganese and iron. It varies from pale violet to purple, and under certain conditions exhibits two distinct tints—a reddish and a bluish purple. The dark violet Siberian amethyst is the most prized. The ancients ranked it high, and many beautiful portraits were carved upon it in intaglio. Cleopatra's signet was cut on an amethyst. It is the gem used for the rings of bishops.

Opal and Lustrous Pearl

The opal, birthstone of October and symbol of hope, semi-transparent, or translucent, bluish, or yellowish white, with a wonderful play of color, is another of Nature's puzzles.

It is never found crystallized. Its composition is 90 per cent. silica and 10 per cent. water. Its lovely iridescence and magical illusions are not inherent in the gem, but are due to an optical phenomenon known as *diffraction*. The lovely play of color, therefore, is occasioned by a multitude of tiny fissures, having striated (grooved) sides, which diffract and decompose the light. So it might be said that the opal, whose minute gleaming feathers of color so often remind us of tropical plumage, has no colors of its own; but, possessing a wonderful secret trick of catching and breaking up rays of light, deceives us into thinking so. The best opals come from Hungary. Opals are known as "noble," "milk," "harlequin," "black," and "fire." Mexico is the home of the "fire" opal, the prevailing color of which is red, out of which come gleams of red, yellow and blue.

The beauty and value of a pearl depend upon its color, texture or "skin," transparency, or "water luster," and its form. A perfect pearl may be either round, or pear-shaped. In some pearls the luster is on the surface; in others, the outer surface is dull and the inner lustrous. The "skinning," or peeling, of pearls is a very delicate operation, performed under a magnifying glass with steel files. Moreover, the operation is an experiment—like marriage—for better or worse.



"THE PRINCE OF PEARLS"

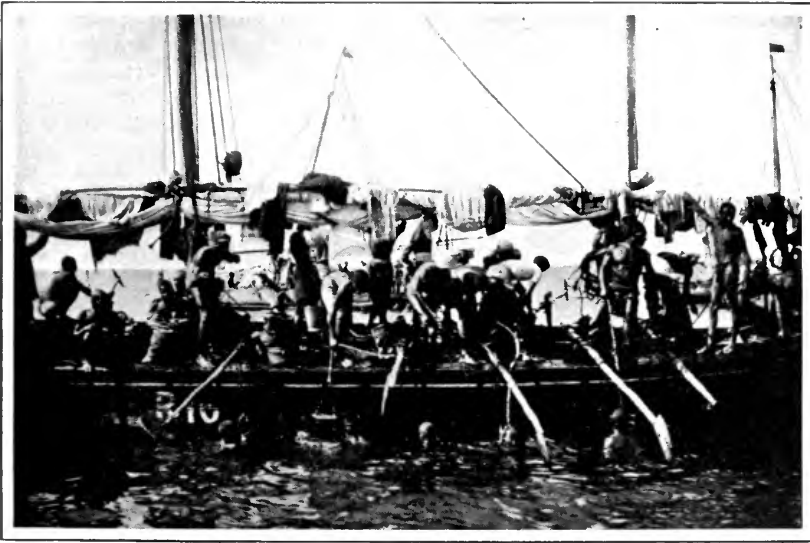
The late Rana of Dholpur in his pearl regalia

PRECIOUS GEMS

The drilling of pearls is also a delicate matter. Much skill is required to select the point where the hole shall be drilled with special apparatus. Pearl-stringing is also an art that calls for great expertness. Pearls are so fragile that they require very careful handling and care. The pearl is a concretion of carbonate of lime, found in the shells of certain species of molluscs. By accident, a minute foreign substance, often a tiny grain of sand, finds its way into the shell, causing irritation in the body of the bivalve. An abnormal process of secretion takes place, and the foreign substance becomes surrounded with a soft, jelly-like material, enclosed in a sack. This gradually becomes covered with layers of mother-of-pearl and hardens.

The most costly ornament in the world is a shawl or carpet, of pearls (\$5,000,000), owned by the Gaikwar of Baroda. The most beautiful single pearl, La Pellegrina, is in Russia. It is perfectly round and weighs 112 grains. It was bought at Leghorn, by a Mr. Zozimi (zo-zec'-mee) of Moscow, from an English admiral returning from India.

Though the Europeans obtained pearls from the Carribean Sea in the sixteenth century, the pearl-fisheries in the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf have been famous for three thousand years. The pearl is thus the oldest of gems.



ARAB PEARL
DIVERS IN THE
PERSIAN GULF



From "The Book
of the Pearl," by
Dr. G. F. Kunz,
Century Company,
Publishers

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES OF NORTH
AMERICA. Illustrated. *By Dr. G. F. Kunz*

THE CURIOUS LORE OF PRECIOUS STONES.
Illustrated. *By Dr. G. F. Kunz*

THE MAGIC OF JEWELS AND CHARMS.
Illustrated. *By Dr. G. F. Kunz*

BOOK OF THE PEARL *By Dr. G. F. Kunz*
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JEWELRY (The Connoisseur's Library) Illustrated
By H. Gifford Smith

GEM-STONES AND THEIR DISTINCTIVE
CHARACTERS. *By G. F. H. Smith*

BOOK OF PRECIOUS STONES. *By T. Wodiska*

** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

The love of sparkling stones goes far back in history. It was one of the first forms of human delight, and it expressed itself in the very infancy of the race. The primitive man and woman, caught by color and sparkle, selected certain stones for decoration. This was most natural, for the love of ornament is inherent in human nature. Even tribes to whom climate and civilization have not suggested the need of clothing decorate themselves with ornaments.

★ ★ ★

"Gems" are stones which, by reason of their brilliancy, color, hardness and rarity, are valued for personal adornment. But this definition does not fully explain the great value of gems. Is it brilliancy? There are plenty of brilliant bits of crystal. Is it color? Millions of beautiful colored stones may readily be found. Is it hardness? Quartz is nearly as hard as ruby and diamond, and harder than opal. Is it rarity, then, that gives value? Not that alone. I picked up in the Grand Canyon some stones of exquisite beauty, each one of which is probably unique in all the world. But they have no real value.

★ ★ ★

The economists tell us that value is determined by supply and demand. There is no demand for a casual stone picked up in the Canyon—no matter how beautiful it may be. A diamond of the same color and size would be priceless. To have real value, a thing must be desired. Out of all the various beautiful stones found in the earth during the course of time, certain kinds came to be specially desired for their brilliancy or color, their durability and rarity, and upon these stones the human race conferred the title of "precious gems," and raised them to the rank of nobility. They became the established "upper classes" of the Mineral



AMETHYST INTAGLIO
Old Greek engraved gem. Subject, Psyche

Kingdom. By virtue of this distinction, not only their value became standardized, but they acquired power. The adoration of the gem has, at times, determined the course of the world's history. Nations have bargained for a sparkling stone; a throne has been wrecked by a diamond necklace. The symbol of the heart's desire is a jeweled ring.

★ ★ ★

The real value of precious stones rests on something more substantial than sentimental or romantic associations. The poet may rhapsodize on the diamond's "lightning flash," the ruby's "pigeon blood," or the cats-eye's "sullen gleam"; the philosopher may see strange meanings in the half hidden fires of the opal; the superstitious mystic may read signs in the shifting light of gems. But these are not real values. The poet and mystic could find beauties and omens in unknown stones cast up by the sea or turned over by the laborer's spade. The real value of a stone in the world's markets lies in its title to a place in one or the other of the accepted "best families" of *standardized gems*. That point of distinction being settled, the stone in question—diamond, ruby, sapphire, emerald or opal—may sparkle, gleam or be exceedingly dull in radiance. It has its recognized place and value. If it be dull it may even be more valuable because, in the established race of gems to which it belongs, dullness may be odd, unusual, and therefore rare.

★ ★ ★

And the beautiful stones picked up in the Canyon—what of them? They are a joy to the eye, but nothing more. Beautiful as they are, they have no place in the peerage of precious stones. In reckoning with the aristocracy of gems their names are not mentioned. They "don't belong."

W.D. Moffat
EDITOR

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